

SCOTISH SONG

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



DICUNT IN TENERO GRAMINE PINGUIUM
CUSTODES OVIVM CARMINA. FISTULA
DELECTANTQUE DEVM, CUI PECUS ET NIGRI
COLLES ARCADIAE PLACENT.

HORACE.

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SCOTTISH SONG

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

THE SCOTTISH SONGS
OF THE
SCOTTISH
PEOPLE

EDITED BY
JAMES
SCOTT
OF
GLASGOW

P R E F A C E.

IT is the observation of an ingenious writer that “The Scottish *melodies contain strong expression of the passions, particularly of the melancholy kind; in which the air often finely corresponds to the subject of the song. Love,” says he, “in its various situations of hope, success, disappointment, and despair, is finely expressed in the natural melody of the old Scottish songs.” “It were endless,” he adds, “to run through the many fine airs expressive of sentiment and passion in the number of our Scottish songs, which when sung in the genuine natural manner, must affect the heart of every person of feeling, whose taste is not vitiated and seduced by fashion and novelty.” For these reasons the words and melody of a Scottish song should be ever inseparable; and the editor hopes he will be found to have rendered an acceptable service in the selection he now offers to the public. It may be of some consequence to learn, that this is by no means one of those crude and hasty

* The word *Scottish* is an improper orthography of *Scotish*; *Scotch* is still more corrupt, and *Scots* (as an adjective) a national barbarism: which is observed here once for all, to prevent the imputation of inconsistency and confusion; as a direct quotation should be always literal.

publications of which there are too frequent instances; it has received the occasional attention of many years, and no opportunity has been neglected of rendering it more worthy of approbation; the editor having even made repeated visits to different parts of Scotland for the purpose of obtaining materials or information upon the subject. How far these pains have been successful must be left to the candour of the intelligent reader, and to the malice of the *Critical review*.

The collection is divided into FOUR CLASSES; of which THE FIRST will be found to consist of LOVE-SONGS, according to the different effects of that pleasing, powerful, capricious and fatal passion; as courtship, marriage, importunity, complaint, despair, infidelity, absence, constancy, death and dishonour; THE SECOND of COMIC SONGS, or songs of humour; THE THIRD of HISTORICAL, POLITICAL and MARTIAL SONGS; and THE FOURTH of ROMANTIC and LEGENDARY SONGS, or what are usually and properly denominated BALLADS.

The orthography of each song is that of the authority from which it is taken, and which (unless, perhaps, in a single instance) has never been intentionally deserted, except where an evident typographical error, or slip of the pen, may have occasioned a correction, of which the reader will be apprised by the usual distinction. This scrupulous adherence to the copies made use of requires that they should be accurately described.

In class I. songs I. XX. XXVII. XXXIII. XXXV. and LXVIII. are taken from the authors *Poems*, Edinburgh, 1760; songs II. VI. VIII. X. XII. XIII. LI. and LIII. from the authors *Poems*, London, 1731; songs III. IV.

V. VII. XI. XXV. V. XXVIII. XXXVIII. XLIII. XLVII. LV. LIX. LX. LXIII. LXV. and LXX. from Ramsays *Tea-table miscellany*, 1750; songs IX. and XXXVI. from *Roderick Random*, London, 1766; songs XIV. XV. XIX. XXI. XXII. XXIV. XXVI. XXVII. XL. XLI. XLII. XLV. XLVI. XLVIII. XLIX. L. LII. LVI. LVII. LXI. LXII.* and LXVI. from *Ancient and modern Scottish songs, heroic ballads, etc.* Edinburgh, 1769 and 1776; songs XVI. LIV. LXIV. from the authors *Works*, London, 1759; song XVII. is from the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for December, 1773; song XVIII. from the authors *Works*, London, 1762; song XXIII. from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland; songs XXIX. and LXXI. are from *Achoise collection of comic and serious Scots poems*, part III. Edinburgh, 1711; compared with and corrected by Ramsays *Tea-table miscellany*; † song XXX. is from *Songs and fancies*, Aberdeen, 1666; song XXXI. from the authoress's *Works*, 1751; song XXXII. from the

* A different copy of this song, with numerous and considerable variations, is printed in the last edition of "Love and Madness," (1786) p. 17. for which the author (p. 340) "begs to thank lady A.L." The alterations do not appear, in every instance, for the better, and may probably be retracted by the fair and elegant authoress in some future publication; which is one reason why the original stanzas have been preserved; another is that they are already familiar to the public. The editor, indeed, has been assured that the song of *Auld Robin Gray* was well known in Scotland before lady A. L. was born; a fact which he will certainly believe upon the production of competent evidence.

† N. B. Ramsay neither inserts nor takes any manner of notice of the "second part" of song XXIX. which consists of no fewer than thirteen stanzas, but has all the appearance of being by a different and inferior hand.

authors *Poems*, 1756; song XXXIV. from the *Gentleman's magazine*, vol. XI. song XXXIX. from a single engraved sheet; songs XLIV. LVIII. are from Napier's collection; song LXVII. is from a manuscript copy transmitted by Mr. Tytler; song LXIX. from the authors *Poems*, London 1781: In class II. songs I. III. IV. V. VII. IX. XIII. XIV. XVIII. XIX. XXVI. XXXI. XXXVI. XXXVII. XXXVIII. and XL. are from the *Tea-table miscellany*; songs II. VI. XI. XV. XXI. XXII. XXIII. XXX. and XXXV. from the *Ancient and modern Scots songs*, &c. 1769 and 1776; songs VIII. and XXXII. from Johnson's *Scots musical museum*; songs XII. XXIX. and XXXIII. from the Hyndford manuscript, (Bannatynes collection,) in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh; songs X. XVII. XXIV. XXV. XXVIII. from common collections of which the names have not been preserved; song XX. is from a manuscript of Charles the firsts time in the British Museum (Bib. Sloan. 1489) songs XXVII. and XXXIX. are from the authors songs at the end of his *Fortunate shepherdes*, Aberdeen, 1768; song XXXIV. is from the *Songs and fancies*, Aberdeen, 1666; and song XLI. from an engraved sheet. In class III. songs I. VI. VIII. XI. XV. XVI. XVIII. XIX. XXXIII. XXXV. are taken from the *Ancient and modern Scots songs*, &c. 1769 and 1776; songs II. and VII. from Dr. Percys *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, 1775; song III. is taken from the *Ever Green*, Edinburgh.

* These three songs were originally printed from Lord Hailes's publication, which turning out, upon a collation with the MS. far from accurate, the leaves were canceled.

1724; song IV. from *Old ballads*, (published by T. Evans,) London 1777; song V. from the first edition, Glasgow, 1755; song IX and XXXVII. from the *Tea-table miscellany*; song X. from a manuscript copy, collated with a common stall print; songs XII. XXII. XXVI. XXXI. XXXII. are from Johnsons *Scots musical museum*; song XIII. is from a M S. in the Harleian Library, in the Museum (No. 7332): songs XIV. and XXX.* from common collections; song XVII. is from a modern stall copy; songs XXI. XXVI. XXVIII. XXIX. and XXXIV. are from a collection of *Loyal Songs &c.* 1750; song XXIII. is from a manuscript copy, as dictated to the editor many years ago by a young gentleman, who had it from his grandfather; song XXIV. from the *True loyalist or chevaliers favourite*, 1779; song XXVI. from the authors *Poems* [1749]; song XXXVI. from Napiers collection; song XXXVIII. from the authors *Poems*, Edinburgh 1786; and song XXXIX. from the authors *Works*, 1762. In class IV. songs I. † II. V. and XIII. are from the *Reliques of*

* This song is sometimes intitled LEWIS GORDON, and said to go "To the tune of *Tarry Woo*," from which the present air may perhaps have been altered.

† This old ballad, dr. Percy tells us, is given by him from a copy in his folio manuscript, some breaches and defects in which, he says, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These, he hopes, the reader will pardon, though he does not condescend to inform him which they are. The seeming genuineness and real merit of the ballad, which has all the appearance of being a Scottish production, has prevailed upon the editor to insert it, though from a designedly interpolated copy. The principal incident in the story, whencesoever it came, was well known long before the publication of the *Reliques*, and is in fact of great antiquity.

ancient English poetry; songs II. VI. IX. XI. and XIII. from the *Ancient and modern Scots songs*, &c. 1769 or 1776; song IV. is from the *Ever Green*, Edin. 1724; song VII. from a stall copy; songs VIII. XIV. XV. and XVI. are from the *Teatable miscellany*; song X. is from the first edition, Glasgow, 1755. 4to. and song XVII. from the authors *Works*, 1759. With respect to the few ADDITIONAL SONGS, the first is from Ramsays *Teatable miscellany*, the seven following are from the fourth volume of Johnsons *Scots musical museum* (which did not appear till the work was printed off); and the eighth is from “*Nine Canzonets, &c. By a lady.*”

THE MUSIC, which does not require, nor perhaps admit, of a strict adherence to any particular copy, has been supplied by Thomsons *Orpheus Caledonius*,* the music for Ramsays collection, published by himself, Oswalds *Caledonian pocket companion*, M'Gibbon, Corri, and Napiers collections of *Scots tunes*, and Johnsons *Scots musical museum*; by other musical publications, and by single songs.† Where a song is either known or presumed to have a tune, which it has been found impossible to procure, blank lines are left for its after insertion with the pen; and a few songs in the first class are indebted for original airs to the harmonious muse of the equally eminent and amiable Shield, whose taste and science have been occasionally exerted

* It is the second edition of this work which has been made use of, even for the tunes contained in the first, as there is considerable difference in some of the sets.

† There is a MS. collection of (chiefly) Scottish tunes in the library of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, made about fifty years ago for the laird of Macfarlane, but it seems to contain few tunes not to be found in Oswalds or other collections. At least, for a long list of *desiderata*, it only afforded one single air.

in restoring or preserving the genuine simplicity of a corrupted melody, and of whose friendship the editor is happy to boast this testimony.

Some of these tunes no doubt, will be found very different from, and perhaps much inferior to, the common or favourite sets; but it may be depended upon that they are immediately taken from the oldest or best authorities that could be met with, and consequently are most likely to be the genuine and original airs; so far, at least, as musical notation can be relied on.

The base part, which seems to be considered as indispensable in modern musical publications, would have been altogether improper in these volumes; the Scottish tunes are pure melody, which is not unfrequently injured by the bases, which have been set to them by strangers: the only kind of harmony known to the original composers consisting perhaps in the unisonant drone of the bagpipe.

All that can be said on the GLOSSARY is that the words are more numerous and the explanations less equivocal than in any former attempt of this nature. The reader may compare it, if he chooses, with that to the *Tea-table miscellany*, or collection of *Ancient Scots songs*, &c. the latter of which, it may be observed, abounds with words not to be found in the work itself.

It may be naturally supposed that a publication of this nature would have been rendered more perfect by a native of North Britain. Without discussing this question, the editor has only to observe that diligent enquiry, extensive reading, and unwearied assiduity, added to the strictest integrity, and most disinterested views, have possibly tended

to lessen the disadvantages of an English birth; and that he is persuaded the present collection, such as it is, will not suffer by comparison with any thing of the kind hitherto published in either country.

The following observations, by a late ingenious writer, already quoted, have been thought too pertinent and valuable to be either omitted or abridged.

“ As the Scottish songs are the *flights of genius*, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. A Scots song can only be sung in taste by a Scottish voice. To a sweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of swelling a note from the softest to the fullest tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, must be joined *sensibility* and *feeling*, and a perfect understanding of the subject, and *words* of the song, so as to know the *significant word* on which to *swell* or *soften* the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to most of the foreign masters, our melodies, at first, must seem wild and uncouth; for which reason, in their performance, they generally fall short of our expectation. We sometimes, however, find a foreign master, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the subject and words, has afforded very high pleasure in a Scottish song. Who could hear with insensibility, or without being moved in the greatest degree, *Tenducci* sing *I'll never leave thee*, or *The brues of Ballendine*!—or *Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion*, sung by Signora Corri?

“ It is common defect in some who pretend to sing, to affect to smother the words, by not articulating them, so as we scarce can find out either the

subject or language of their song. This is always a sign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad singer; particularly of Scottish songs, where there is generally so intimate a correspondence between their air and subject. Indeed, there can be no good vocal music without it.

“ The proper accompaniment of a Scottish song, is a plain, thin, dropping bass, on the harpsichord or guittar. The fine breathings, those *heart-felt touches*, which *genius* alone can express, in our songs, are lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. The full chords of a thorough-bass should be used sparingly, and with judgment, not to overpower, but to support and raise the voice at proper pauses.

“ Where, with a fine voice, is joined some skill and execution on either of those instruments, the air, by way of symphony, or introduction to the song, should always be first played over, and, at the close of every stanza, the last part of the air should be repeated, as a relief for the voice, which it gracefully sets off. In this *symphonic part*, the performer may shew his taste and fancy on the instrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

“ A Scottish song admits of no cadence; I mean by this, no fanciful or capricious descant upon the close of the tune. There is one embellishment, however, which a fine singer may easily acquire; that is, an easy *shake*. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be easily attained.

“ A Scottish song, thus performed, is among the highest of entertainments to a *musical genius*. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot. *Genius in*

music, as in poetry, is the gift of heaven. It is born with us; it is not to be learned.

“An artist on the violin may display the magic of his fingers, in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate *capricio's*, which, at most, will only excite surprise; while a very middling performer, of taste and feeling, in a subject that admits of the *pathos*, will touch the heart in its finest sensations. The finest of the Italian composers, and many of their fingers, possess this to an amazing degree. The opera-airs of these great masters, *Pergolese*, *Fommelli*, *Galuppi*, *Perez*, and many others of the present age, are astonishingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. *A maid, at her spinning-wheel*, who knew not a note in music, with a sweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of heaven, in short, is not to be defined: It can only be felt.”*

* *Dissertation on the Scottish music*, by William Tytler, esq.

A
HISTORICAL ESSAY
ON
SCOTISH SONG.

I. **T**HE most ancient inhabitants of the north parts of Britain, now called Scotland, of whom there is any account, were the Caledonians; a people of the same race with the Britons, or inhabitants of the south parts; children, in a word, of that immense family of Celts, which, pouring out of Gaul, the country, it is supposed, of their original settlement, seems, at one time, not only to have covered great part of Europe, but even to have over-run the fertile and civilized provinces of Asia. (1) Their language, varied by dialect, and corrupted by the influx of foreign words, is still spoken in Wales, in Ireland, in the highlands or mountainous parts of Scotland, in the Hebudes or Western isles, in the isle of Man, in Armorica or Bassé-Bretagne, and

(1) A history of the Celts, by a person of learning and industry, is much wanted. All the French writers, who have hitherto attempted such a work, (*viz.* Pezron, Peloutier, &c.) have confounded them with the Goths or Germans; perfectly distinct people. A good foundation, however, has been laid by Schoepflin in his *Vindiciæ Celticæ*, Argem. 1754. 4to. Though the most ancient historians know of no inhabitants in Gaul before the Celts, nor of any Celts but such as inhabited or issued from that country, in which sense only they are called *aborigines*, it is nevertheless sufficiently probable that other countries had been peopled by the same race. History, in this case, is a child of yesterday.

among the Waldenses, a little nation in the Alps; and was, two or three centuries ago, the vulgar speech of Cornwall and Galloway, where, if yet extinct, it continued to be known within the memory of persons now living. Great part of the country, however, was, about the time of its invasion by the Romans, under Agricola, inhabited by a people called Picts, or Pehts, who are by some thought to have come from Scandinavia, (the *Scythia* of Bede,) and to have driven the more ancient inhabitants out of those parts (probably all along the north and east coasts) in which they thought fit to settle: but, let them come from where they would, they were still a Celtic colony, and spoke a dialect at least of the language of the original inhabitants (2); with whom it is highly probable they were, in the course of time, indistinguishably blended.

(2) For this fact we have the express testimony of Bede, who observes, that a town in Scotland, at the east end of the Picts wall, was in their language called *Peanfabel*; and Nennius adds, that its name, in the British tongue, was *Pengaul*; as nearly the same word as the slightest difference of dialect, or corruption of orthography, will allow: each meaning the head of the wall; from *pen*, head, and *vallum*, wall; which latter word both Picts and Britons had adopted from the Romans, either from having no synonymous word in their own language, or none at least applicable to a fortification of that nature. The Saxons, by adding a usual termination, called it *Penneltun*, i. e. *Pen-vael-tun*, the town at the head of the wall. It appears from the same Nennius, that the Scots (or Irish) called this place *Cenail*, i. e. *Cean-val*, a name of the same signification, and which it has preserved, with a very slight variance, to this day. It is the village of *Kinnel*, about two miles from Abercorn. (See Innes's *Critical essay on the ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*, i. 23.) It is needless to add, that *pen* and *cean* mean *head*, in the Welsh and Irish languages, at this moment. This point is further confirmed by the names of the Pictish sovereigns, which have no resemblance to those in any Gothic list, and of which some are manifestly Celtic: as *Ungust*, *Elpin*, *Canul*,

About the middle of the third century a third Celtic colony arrived in Caledonia, or Pictland :

Kenneth, Uwen, &c. &c. The names, not only of mountains and rivers, but what is much more to the purpose, of cities, towns, villages, castles, and houses, are, with a very few exceptions, universally Celtic. (See Camdens *Britannia*, 1695, cxii. Innes's *Essay*, i. 72, &c. 147. Macphersons *Critical dissertations on the ancient Caledonians*, p. 55. the table of parishes in Keiths *Catalogue of the bishops*, and the large map of Scotland, passim. See also Buchanans *History of Scotland*, v. i. p. 55, &c. (English translation) and Malcolme's *Essay on the Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland* ("A letter to Archimedes the old Caledonian," p. 9.) No other vestige of the Pictish language is to be met with; for though Mr. Evans suspects the *Gododin* of Aneurin, a celebrated bard of the sixth century, to be in that tongue, (*Dis. de Bard's*, p. 67) and Mr. Lhwyd had before expressed the same suspicion, with respect to a MS. in the public library at Cambridge, (See Rowlands *Mona antiqua restaurata*, p. 311. *Archæologia*, p. 226.) it seems much more likely, that both these articles are in the dialect of the Cumbrian, or Strat Cluyd Britons, according to Mr. Lhwyds other conjecture as to the latter. This very learned and judicious person, who was peculiarly well skilled in the different dialects of the Celtic tongue, agreed with Camden, and others, that the Picts were of that race. (See the translation of his Welsh preface in Bp. Nicolson's *Irish historical library*, 1736, p. 104.) That the men of Galloway were Picts there is indisputable evidence. Ralph archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to pope Calixtus, about the year 1122, calls the bishop of Galloway, the bishop of the Picts: Joceline the monk, in his life of St. Mungo, alias Kentigern, calls it the country of the Picts (Innes's *Essay*, i. 161); and Richard prior of Hexham, in his account of the battle of the standard, 1138, mentions the Picts no less than nine different times, calling them PICTI qui vulgo GALWEYENSES dicuntur (*X Scrip.* Innes, i. 158). These Galloway men continued to speak the Celtic language till within the present century, which they would scarcely have done, had it not been their primitive tongue. (See Irvines *Historiæ Scotiæ Nomenclatura*, p. 247. Innes's *Essay*, i. 39.) This province was formerly of great extent, including, beside the country now so called,

this was a body of SCOTS, or IRISH, (*Scotia* and *Hibernia* being at that period synonymous,) who

Carrick, Kyle, Cunningham, and Renfrew, and perhaps a part of Clydesdale (Innes, i. 160). It had its own feudal princes and peculiar customs, and its inhabitants are usually distinguished, in ancient charters of the Scottish kings, from their other subjects, by the titles of *Galwegenses*, or *Galowidenses*. (See Innes's *Essay*, i. 38, 162, 164. Crawford's *History of the Stewarts*, 2.) These Picts, or Galwegians, claimed the right of making the onset at the battle of the standard, as their due by ancient custom. They were a turbulent, rebellious, and barbarous people, and the *wild Scot of Galloway* became proverbial. (See Ross's *Fortunate shepherdess*, (a curious poem) p. 51, 87.) The old inhabitants of the province of Murray, seem also to have been entirely Picts, being so very unruly as to oblige one of the Scottish kings to disperse them in other parts, and plant the country with more tractable subjects, about the year 1160. (Innes, i. 159.) The vulgar language of this province is called, by its historian Mr. Shaw, "the broad Scottish or Buchan dialect, which," says he, "is manifestly the Pictish." That the Celtic, however, has been manifestly spoken throughout this province, as well as in Buchan, and other parts of the east coast, is clear from the peculiar pronunciation of the present inhabitants; who, like the highlanders, use *f* instead of *wb*, as *fa*, *fan*, *fat*, for *wbo*, *wben*, *wbat*, and the like: an infallible symptom of a Celtic foundation. The Gaelic indeed, is now spoken in Aberdeenshire, which is on the same coast. (Macpherson's *Dissertations*, p. 62.) The Buchan dialect, therefore, as extant in a few poems, which have been published therein, differs little from the lowland Scottish, and neither of them so much from common English, as the Lancashire or Exmoor dialect will be found to do; whereas, had the Pictish been Gothic, and the Buchan the Pictish, the difference between that dialect and the English would, at this moment, have been as wide and radical, at least, as that which exists between the languages of England and Denmark or Sweden.* Mr. Pinkerton,

* "For the WONDERFUL AFFINITY between the Swedish and English, see Mr. Coxe's Travels. Had Sweden been where Ireland is, the SWEDISH would also have been called ENGLISH." !!! *Essay on the origin of Scottish poetry*, (prefixed to "*Ancient Scottish songs*," 1786, — p. lxx.

landed in Argyle, and driving the inhabitants out of that and the adjacent country, held possession thereof for some time: but, having been expelled, it would seem, by the north Britons or Picts, they returned with great force, about the year 503, and founded a distinct kingdom, which lasted till the year 843, when, either by victory or descent, by force or fraud, their king Kenneth III. surnamed, from his father, *Mac Alpin*, acquired the dominion of the Picts; who, however, continued, at least in Galloway, a distinct people till about the middle of the eleventh century,

in his very interesting *Enquiry into the History of Scotland*, 1789 has been pleased not only to contend that the Picts were Goths, but to be very lavish in his abuse upon those who have dared to think otherwise. A complete refutation of this hypothesis would require a large volume, and must be expected from some able hand: but no one, in the mean time, can refrain from lamenting that a discussion so curious and important, and in the course of which the enquirer has evinced uncommon industry and singular acuteness, should be degraded by groundless assertion, absurd prejudice, scurrilous language, and diabolical malignity.* Mr. Pinkerton's only argument, setting aside his fulminations of *fool*, *blockhead*, &c. which do not, with submission, appear intitled to that appellation, is, that, because the Picts came from Scandinavia, they were consequently Scythians; which by no means follows, since the "Celtic savages" (as he is pleased to call them) had peopled all that country long before his favourite Goths arrived in it.

* See his treatment of the Celts, wild Irish, and highlanders, *passim*. To suppose a particular people, who, in genius and virtue, are inferior to none upon earth, intended by nature "as a medial race between beasts and men," and seriously propose methods "to get rid of the breed," argues a being of "a medial race," between devil and man. The author has been thought to be possessed with an incubus; he would seem also to have been engendered by one.

after which they are no longer mentioned by any historian, or in any public document, or other writing; their name and language so entirely disappearing, as if, according to Innes, the whole race had been cut off like a man that leaves no posterity: which gave occasion to an ancient author to say that, even in his time, what was recorded of them seemed a mere fable (3); and has led others to imagine, that every soul of them had been extirpated by the triumphant Scots. The country, then called ALBANY, in about a century and a half from this event, obtained the name of SCOTLAND, by which it has been ever since known: but it is to be considered, that (except in the northernmost parts, where the Danes or Norwegians had gained some footing, and, perhaps, in the Merse and Lothians, which were for some time in the possession of the English Saxons) the speech and manners of the inhabitants were universally Celtic, or, in a word, nearly those of the highlanders, as they are called, at this day. From the period of this union, the Pictish language seems to have yielded to the courtly ascendancy of the Gaelic, being no longer noticed, at least, as a distinct idiom, and the transition, in fact, from one tongue to the other being the more easy and natural from the assimilation or affinity of the two dialects (4).

(3) H. Huntingdon. *Scrip. post Bedam*, 1596. p. 299. Innes, i. 147. See also the preceding note.

(4) Innes, *Essay*, i. 147. The Irish language would have the greater superiority over the Pictish, from its being written, which we have no reason to think was the case with the latter.

Malcolm III. surnamed *Cean-mòr*, or great-head, ascended the throne of Scotland in 1056. This monarch, during the usurpation of his predecessor Macbeth, resided for many years at the court of Edward, called the Confessor, king of England, by whom he was assisted in his attempt to recover the crown. He married an English princess; and, preferring, it is probable, the more polished manners and refined language of the Anglo-Saxons to those of his own countrymen, gave such encouragement to their introduction, that it is to this period and these events we are to attribute the rapid decline and gradual abolition of the Gaelic or old Scottish as the national language; for cultivated it does not appear and is not supposed to have been at any period whatever (5). What Malcolm thus

(5) Many other circumstances concurred in producing this great change. The Saxon nobility found a hospitable reception at the court of Malcolm, in 1066 (*Annals of Scotland*, by Lord Hailes, i. 11); while the piety of his consort, who had great influence over him, would be a sufficient inducement for the monks and priests, a species of vermin with which England at that time swarmed, to solicit her patronage and protection. Numbers, likewise, of the Northumbrian Saxons sought an asylum in Scotland, on their country being ravaged by the Norman tyrant in 1080. (S. Dunelm. 199. *Annals*, i. 11.) Besides, Malcolm himself, in an irruption he made into England, in 1070, brought home such a number of captives, that his land was almost filled with English servants; not a village or hovel, according to the monk of Durham, being for many years to be found without them (*Annals*, i. 10.) William of Newborough too, who wrote about the year 1200, mentions, that there was in the army of William king of Scots, [1173] a great number of English; for, says he, the towns and boroughs of the Scottish kingdom, are known to be inhabited by the English. The Scots, he adds, taking the occasion of the king's absence, revealed their innate hatred against them, which they had dissembled for fear of the king; and slew as

began his successors completed ; all till Alexander II. receiving an English education, learning the

many as they could find, those who could escape flying to the royal castles. (Pinkertons *Enquiry*, i. 345.) This author seems to have magnified some accidental quarrel between the Scots and English settlers into a general massacre. "Our eldsris," says the translator of Boethius, "(quhilkis dwelt continewally merchand with the realme of Ingland) lernit the Saxonis tounge be frequent ieoperdeis and chance of battall sustenit mony zeris aganis thaym." A little lower he adds : "Bechance of findry seasonis specially about the tyme of king Malcolme Canmore, al thingis began to change. For quhen oure nychtbouris the Brytonis war maid effeminat be lang sleuth, and doun out of Britane be the Saxonis in Walis, we began to haue alliance be proximate of Romanis with Inglyfmen, specially efter the exterminoun of Pichtis, and be frequent and dayly cumpany of thaym we began to rute thair langage, and superflew maneris in oure brestis." (*History of Scotland*, Edin. 1541. fig. D ii, b.) To these facts must be added, the actual superiority of the Saxon language. The Scots, at this period, were so excessively illiterate, that even their sovereign himself, as we learn from one who knew him, was unable to read. (*Annals*, i. 13.) The Saxons, on the contrary, were a very literary people, and cultivated their native tongue with equal assiduity and success. The churchmen and other refugees would of course carry a number of books into Scotland; and, being familiar with the modes of education, could teach the natives Saxon with much greater facility and expedition than they could possibly acquire the Gaelic. Had the former been as little of a written or cultivated language as the latter, it would never have withstood the shock of the invasion, authority, arts, and influence of the Norman conquerors; and French would at this moment have been the mother tongue of an Englishman: which, to speak without prejudice, would, so far from being a subject for lamentation, have made some amends for the chicane, barbarism, and tyranny they have introduced into a free and simple constitution. See more on the subject of the introduction of the English language into Scotland, in sir John Sinclairs *Observations on the Scottish dialect*, 1782, p. 8. and the *Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland*, pp. 168, 408. And thus, as

the English language, and marrying English princesses.

That the Gaelic language was spoken, or, at least, well understood at the court of Malcolm III. is a fact not to be disputed; since, to lay no stress on his own nickname, and the epithet of *bane*, or fair, bestowed on his brother Donald, we are, most fortunately, in possession of a *duan* or poem in that tongue, which is supposed to have been written by the royal bard, or poet laureat of the time, and most probably soon after his accession. In this invaluable curiosity the poet addresses his countrymen by the title of ALBANS, and enumerates the ancestors of the reigning monarch up to Albanus the first (imaginary) possessor. "Ye knowing men of Alba," says he, "ye comely hosts of the YELLOW TRESSES, (6) know ye the first 'possessors' of that country? Albanus of the numerous combatants was the first possessor. He was the son of Iliacon: from him is derived the name of Alba, &c." "Malcolm, son of Donchad," he concludes, "is the present king. God alone knows how long he is to reign. To the present time, of the son of Donchad the lively-faced,

Mr. Pinkerton observes, "has the vulgar error crept in, that the Scottish is derived from the Anglo-Saxon; or that it is in fact merely a dialect of the English imported into that country."

(6) How is this reconcileable with Mr. Pinkerton's assertion that "flaxen, *yellow*, and red hair," are the distinguishing features of the GOTHs, as "*black* curled hair, and brown faces, are of the CELTs?" (*Enquiry*, i. 26, 340.)

fifty-two kings of the race of Erk have reigned over Alba." (7)

It is not, indeed, probable that the English language became all at once, or even during the reign of Malcolm, who dyed in 1093, the common speech of the people; but the innovations then made were productive of such consequences that in the time of Alexander III. *anno* 1249, the language of the two countries differed, if at all, only in dialect; the Gaelic in one, like the Welsh and Cornish in the other, being confined to the remote and mountainous parts, of which the inhabitants were less civilized or commercial (8). That the old Scottish was still understood, though it had ceased to be spoken at court, appears from a curious circumstance: at the coronation of this monarch, an ancient highlander saluted him in that language, with his pedigree or genealogy carried back to a remote period (9).

(7) See it at full length, the original and two translations, in Pinkertons *Enquiry*, v. ii. p. 321, and an account of it p. 106. "It appears," says this writer, in a different publication, from Turgot's Life of St. Margaret, "that the king was interpreter between her and the Scottish ecclesiastics. If they spoke Gaelic," he adds, "the king would not have understood them; for he had been seventeen years in England, where he had only spoken French, and Saxon to servants." Mr. P. perhaps resided in the English court at that period. He, however, with uncommon candour, allows, that "this argument is not strong," which will doubtless prevent every other person from pronouncing it ridiculous and absurd.

(8) These, however, are presumed to have been, in Scotland, if not a considerable majority of the people, at least possessors of the greatest part of the kingdom, for many centuries after this event. See Stillingfleet's *Origines Britannicæ*, 1685, p. 252.

(9) See Fordun's *Scotchchronicon*, (Hearn's edition) p. 759. Majors *Historia Britannicæ*, 1740. p. 151. "*In lingua Hiber-*

An investigation of the poetry and song of the ancient inhabitants of this country, whether Piets

nica," says the latter, "*et non nostra Scotorum Meridionalium ANGLICANA.*" The expression of Forduns continuator is merely "*hiis Scoticis verbis.*" The vulgar language of the lowland Scots was always called *Englisb*, by their own writers, till a late period. Thus in the *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, (about 1500,) in the *Ever Green*, v. ii. p. 53, the former says :

I haif on me a pair of *Loruthiane* hipps
Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfet
Than thou can blebber with thy *Garrick* lipps :

The Erse, or Irish, being the dialect of that province. So also the same Dunbar, in his *Golden Terge* :

O reverend *Chawser*, rose of rethouris all,
Was thou not of *our Inglis* all the licht ?

Again, in sir David Lyndsays *Prologue to the complaint of the Papingo* :

Alace for ane, quhilk lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowand balmy strand,
And in *our Inglis* rhetorick the rose,
As of rubeis the carbuncle bin chose,
And as Phebus dois Cynthia precell,
So Gawin Douglas bishop of Dunkell, &c.

Yet Douglas is certainly the most Scotified of all the Scottish poets extant.

Again, in the same authors, "*Satyre of the thrie estaits*" :

Qui non laborat non mandueet.
This is in *Ingliscbe* toung or leit :
Quha labouris nocht he fall not eit.

Again, in the act for allowing the bible in the vulgar tongue, p. 154 : "It is statute and ordanit, that it fall be lesfull to our savirane ladyis lieges to haif the haly writ, to wit, the New Testament and the Auld in the vulgar toung in *Inglis* or *Scottis*, of ane gude and true translation, &c." Here *Scottis*, as in the quotation from Fordun, must necessarily mean *Irish*. Mr. John Pinkerton, however, has been pleased to assert, that the Scottish . . . is mentioned by all its early writers as a differ-

or Scots. previous to the introduction and establishment of the English language, would no doubt be curious and interesting; but, unfortunately, no remains or vestiges thereof are now to be met with. Many pieces of Erse (10), or Gaelic poetry have, it is true, been lately collected and published, which are said to have great merit, but cannot well be of the antiquity they pretend to; every one at least is, or ought to be, now satisfied that the epic poems of Ossian, who is supposed to have existed in the fifth century, as professedly translated by Mr. Macpherson, are chiefly, if not wholly, of his own invention (11).

ent language from the southern or English:" an assertion which, like most others of that ingenious gentleman, wants nothing but truth to support it.

(10) The word *Erse* is used to mean the *Irish* language as written or spoken in the highlands and isles of Scotland (*Irish, Ersh, Ersb, Erse*). The natives of those parts distinguish their dialect by the name of *Gaelic-Albanich*, from that of the Irish, which they call *Gaelic-Erinach*. The lowland Scots, having been taught, as above related, to speak English, began to look upon their countrymen who still adhered to the ancient language as *Irish*, a name given them by Barbour in his *Life of Bruce*, written 1375, and continued till at least the middle of the sixteenth century. See the *Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie*, (*Ever-Green*, v. ii. pp. 53, 66,) and the *Letters and negotiations of sir Ralph Sadler*, Edinburgh, 1720, pp. 263, 334.

(11) The late Dr. Samuel Johnson always strenuously denied their authenticity, of which, however, had his resolution or corporal strength been different from what it was, the author or editor would have effectually convinced him by a well-known argument; the *ultima ratio* of a convicted impostor. The only translations of Erse poetry, unattended with circumstances of fraud or suspicion, appeared some years ago in the *Gentleman's magazine*, and were afterward privately

The song therefor which is meant to be the subject of this essay is that of the natives of Scotland speaking and writing the English language.

reprinted by the ingenious and industrious collector. Several volumes of songs and poems in that language have, it is true, been published between these forty or fifty years,* but not being accompanied with an English version (which, however, would, if close and faithful, be infinitely more curious and even valuable than the pretended works of Ossian in the Klopstockian bombast of Mr. Macpherson) must remain confined to the highland gentry, for whom they are intended; as no others, it is believed, have been yet induced to study the originals. See also an interesting paper, by Dr. Young, upon the subject of Ossian, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. I. Many pamphlets, and indeed books, were published in the course of the controversy, respecting the genuineness of Ossian, by Dr. Blair, Duff, Smith, Shaw, Clarke, Macnicol, and others; but scarcely any of them seems worthy of being consulted or referred to, for the sake of information. Dr. Blair is well known as an elegant and masterly writer; but, it is believed, he would find it much easier to write a hundred *Critical dissertations* upon the authenticity of these poems, than to prove it in half a dozen pages, by argument and evidence, as the literati of every other country would, in a similar case, have thought it necessary to do. It seems both unreasonable and arrogant, that the Scottish writers alone should expect all the world to be satisfied with their naked assertions upon a subject in which interest or partiality must naturally render their testimony suspected: but, indeed, as not one single Erse manuscript, either ancient or modern, (and Mr. Macpherson pretended to have several) has been yet deposited in any public library, or even seen by any person of veracity, the question seems completely

* *Ais-eiridh na sean chànoin Albannaich*, &c. Le Alastair Mac Dhuinn. Duneidunn, 1751. 12mo. *Orain Gbaidhealach, le Donchadb Mac-an-t-saior Dun-eidin*, 1768. 12mo. *Comb-chruinneadb orinnaigh Gaidhealach, le Roanuill Macdombnuill. Duneidunn*, 1776. 8vo. *Sean dain, agus orain Gbaidhealach. Peart*, 1785, 8vo. These, beside the *Sean dana*, published, under very suspicious circumstances, by Dr. Smith, in 1787, are all, it is believed, that have hitherto appeared.

The earliest specimen of Scottish song now remaining is fortunately preserved in the riming chronicle of Andrew Winton, prior of Lochleven, written, as is generally supposed, about the year 1420; where, speaking of the great plenty of corn and victual in the time of king Alexander III. who was killed by a fall from his horse in 128⁵/₆, he says,

This falyhyd fra he deyd suddanly,
This sang wes made off hym for thi.

decided; though not much to the honour of that gentleman, his advocates, or adherents. An enquiry, however, into the history of Gaelic song, by a person of integrity and abilities, possessed of a competent knowledge of the language, who should prefer fact to opinion, authority to conjecture, and fidelity to fine writing, would be unquestionably curious and interesting, and is anxiously desired: the Celtic nations having been ever celebrated for their poetical genius; a character which their present Irish and highland descendants, however enslaved, oppressed, vilified and degraded, have by no means forfeited. "It is no uncommon thing," says the author of some MS. letters on the Celtic language, and "An enquiry into the original, &c. of the ancient Scots," written in 1756, he means in Ireland or the highlands, "to hear a shepherd following his flocks, or a maid with a 'pail' of milk on her head, diverting themselves with songs of their own composition, worthy of being known to the world both for the purity of the diction, the sublimity of their images, and all the most essential graces of composition." The writer, whose name is Stone, was schoolmaster of Dunkeld, and published some translations from the Gaelic, which (like many other translators from that language) he appears from this MS. not to have understood. Mr. Buchanan, in his lately published *Travels in the western Hebrides*, (p. 80) is still more elaborate and decided in their praise. Even the simple sequestered natives of St. Kilda, according to Martin, "have a genius for poësie, and compose entertaining verses and songs in their own language, [the Irish,] which is very emphatical." See also Macaulay's *History*, p. 216. Buchanan's *Travels*, p. 139.

Quhen Alyfander oure kynge wes dede,
 That Scotland led in luwe and le,
 Away wes fons off ale and brede,
 Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle;
 Oure gold wes changyd into lede:
 Cryft, borne into vergyynyte,
 Succour Scotland, and remede
 That stad in his perplexite ! (12)

The next is one of four lines upon the siege of Berwick, by the English monarch in the year 1296. "King Edward," says an ancient chronicler, "went him toward Berwyke, and biseged the toune, and tho that were with yn manlich hem defended, and sett on fire and brent two of the king Edwardes shippes, and seide in dispite and represe of him :

Wend kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes,
 To have gete Berwyke, al our unthankes ?
 Gas pikes hym,
 And after gas dikes hym."

This pleasantry, however, as hath been elsewhere observed, was in the present instance somewhat ill-timed ; for, as soon as the king heard of it, he assaulted the town with such fury, that he carried it with the loss of 25,700 Scots (13).

(12) *MSS. Reg.* 17 D XX. No direct evidence, it is presumed, can be adduced of the vulgar language of the south of Scotland anterior to the above date.

(13) *MSS. Har.* 226. 7333. See also P. Langtoft, p. 272. *Ancient Songs.* 1790. p. xxxi. The number seems prodigiously exaggerated. Winton makes it only 7,500 ; though Boece (or his translator) observes, "that ane mil mycht haif gane two

That many songs of this age have formerly existed there can be no doubt. The heroic Wallace was the subject of several; some of which are expressly referred to, as evidence of an historical fact, in certain copies of Forduns *Scotichronicon* (14).

The battle of Bannockburn, which proved so fatal to English ambition, in 1314, is well known. On this occasion, says Fabyan, "the Scottes enflamed with pride, in derysyon of the Englishmen, made this ryme as foloweth :

Maydens of Englande, fore may ye morne,
For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannockys-
borne,
With heue a lowe.

days ithandlie be fremis of blude."—In order to shew the affinity, or rather identity, of the two languages at this period, it may not be impertinent to transcribe the sarcasm which some Englishman made a few weeks after, "in represe of the Scottes," on their losing the battle of Dunbar :

Thus scaterand Scottis
Hold I for footis,
Of wrenchis unware;
Eerly in a mornyng,
In an euyl tyding,
Went ze froo Dunnbarre.

(14) See Goodalls edition, v. ii. p. 176. The editor has heard it gravely asserted, in Edinburgh, that a foolish song beginning,

Go, go, go, go to Berwick, Johnny,
Thou shall have the horse, and I'll have the poney,

was actually made upon one of this heros marauding expeditions; and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, sir John Graham.

What ! weneth the king of England
 So soone to have wone Scotlande ?
 Wyth rumbylowe."

"Thys songe," he adds, "was after many daies song in daunces in the carols of the maidens and mynstrelles of Scotland, to the reprove and disdayne of Englyshemen, with dyuers other, whych," says he, "I ouerpasse." (15)

In 13 . . . , sir John de Soulis, the Scottish governor of Eskdale, with 50 men, defeated a body of 300, commanded by sir Andrew Hercla, who was taken prisoner : and the riming historian Barbour forbears to "reheris the maner" of the victory, as, he says,

—quhasa likes thai may her

(15) These lines, certainly not inelegant for the time, nor improper for the occasion, occur with some trifling variance in MS. Har. 226, and in Caxtons chronicle, c. 5th. His words are, "Wherfor the Scottes said in repou and despite of kyng Edward, for as moche as he lound to gone by water, and also for he was disconfited at Bannokesborne, therfor maydens maden a song ther of in that contre of kyng Edward of Englonde, and in this maner they songe: Maydens of England, fare may ye morne, for tizt haue ye lost your lemmanes at Bannokesborne, with heuulogh. What wende the kyng of England to haue get Scotland with rombilong." The MS reads :

"For tynt ze lost your lemmanes at Bannokesborne, with
 "heilfelows:"

so that *tynt* was probably the original word, and *lost* originally a gloss. *Heue and how rombelow* appears to have been formerly the ordinary burthen of a ballad, as *Derrydown* is at present. See Skeltons *Works*, 1736, p. 67. Percys *Reliques*, v. li. p. 49. *Ancient songs*, 1790, p. li.

Young wemen, quhen thai will play,
Syng it amang thaim ilk day. (16)

In the year 1328, being the second of our Edward III. David, son of Robert de Brus king of Scots, married Jane of the Tower, or Joan of Towers, sister to king Edward; which marriage, confirming the peace lately made between the two nations, and which the English considered as inadequate and dishonourable, "it was not long," says Fabian, "or the Scottes, in despite of the English menne, called her Jane make peace; and also to their more derision, thei made diuerse TRUFFES, ROUNDES, and SONGES, of the whiche," he adds, "one is specially remembred as foloweth :

Long beardis hartles,
Paynted hoodes wytles,
Gay cottes graceles,
Maketh Englande thryfteles.

Which ryme, as saith Guydo, was made by the Scottes, princypally for the deformyte of cloth-
yng that at those dayes was vsed by Englysshe-
menne (17)."

(16) *The Bruce*, v. iii. p. 49.

(17) Master Caxton gives a somewhat different account of the matter; for, says he, "at Eftren next after his coronacion the kyng ordeyned an huge hoste for to fight agens the Scottes. . . and the Scottes came 'to York' to the kyng, for to make paes and accord; but the accordement betwene hem last but a litell tyme, and at that time the Englishmen were clothed all in cotes and hodes peynted with lettres and with flours full semely, with long berdes, and therefor the Scottes made a bile that was fastened upon the chirch dores of seint

Hume of Godscroft relates, that “the lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastime, hunting in At-trick forest, is beset by William earl of Douglas, and such as hee had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded and slain beside Galfewood, in the yeare 1353, upon a jealousie that the earle had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth ; for so sayes the old song :

The countesse of Douglas out of her boure
 she came,
 And loudly there that she did call ;
 It is for the lord of Liddesdale
 That I let all these teares downefall.”

“The song,” continues he, “also declareth how shee did write her love letters to Liddisdale to dis-swade him from that hunting. It tells li ewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his owne killing at Galfewood, and how hee was carried the first night to Lindin kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the abbacie of Melrosse.” (18) This song, if extant, must be a prodigious curiosity.

Petre toward Stangate, and thus said the scripture in despite of Englishmen :

Long berde hertheles, peynted hood wytheles,
 Gay cove graceles, makes Englund thriftles.”

These lines, it must be confessed, have not much the appearance of a *rounde* or *songe* ; and, as to the nature of a *trasse*, we are left altogether in the dark. See also Fullers *Worthes*, p. 86.

(18) *History of the houses of Douglas and Angus*, Edin. 1644. p. 77. Liddesdale was a Douglas, and natural son to the

King James I. who was born in 1393, and became intitled to the crown on the death of his father Robert III. in 1405, but, having been taken at sea, a few months before, on his passage for France, and most unjustly detained a prisoner in England for 19 years, was not restored till 1424, is celebrated by Major as an excellent composer of Scottish songs, a number of his performances being still popular in the time of that historian. He particularly mentions an artificial song beginning *Yas sen*, &c. and also that pleasant and artificial song *At Beltayn*, which some persons, he says, at Dalkeith and Gargeil, had attempted to parody, by reason of his having been shut up in a tower or chamber in which a woman resided with her mother (19). The latter of these poems, for it does not seem to answer the definition of a song, is fortunately preserved, and hath been lately given to the public (20). This accomplished prince was murdered in 1437.

good sir James, who, in his way to Jerusalem, with Bruce's heart, anno 1330, was killed in Spain by the Moors. He was commonly called *The flower of chivalry*. Lord Hailes (*Annals*, v. ii. p. 161, &c.) calls him only the "knight of Liddefdale," has "Galvorde" instead of "Galsewood;" mentions the assassination as being done in revenge for the murder of Alexander Ramsay and David Berkeley; and says that Liddefdale left a widow, who afterwards married Hugh brother of William lord Dacre.

(19) *De gestis Scotorum*, l. vi.

(20) See *Select Scottish ballads*, v. ii. and *The Caledonian Muse* (when published.) There is likewise reason to suspect, that the words, *Yas sen*, are corruptly given for *Sen yat*; in which case this piece will also be found in print. See *Ancient Scottish poems*, 1786, v. ii. p. 214. It begins

"*Sen that* [the] *eyne*, that workis my weilfaire;"

and, though consisting of 13 long stanzas, is much more of a song than the other.

In that truly excellent composition, *At Beltayn*, or *Peblis to the play*, the royal author has refered to some popular songs of his own time, which may be thought to deserve notice, though now irretrievably lost. Thus, in stanza the sixth :

Ane zoung man stert into that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat vpon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt ;
 Said, mirrie madinis, think nocht lang,
 The wedder is fair and smolt ;
 He cleikit vp ANE HIE RUF SANG,
Thair fure ane man to the bolt,

Quod he.

Of Peblis to the play.

Again, in stanza the twenty-fifth :

He fippillit lyk ane faderles sole,
 And [said] be still, my sweit thing.—
 Be the haly rud of Peblis,
 I may nocht rest for greting.—
 He quhiffilit and he pypit bayth,
 To mak hir blyth that meiting :
 My hony hart, HOW SAYIS THE SANG ?
Thair sal be mirth at our meting

Zit.

Of Peblis to the play.

In some of the prologues to the admirable translation of Virgil by Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, in 1513, several songs are mentioned, which were doubtless popular, and pro-

bably ancient at that time. Thus, for instance, in the prologue to book XII.

On salt streemes wolk Dorida and Thetis
 By rynnand strandis, nymphes and Naiades,
 Sic as we clepe wenschis and damyffellis,
 In gerfy grauis wanderand by spring wellis,
 Of blomed branfchis and flouris quhyte and rede
 Plettand thare lusty chaplettis for thare hede :
 Sun fang ring sangis, dancis, ledis and roundis,
 With vocis schil, quhil all the dale resoundis;
 Quharefo thay walk into thare karoling,
 For amourus layis dois all the rochis ring :
 Ane fang, *The schip salis ouer the salt fame,*
Will bring thir merchandis and my lemane hame
 Sun vther singis *I wil be blyith and licht,*
My bert is lent apoun sa gudly wicht.

Again, in the same prologue :

— our awin natiue bird, gentil dow,
 Singand on hir kynde, *I come bidder to worw.*

Again, in the prologue to book XIII.

Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,
 As menstralis playis, *The ioly day now dawis.* (21)

(21) This song or tune appears to have been very famous. The poet Dunbar, in a satirical address to the merchants of Edinburgh, (*MSS. More, Ll. 5, 10,*) says,

Your commone menstralls hes no tone,
 Bot *Now the day dawis*, and *Into Joun*.

In *The Muses Threnodie*, Perth, 1774. p. 146, these words, "*Hey the day now dawnes*," are quoted as the name of "a

The *Flowers of the forest*, a song commemorative of the battle of Floddon, in 1513, and inserted in the present collection, must, if actually of that age, be allowed a much finer specimen of lyric elegy than the English language is able to

celebrated old Scotch song," as indeed it must be, if the same with that mentioned by Bp. Douglas. In "The life and death of the piper of Kilbarchan, or the epitaph of Habbie Simson, (*Scots Poems*, 1706,) is the following line :

" Now, who shall play, *The day it dawes ?*"

The tune may therefor, it is highly probable, be still known to pipers ; and, if so, might be yet recovered. There is some doubt, however, after all, whether the song or tune be actually, or at least originally, Scottish. In the Fairfax MS. a collection of musical pieces made about the year 1500, is a song of two stanzas, written, it should seem, out of compliment to queen Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. and wife to Henry VII. the first of which is as follows :

This day day dawes,
This gentil day dawes,
And I must home gone.

In a glorious garden grene,
Saw I sytting a comly quene,
Among the flouris that fresh byn ;
She gaderd a floure and sett betwene,
The lyly whyzt rose methought I sawe,
And ever the sang
This day day dawes,
This gentil day dawes.

See it in a collection of *Ancient songs in score*, 1779, fo. The music is nothing more than mere drawling chants in counter-point, without the slightest pretension to melody : so that it would seem as if either the English harmonist had entirely spoiled the Scottish tune, or the Scottish piper had considerably improved the English one.

produce at so early a period (22). Its antiquity, however, has been called in question; and the fact is, that no copy, printed or manuscript, so old as the beginning of the present century, can be now produced.

(22) Mr. Tytler, in his ingenious but fanciful *Dissertation on the Scottish music*,* speaks of *The fouters of Selkirk*, as an old song, composed on the same occasion. "This ballad," he adds, in a note, "is founded on the following incident:—Previous to the battle of Flowden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *fouters*, or shoemakers, of that town, who joined the royal army; and the town-clerk, in reward of his loyalty, was created a knight-banneret by that prince. They fought gallantly, and were most of them cut off. A few who escaped, found on their return in the forest of Lady-wood edge the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland." For all this fine story there is probably no foundation whatever. That the fouters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to four-score fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed, that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been still less worn than they are at present. Dr. Johnson, indeed, was told, at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwells soldiers. "The numbers," he adds, "that go barefoot are still sufficient to shew that shoes may be spared: they are not yet considered as necessities of life; for tall boys, not otherwise meanly dressed, run without them in the streets; and in the islands the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet." (*Journey to the western islands*, p. 55.) Away then with the fable of *The fouters of Selkirk*! Mr. Tytler, though he mentions it as the subject of a song or ballad, does

* Printed 1. at the end of Arnots *History of Edinburgh*, 1779; 2. with the *Poetical remains of James I.* 1783; 3. by way of preface to Napiers *Collection of Scots songs*; and, lastly, in the *Transactions of the society of the antiquaries of Scotland*, 1792.

K. James the fifth is well known as the reputed author of two songs of great merit; the *Gaberlunzieman*, and the *Beggars meal pokes*, both inserted in the present collection, and said to have been composed on two of his own adventures: this prince, (whose character, Dr. Percy thinks, for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) being noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise (23), and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. It is of the latter of these ballads that Mr. Walpole has remarked, there is something very ludicrous in the young womans distress when she thought her first favours had been thrown away upon a beggar.

not "remember ever to have seen the original genuine words," as he obligingly acknowledged in a letter to the editor. Mr. Robertson, however, who gives the statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, seems to know something more of the matter. "Some," says he, "have *very falsely* attributed to this event [the battle of Flodden], that song,

"Up with the *fouters* of Selkirk, and down with the earl of Hume."

"There was no earl of Hume," he adds, "at that time, nor was this song composed till long after. It arose from a bett betwixt the Philiphaugh and Hume families; the fouters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk against the men of Hume, at a match of football, in which the fouters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated, their victory in that song." This is decisive; and so much for Scottish tradition.

(23) "Sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry near Edinburgh." *Reliques*, ii. 60. Scottish writers have repeatedly cited the compliments paid, or supposed to be paid, to this monarch, by Ariosto and Ronfard; but no one has ever cited, or perhaps observed, the following passage in the *Scaligerana*, which may serve to identify or correct his portrait: "*Le roy d'Ecosse, Jacques V elloit camard, ce qui estoit bien laid, quia nasus honestamentum faciei.*"

His most, and most justly, celebrated performance, however, is *Christ's kirk on the green*, in which he rivaled, or indeed eclipsed the fame of his great ancestors once equally popular production *At Beltayn*, &c. This, indeed, like the latter, is rather a poem than a song, and has been accordingly printed as such in a collection which ought to have, made its appearance many years ago (24).

The ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*, inserted in this collection, is probably coeval with the death of that gallant freebooter (25).

(24) *Caledonian Muse*, printed for J. Johnson, St. Pauls Church-yard, in 1785. This poem has been erroneously ascribed to James I. See an essay on the true author, in the publication referred to. A voluminous writer, who deals largely in premeditated falsehood, absurd opinions, and confident assertions, positively affirms, that "there were three poems of this kind, all by James I. *this, Falkland on the grene; Peblis to the play.* The first and last," he says, "are preserved; and one refers to the rural manners of the north of Scotland; and is composed in the *Scandinavian alliteration*, and with many *Norse words*. The other, or *Peblis*, to those of the south of Scotland; and is full of the *southern Scotch*, or *north English*, words of old metrical romances. "*Falkland*," he adds, "is unfortunately lost; but we may well suppose it described the sports of Fife-shire, or the middle of Scotland, in words adapted to that part." It only remains for this ingenious romancer to add to his numerous forgeries the imaginary poem of *Falkland on the grene*.

(25) The reverend Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante, has a faint recollection of a ballad "on some Armstrong, (not the well-known ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*, in Ramsays *Ewer Green*);" another "called *Johnny Cox*;" and another "of a Scotch minstrel, who stole a horse from some of the Henries of England." The first of these ballads is possibly the famous old border song of *Dick o' the cow*, quoted by Mr. Pennant (*Tour*, 1772, part 2. p. 276), and printed at length in *The poetical museum*, Hawick, 1784.

The affair of Solway Moss, in 1542, is generally thought to have hastened the kings death. The Scottish lords, taken prisoners on this occasion, were liberated by king Henry upon pledges, and appear, from a passage in sir Ralph Sadlers *Letters*, to have become very unpopular. "The earl of Glencairn," says he, "prayed me to write to your majesty, and to beseech the same for the passion of god, to encourage them so much as to give them trust, for they were already commonly hated here for your majestys sake, and throughout the realm called the English lords; and such *ballads* and *songs* made of them, how the English angels had corrupted them, as have not been heard." (26) None of these, it is believed, are now to be met with.

Where Helen lyes, a song, as it is supposed, of this age, will be found in the present collection.

In the year 1549, a singular performance was published at Saint Andrews, which affords considerable information as to the state of Scottish song at that period. It is intitled "*Vedderburns*" (27)

(26) P. 198.

(27) *Vedderburn*, for *Wedderburn*; the *v* being almost every where substituted for the *w*; not, as a certain eccentric writer absurdly conjectures, because the types were brought from France; (as if a *w* could not have been made of *vv*, as it actually is, in some instances, of *uu*;) but because it was the dialect of that and the preceding centuries, not in Scotland only, but in the north of England; though now a peculiarity of the London cockneys. (See sir Ralph Sadlers *Letters*, &c. p. xx. Also, a curious warrant of K. James I. in Morgans *Phoenix Britannicus*, p. 54. and some old songs used in the bishoprick of Durham, MSS. Harl. 7578.) It is, however, less accountable, that the *w* is not, with equal impropriety, printed for the *v*.

Complainte of Scotlande, vyth ane exortatione to the thre estaits to be vigilant in the deffens of their public veil;" and is dedicated to the queen dowager regent. Whoever this Wedderburn was, his work has been usually, though doubtless untruly, ascribed to sir James Inglis, a celebrated writer about that time. The book is so very rare and curious, not above a single copy of it being known to exist, that the reader, it is hoped, will not be dissatisfied with the length of the following extract. The author, become weak and sad through study, supposes himself, for the sake of recreation, to pass "to the green holsom fields," where he observes the birds and beasts, and describes the sounds they uttered; he is also witness to an engagement between two ships, of which he likewise gives a minute description; he then proceeds as follows: "the reik smuik and the stink of the gunpuldur fylit all the ayr . . . quhilk generit sik mirknes & myst that i culd nouch see my lyntht about me, quhar for i rais and returnit to the fresche feildis . . . quhar i beheld mony hudit hirdis blauuand ther buc hornis and ther corne pipis, calland and conuoyand mony fat floc to be fed on the feldis; than the scheiphirdis pat there scheip on bankis and brais, and on dry hillis, to get ther pastour. Than i beheld the scheiphirdis vyuis and ther childir that brocht there mornyng brakfast to the scheiphirdis. . . . Than after there disune tha began to talk of grit myrrynes that was rycht plesand to be hard. In the fyrst the prencipal scheiphirde made ane orifone tyl al the laif of his compangzons as eftir follouis." The subject is a description of the universe. "Quhen the scheipherd

hed endit his prolixit orison to the laif of the scheipbirdis, i meruellit nocht livil, quhen i herd ane rustic pastour of bestialite, distitut of vrbaniſe and of speculatione of natural philosophe, indoctryne his nychtbours as he hed studeit Ptholome, Auerois, Aristotel, Galien, Ypocrites, or Cicero, quhilk var expert practicians in methamatic art. Than the scheipbirdis vyf said, my veil belouit hisband, i pray the to decist fra that tideus melancolic orison quhilk surpassis thy ingyne, be rason that it is nocht thy facultee to disput in ane profund mater, the quhilk thy capacite can nocht comprehend; therfor i thynk it best that ve recreat our selfis vytht ioyus comonyng quhil on to the tyme that ve return to the scheipfald vytht our flokkis: and to begyn sic recreatione i thynk it best that euyrie one of vs tel ane gude tayl or fabil to pas the tyme quhil 'euyn'. Al the scheipbirdis, ther vyuis and 'faruandis' var glaid of this propositione: than the eldest scheiphird began, and al the laif follouit ane be ane in their 'auen' place." He then gives the names of the stories and tales he heard, which are very curious; and thus proceeds: "Quhen thir scheiphirdis hed tald al thyr pleyfand storeis, than thay and ther vyuis began to sing fueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite: the foure marmadyns that sang quhen Thetis vas mareit on Month Pillion, thai sang nocht sa fueit as did thir scheiphirdis, quhilkis ar callit to name Parthenopie, Leucolia, Illigeatempora, the feyrd callit Legia; for thir scheipbirdis excedit al thir four marmadyns in melodius music, in gude accordis and reportis of dyapason, prolations, and dyatefferon. The musician 'Amphion,'

quhilk sang sa dulce quhil that the stanis mouit,
and alse the scheip and nolt, and the foulis of
the ayr pronuncit there bestial voce to sing vitht
hym; zit nochtheles, his ermonius sang prefferrit
nocht the fueit sangis of thir foir said scheiphirdis.
Nou i vil reherse sum of the 'fueit' sangis that i
herd amang them as eftir follouis: in the fyrst,
Pasfance vitht gude companye(28), *The breir byndis
me soir*, *Stil vnder the leyuis grene*(29), *Cou thou me
the raschis grene*(30), *Allace i vyit zow tua fayr
ene*, *Gode zou gude day vil boy*, *Lady help zow
presoneir*, *Kyng Villzamis note*(31), *The lang nounge
nou*, *The cheapel valk*, *Faytht is there none*, *Skald a*

(28) This is a song by our Henry the eighth, as is supposed,
of which the words and music are preserved in a coeval manu-
script in the editors possession; where it is intitled, "The
kings ballet." It begins:

Pasfetyne with good cumpanye
I love, and shall vnto I dye.

(29) This song is in the Maitland manuscript. It consists
of 18 stanzas, of which the first is as follows:

Still vndir the levis grene
This hindir day I went alone,
I hard ane may fair mwrne and meyne,
To the king of luif scho maid hir mone;
Scho sychtit sely soir,
Said, lord, I luif thj loir;
Mair wo dreit never woman one,
O langsum lyfe, and thow war gone,
Than fould I mwrne no moir.

(30) See *Ancient songs*, 1790. p. liv.

(31) This is supposed to be the song sung by hendy Ni-
cholas in Chaucers *Millers tale*:

And after that he song *the kinges note*,
Ful often blessed was his mery throte.

bellis nou, The Abirdenis nou brume brume on hil(32),
Allone i veip in grit distres, Trolee lolee lemmendou,
Bille vil thou cum by a lute and belt the in sanct Fran-
cis cord, The frog cam to the myl dur(33), *The sang of*
Gilqubiskar, Rycht soirly musing in my mynde, God
sen the duc hed byddin in France and Delabaute had
'neuyr' cum hame(34), *Al musing of meruellis a mys*
bef i gone, Maestres fayr ze vil forfoyr, O lufy
Maye witbt Flora quene(35), *O myne hart bay this*

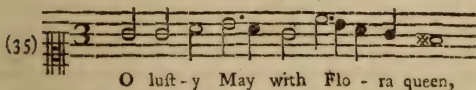
(32) Here are probably two titles: "Broom, broom on hill," at least, was a popular English ballad. See *Ancient songs*, 1790. p. lx.

(33) Mr. Warton (*History of English poetry*, v.iii. p.445.) says, "there is a ballad, "a moste strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse," licensed by the stationers to E. White, Nov. 21, 1580." It was doubtless the original of a childish, and, indeed, nursery song, beginning

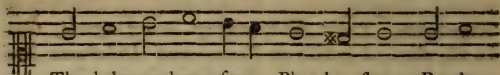
There was a frog lived in a well,
 And a farce mouse in a mill, &c.

which, much altered, and set to a fine Italian air, was a few years since sung about the streets. See *Gammer Gurtons Garland*, Stockton, [1784] p. 5.

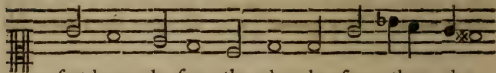
(34) John duke of Albany, regent during the minority of James V. being sent for into France, left in his place sir Andrew D'Arcy, a Frenchman, called the *Chevalier de la Beaute*, who appears to have been a very gallant and amiable character, and was savagely murdered near Dunbar, by the laird of Wedderburn and others, in 1517.



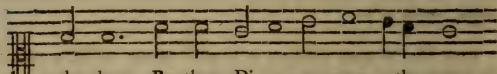
*is my sang, The battel of the Hayrlaw (36), The hunt-
tis of Cheuet, Sal i go with zou to Rumbelo fayr,*



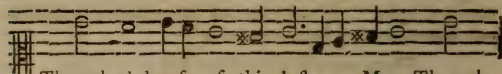
The balm-y drops from Phe-bus sheen, Pre-lu-



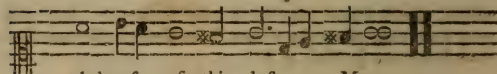
sant beams be-fore the day, be-fore the day,



the day; By thee Di-a-na grow-eth green,



Through glad-ness of this lust-y May, Through



glad-ness of this lust-y May.

Then Aurora that is so bright,
To woful hearts 'she' casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day, &c.
And shows and sheds furth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May,
'Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their beughs, of every sort,
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.
And fares and flies ov'r field and firth,
Through gladness, &c.

Greuit is my sorrow(37), *Turne the sueit ville to me,*
My lufe is lyand, eik send hym ioy, send him ioy, Fayr
luf lent thou me thy mantil ioy, The Perffee & the
Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day(38), *My*

All lovers hearts that are in care,
 To their ladies they do repara,
 In fresh mornings before the day, &c.
 And are in mirth ay more and more,
 Through gladness, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
 To mirthful May there is no peer;
 Her gliftring garments are so gay,
 You lovers all, make merry cheer,
 Through gladness of this lusty May,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

A copy of this song, extant in the Hyndford MS. in the Advocates library, Edin. contains several variations, and entirely omits the last stanza.

(36) This is presumed to be the fine poem printed in the *Ever Green*, which, with submission to the opinion of the late lord Hailes, may, for any thing that appears, either in or out of it, to the contrary, be as old as the 15th century. It does not, at present, give the idea of a song; and must have been sung, if at all, either to a very slow air, or to the common chant. Nothing, perhaps, ought to be infered unfavorable to the existence of songs not mentioned in this list, and yet one may naturally wonder, that it should omit so fine a composition as *Flowden hill*, if then extant.

(37) See this at full length in *Ancient songs*, 1790, p. 93. *Greuit* should be *Greuus*.

(38) Two lines of the old original ballad of *Chevy chase*, already named by *The huntis of Chevet*. See *Percys Reliques*, &c. v. i. p. 2. The Scots laid claim to the more modern ballad at an early period, giving themselves the honour of the day, and turning the sarcasm of runaways upon the enemy. They sung it to the tune of *The yle of Kyle*.

luf is laid apon ane knycht, Allace that samyn fueit face, In ane myrthtful morou, My hart is 'leinit' on the land. Thir ſcheiphirdis ande there vyuis ſang mony vther melodius ſangis, the quhilkis i hef nocht in memorie: than eftir this fueit celeſt armonye tha began to dance, &c.

That ſongs in parts were in vogue at this period, we have the direct testimony of ſir David Lindſay, who, in his “Satyre of the thrie eſtats,” (Edin. 1602, 4to.) introduces the character of Solace with theſe words:

Now quha ſaw euer ſic ane thrang?
 Me thocht ſum ſaid I had gaine wrang;
 Had I help I wald ſing ane ſang,
 With ane richt mirrie noyſe:
 I haue ſic pleaſour at my hart,
 That garris me ſing THE TROUBILL PAIRT;
 Wald ſum gude fallow fill the quart,
 It wald my hairt reioyce.

So again in another page:

“Sifter howbeit that I am hais,
 “I am content to BEAR A BAIS.”

Several “miſtoinit ſangis” appear to have been ſung in the representation of this ſtrange performance; but nothing of the kind is preſerved either in the printed copy or in the manuſcript.

The lyric muſe would ſeem of a turbulent diſpoſition, being generally found pretty active in popular diſturbances. Even the reformation of religion in this country appears not to have been effected without her aſſiſtance. Some time after the kings death, “Ane Wiſſoun, ſervant to the biſchope of Dunkeld, quha nether

knew the new testament nor the auld, maid a dispyitful railling ballat against the preicheours, and against the governour, for the quilk he narrowly eschaipit hanging" (39): the usual method in Scotland of answering a satyrical poet (40).

In the year 1560, the protestant party, calling themselves, *The congregation of the lord*, headed by James duke of Chastelherault and others, had taken possession of Edinburgh, where they were already reduced to great straights, when the count de Martigues arrived from France with a considerable force to the assistance of the queen dowager regent, and in a very short time after a still more formidable army of English came to that of *The congregation*. Many skirmishes happened; the French were besieged in Leith; and the country, no doubt, suffered in every quarter. Of this period is the following song, which, considering the rarity of such like compositions, seems worth preserving (41).

(39) Knox's *Historie*, p. 33. In another place (p. 77) he preserves the following "sang of triumphe," of the papists on the surrender of the castle of St. Andrews, by those who had slain the archbishop, to the French forces, in 1546; some of the prisoners being left in the galleys, "and there" as he says, "miserable entreatit:

"Preistis content yow now, preistis content yow now;

"For Normond* and his cumpanie hes fillit the gallayis
fow."

(40) See Crawford's *Memoirs*, Edin. 1753. p. 315.

(41) In the 4to. Maitland MS. whence this is taken, and which is dated 1586, is "Ane ballat to be sung with the

* Norman Leslie, master of Rothes, one of the prisoners.

In this new zeir I sie bot weir,
 Na caus to fing;
 In this new zeir I sie bot weir,
 Na caus thair is to fing.

I can not fing for the vexatioun
 Of Frenchmen and the congregation,
 That has maid trowbill in this natioun,
 And monye bair biging.

In this new zeir I sie bot weir,
 Na caus, &c.

In this new zeir, &c.

I haue na will to fing or danse,
 For feir of England and of France;
 God send them sorrow and mischance
 Is caus of their cumming!

In this new zeir, &c.

We ar sa rewlit ritche and puire,
 That we wait not quhair to be suire,
 The bourdour as the borrow muire,
 Quhair sum perchance will hing.

In this new zeir, &c.

And zit I think it best that we
 Pluck up our hairt and mirrie be,
 For thocht we wald ly down and die,
 It will ws help na thing.

In this new zeir, &c.

tune of *Luifer come to luifeiris dore*, &c." It is indifferent and long. In the same MS. is the "*Bankis of Helicon*," (now published) in the metre of *the Cherrie and the Slae*, and to the tune of which that celebrated poem is, in the Hyndford MS. directed to be sung. See *Ancient Scottish poems*, Edin. 1770. p. 316. *Tytlers Dissertation*, &c. p. 201. *The Cherrie and the Slae*, however, is not in that MS.—N.B. Since the editors transcript was made, this ballad has been printed by Pinkerton (*Ancient Scottish poems*, 1786).

Let ws pray god to staine this weir,
 That we may leif withouttin feir,
 Inn mirrines quhill we ar heir,
 And hevin at our ending.

In this new zeir I fie but weir
 Na caus thair is to sing, &c.

Such was the state of Scottish song, when, in the year 1561, queen Mary returned from France to her native country. No character is to be found in history so nearly approaching excellence and perfection as this illustrious princess, before the turbulence of her unruly and fanatical subjects bewildered her senses, and plunged her into error and misfortune. At any other period, one is almost tempted to say in any other country, such a sovereign would have been the idol of her people. Not less remarkable for the accomplishments of her mind, than for the beauty of her person, she wrote the most elegant songs, and sung to her lute like an angel (42). The only pieces of her composition now known are, it is true, in a foreign tongue, and were written during her happier residence in France, or upon her sorrowful departure from it (43): but it is by no means improbable that she occasionally condescended to honour her mother tongue; which, barbarous and discordant as it sounded in the delicate ears of the French courtiers, she pro-

(42) Brantome, *Dames illustres*.

(43) See a close and elegant version of the beautiful song she composed on her passage in "A historical essay on national song," prefixed to *English songs*, v. 1. for which, as well as for the other poetical translations in that performance, the public is indebted to the late John Baynes esquire, a gentleman of considerable erudition, uncommon genius, and fine taste; who died universally lamented, at the immature age of 27.

nounced with such a grace, as to make it appear even to them the most sweet and agreeable(44). Yet this princess, beautiful, elegant and accomplished as she was, and adorned with all the graces that ever centered in woman, was inhumanly persecuted by barbarous and enthusiastic ruffians, who owed her allegiance, and had sworn fidelity to her as their sovereign; and, after 19 years confinement, was deliberately murdered in cold blood by an envious, malignant, and treacherous hag, who had offered her an asylum(45). The injured character of this illustrious and amiable princess, has been completely vindicated from the calumnies of her malicious accusers, not in Scotland only, but in England and in

(44) Brantome, *Dames illustres*. This author, who accompanied the queen to Scotland, gives a curious account of the cordial welcome she met with from her pious and polished subjects. — *Estant logée en bas en l'abbaye de l'Islebourg, vindrent sous la fenestre cinq ou six cents marauts de la ville, luy donner aubade de meschants violons & petits rebecs, dont il n'y en a faute en ce pays là; & se mirent à chanter pseumes, tant mal chantez, & si mal accordez, que rien plus. He! quelle musique, & quel repos pour sa nuit.* Ibi. These raggamuffins Knox calls "a cumpanie of most honest men," who, he says, "with instruments of musick, and with musicians gave thair salutatiouns at hir chamber window. The melodie," he adds, "as sche alledged, lyked hir weill, and sche willed the same to be continued sum nychts efter with grit diligence." Her politeness, if the story be true, seems only to have increased the insolence and brutality of this ferocious reformer and his fanatical adherents.

(45) It is well known that this execrable fiend tampered with sir Amy Powlet and sir Drue Drury, to murder the queen of Scots privately, which they had either the virtue or the cunning to decline. Her hypocrisy was equal to her cruelty, and she would have immediately hung them up. Every one knows how she persecuted secretary Davison, for dispatching the warrant she had signed for the queens execution.

France, within the compass of a few years past (45). Her testament and letters, which the writer of these pages has seen, blotted with her tears, in the Scots college, Paris, will remain perpetual monuments of singular abilities, tenderness and affection, of a head and heart, in short, of which no other queen in the world was probably ever possessed.

From the manuscript collection of George Bannatyne, compiled in 1568, lord Hailes has favoured the public with a few songs of some value. *The wooing of Jock and Jenny*, is still popular, and the *Ballat of evil wyffs*, and *Ballat of guid-fallowis*, have no inconsiderable degree of poetical merit for so remote an age. *Robene and Makyne*, by Henrysone, *The blait luvar*, *The luvaris lament*, by Fethy, and several pieces by Alexander Scot, though not all, perhaps, properly songs, are intitled to a still higher compliment. This, indeed, was the Augustan age of Scottish poetry.

James the sixth, though no song writer, composed psalms, madrigals, and sonnets, of which some, it should be acknowledged, are not destitute of poetical merit.

The bonny earl of Murray, composed, as it appears, in 1592, may be noticed as a production of this reign; as may, likewise, the excellent stanzas of *Tak yer auld cloak about ye*, and *Waly, waly up the bank*; of which the former is directly quoted in Shakspeares tragedy of *Othello*, supposed to

(45) See Goodalls *Examination*, &c. 2 vol. Edin. 1754. Tytlers *Inquiry*, Edin. 1760, 1770, 1792. *Histoire d'Elisabeth*, par madame Keralio. 5 tomes. Paris, 1788. and Whitakers *Vindication*, &c. 3 vols. 1788, 1790.

have been written in 1611; and the other is also cited in a strange but curious, and apparently antique musical medley published in 1666: both therefor may be regarded as having been popular songs before the year 1600 (46).

It was a practice with the pious puritans, as well of England as of Scotland, to write their enthusiastic rhapsodies to the tunes of common and popular songs, of which they generally, if not uniformly, preserved a few lines at the begin-

(46) The following passages from others of the like kind in the same performance, seem also scraps of old songs:

Ioly under the gren wood tree,
 Ioly under the green wood tree,
 Be soft and sober, I you pray,
 My lady will come here away;
 Go graith you in your glansand geer,
 To meet my lady pair and pair,
 With harps and lutes and guittrons gay,
 My lady will come here away.

Underneath the green wood tree,
 There the 'god' Love bideth the, friska ioly
 Polland the sloe, she doth ago,
 Singing so merrily.

I saw three ladies fair singing, hey and how upon yon leyland,
 hey.

I saw three mariners singing Rumbelow, upon yon see stand,
 hey.

The pypers drone was out of tune,
 Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twise so
 merry,
 With the light of the moon, hey, hey down a down.

The malt's come down, be merry, be merry:
 The malt's come down, hey troly loly loly.

Three birds on a tree,
 Three and three, and other three,
 The boniest bird come down to me, &c.

ning. Of these moralisations, as they are called, a pretty considerable volume was printed, for the second time, at Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, in the year 1621, under the title of "Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall songs. Collectit out of fundrie partes of the scripture, with fundrie of o. ballates, changed out of prophaine fanges, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of fundrie gude and godly ballates, not contained in the first edition. Newlie corrected and amended by the first originall copie." (47) The following are the

(47) For the sight and use of this singular curiosity, the editor has to thank Mr. George Paton, of the Custom-house, Edinburgh. It is a small duodecimo, in black letter. The original impression must have appeared many years before, as in a MS. "Historie of the estate of the kirke of Scotland, written by ane old minister of the kirk of Scotland, att the desire of some of his young brethren for their informatione," A. D. 1560, in the possession of the same gentleman, it is said that "for the more particular meanes wherby came the knowledge of gods truth in the time of great darkness, was such as sir David Lindseyes poesie, *Wedderburnes psalmes and godlie ballands*, of godlie purposes, &c." This Wedderburne was doubtless, the identical person who has been already mentioned as author of the *Complaint of Scotland*, 1549; many songs, it is observable, mentioned in that work, being parodied or spiritualized in this "compendious booke;" of which a very injudicious "specimen" was published at Edinburgh, by the late lord Hailes, in 1764. The last article in the book is a poem in three stanzas by king James I. which it is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Tytler, who had the perusal of Mr. Patons copy, long before he published the "poetical remains" of that monarch, should overlook, unless he was misled, by the note of some former owner of the book, to suppose that the words "Quod king James the first," refer generally to the whole volume. (See *Poetical remains*, &c. p. 32.) It begins;

Sen throw vertue increffis dignity.

first stanzas of all the "ballates" which appear to have been "changed out of prophaine fanges."

Richt forely musing in my minde,
 For pietie fore my herts pynde :
 Quhen I remember on Christ so kynde,
 That sauit mee.
 Nane culde mee saue from thyle to Ynde,
 But onely hee.

Alace, that same sweit face,
 That deit vpon ane 'tree,'
 To purchase mankynde peace,
 From sinne to make us free,
 Allone to be our remedie.

Quho is at my windo, who who :
 Goe from my windo, goe goe :
 Quha calles there, so like ane stranger,
 Goe from my window, goe :
 Lord I am here, &c." (47*)

Intill ane mirthfull May morning,
 Quhen Phebus vp did spring,

It is much to be regretted (*en passant*) that this gentleman should have been under the necessity of printing the *Kingis quair*, from a pretended transcript, attempted by some illiterate schoolboy, and abounding, in almost every line, with the most senseless and extravagant blunders; all of which have been religiously preserved in a subsequent edition, printed at Perth.

(47*) The original is an English song, printed at the end of Heywoods *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630; and, with the music, in Dufseys *Pills to purge melancholy*, 1719. Two stanzas of it are also quoted in Beaumont and Fletchers *Knight of the burning pestle*.

Waking I lay in ane garding gay,
 Thinkand on Chrifft fa free,
 Quhilk meikly for mankind,
 Tholit to be pynd

On croce cruelly, La. La. (48)

All my hart ay this is my fang,
 With doubil mirth and ioy amang ;
 Sa blyth as bird my God to fang,
 Chrifft hes my hert ay.

My lufe murnis for me for me,
 My lufe that murnis for me;
 I am not in kinde hes not in mind
 My lufe that murnis for me.

Tell me now and in quhat wife,
 How that I fuld my lufe forga.
 Baith day and night ane thousand fife
 'Thir' tyrannis waikens me with wa.

Allone I weipe in greit diftreffe,
 Wee are exilit remedileffe :
 And wait not why,
 Fra Gods word, allace, allace,
 Uncourteouslie.

Gryuous is my forrow
 Both at euin and morrow,

(48) The original is as follows :

Into a mirthful May morning,
 As Phebus did up spring,
 I saw a may both fair and gay,
 Most goodly for to see :
 I said to her, Be kind,
 To me that was so pyn'd,
 For your love truly.

Unto my felfe allone :
 Thus Chrifft makes his mone,
 Saying, Unkindneffe killed mee,
 And puts mee to this paine,
 Allace what remedie,
 For I would not refraine, (49)

Iohne cum kis me now,
 Iohne cum kis me now :
 John cum kis me by and by,
 And make no more adow.

Mufing greitlie in my minde,
 The follie that is in mankinde :
 Whilke is fo brukill and fo blind,
 And, downe fall come, downe aye downe aye.

Downe by yond river I ran,
 Downe by yond river I ran,
 Thinkand on Chrifft fa fweit,
 That broght mee to libertie,
 And I ane finfull man.

O Chrifft quhilk art the light of day,
 The clude of night thou driues away,
 The beame of glore beleuit right,
 Shawand till vs thy perfite light.

This is na night as naturall,
 Nor zit na clude materiall,
 That thow expels, as I heir fay,
 O Chrifft quhilk art the light of day.

With hunts vp, with huntis up,
 It is now perfite day :

(49) See the original, *Ancient songs*, 1790, p. 93. The parody contains no fewer than 21 stanzas. Another contains 22, and *Iohne cum kis me now*, 26. The rest contain from 4 to 15.

ON SCOTISH SONG.

iv

Jefus our king is gane in hunting,
Quha likes to speed they may.

Baneift is faith now euey quhair,
And fair for thinkes me,
Baneift is faith now euey quhair,
Be the shauin fort I zow declair,
Alace therefore my hert is fair,
And blyth I can nocht be.

The wind blawis cald, furious and bald
This lang and mony day :
But Christs mercy we mon all die,
Or keep the cald wind away.

Hay now the day dallis,
Now Christ on vs callis,
Now welth on our wallis
Appeiris anone :
Now the word of God rings,
Whilk is king of all kings :
Now Christis flock fings,
The night is neere gone.

Till our gude-man, till our gude man :
Keip faith and loue till our gude-man.
For our gude-man in heuin does reigne,
In glore and blisse without ending :
Where angels finges euer Ofan,
In laude and praise of our gude-man.

Remember man, remember man,
That I thy faull from Sathan wan :
And hes done for thee what I can,
Thow art full deir formee,
Is was, nor fall be none,
What may thee faue but I allone,

Onely therefore beleieve mee on,
And thou fall neuer die.

All (50.) my loue leife me not,
Leif mee not, leif mee not,
All my loue leif mee not,
Thus mine allone,
With ane burding on my backe,
I may not beir it I am so waik,
Loue, this burding from mee take,
Or else I am gone. (7.)

There are other pieces in the same volume written apparently in the measure, or to the tune of well known poems or songs; as, for instance, in one place, "Followis ane sang of the birth of Christ: with the tune of *Barw lu la law*."

In Verstegans *Restitution of decayed intelligence*, &c. printed originally at Antwerp, in 1605, we meet with the following curious anecdote. "So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from from Jerusalem, as he passed thorow a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at her door dandling her child, to sing, *Bothwel bank thow blumest fayre*: the gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith in English saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle, and told him that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk, who

(50) *All* is a frequent misprint for *Ab*; probably Hart printed from an old manuscript copy, in which the *b* had the appearance of *ll*.

being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, intreated the gentleman to stay there until his return; the which he did, and she for country sake, to shew herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband, at his homecoming, that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very friendly, and at his departure gave him divers things of good value.”(51) Whatever truth there may be in this story, no doubt can be entertained as to the existence of the song, which, it is much to be wished, we were able to recover. The one beginning with the same line in a late publication of *Select Scottish ballads*, vol. II. is a despicable forgery.

King Charles the first, like his father, was a poet, though no song-writer. His great and gallant general, the heroic Montrose, has left us some elegant lines, which, with a few other pieces of this period, will be found in the present collection.

A sort of music book, printed (for the second time) at Aberdeen, in 1666, intitled “*Cantus*; songs and fancies, to three, four or five parts, both apt for voices and viols. With a brief introduction to music, as is taught by Thomas Davidson, in the musick-school of Aberdene,”

(51) Edit. 1673. p. 327,—In a curious dramatic piece, intitled “*Philotus*,” printed at Edinburgh, in 1603, by way of finale, is “ane sang of the foure lufearis,” though little deserving that title. It is followed by the old English song beginning

“What if a day, or a month, or a year,”

alluded to in *Hudibras*, which appears to have been sung at the end of the play, and was probably, at that time, new and fashionable.

is to be mentioned as the first known collection of Scottish songs, or rather in which Scottish songs are to be found. These are: *O lusty May with Flora queen*, (see before, p xli.) *Into a mirthful May morning*, (see before, p. liii.) *In a garden so grene, Come love let's walk in yonder spring, How should my feeble body fure, No wonder is suppose my weeping eyes, Like as the dumb solsequium*, (by captain Montgomery, author of the *Cherrie and the Slae*,) *The gowans are gay my jo, My bailful breast in blood all bruißt, I love great god above, Where art thou Hope, Wo worth the time and eke the place, Joy to the person of my love, Will said to his mammie, Care away go thou from me*: two of which, esteemed the best, will be found in the present collection (52).

In the Pepysian collection is a “a proper new ballad,” printed before the Restoration, “entitled, The wind hath blown my plaid away, or a discourse betwixt a young maid and the Elphin knight. To be sung with its own pleasant new tune.” It contains twenty stanzas, of which the first may serve as a sufficient specimen:

The Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli, ba,
He blows his horn both loud and thrill,
The wind hath blown my plaid awa.

The principal subjects of the dialogue are the knights proposed condition to have a shirt made without sheers, needle or thread; and the maids answer, that he should ear an acre of land with a

(52) It likewise contains the “ditty called *What if a day*,” already mentioned, with the music.

horn, &c. all which is much better expressed in a little English song, sung by children and nursery maids(53).

The restoration of king Charles II. however grateful it might be to a people always strongly attached to their hereditary monarchy, does not appear to have been much celebrated by the muses, nor, violent as were the party convulsions, and numerous and important the events of that reign, has it been found to afford a single song on any historical or political subject. The Whigs, indeed, were addicted solely to prayer and psalm singing, and the Tories too generous, perhaps, to insult so contemptible an adversary, by satirical ballads.

King James VII. was undoubtedly, both before and after his accession, a popular character in Scotland; and *The 14th of October* (his birth-day) is still a favourite tune. Neither did the imprudence of his religious zeal, which lost him the government of three kingdoms, forfeit the esteem of the people. Averse as they might in general be to his religious tenets, they could not but esteem the lineal descendant of a family which had furnished the country with sovereigns for upward of a thousand years; and the justice of whose expulsion was far from manifest. The battle of Killikrankie, fought in 1689, is the subject of a song in the following collection, which may be regarded as the first of the numerous series now called *Jacobite songs*.

An inundation of *Scotch songs*, so called, appears to have been poured upon the town by Tom D'Urfey, and his Grub-street brethren, toward

the end of the last and is the beginning of the present century: of which, though doubtless highly grateful to the refined taste of the times, it is hard to say whether wretchedness of poetry, ignorance of the Scottish dialect, or nastiness of ideas, is most evident or most despicable. In the number of these miserable caricatures the reader may be a little surprised to find the favourite songs of *De'ill take the war that hurry'd Willy from me, Oh Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been? Young Philander woo'd me lang, Farewell my bonny, witty, pretty, Moggy, In January last, She rose and let me in, Pretty Kate of Edinburgh, As I sat at my spinning wheel, Fife and a' the lands about it, Bonny lad prithee lay thy pipe down, The bonny grey-eyed morn, 'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town, Bonny Dundee, O'er the hills and far away, By moon-light on the green, Whats that to you?* and several others, which he has been probably used to consider as genuine specimens of Scottish song; as indeed most of them are regarded even in Scotland (54).

The insurrection, in 1715, of the adherents to the

(54) See D'Urfeys *Pills to purge melancholy*, *passim*. In v. 4, is "A Scotch song, *The words by Mr. John Hallam, set to music by Mr. John Cottrell*;" beginning "Upon the wings of love my dear I come;" and, in the next volume is another, "*the words by Mr. Peter Noble, set by Mr. John Wilford*," beginning "Bonny Scottish lads that keens me weel."

She rose and let me in, however, ought not to be confounded with the rest, as it is an English song, of great merit, and has been Scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, (probably by Oswald) is very different from that in the *Pills*. *De'ill take the wars*, written by D'Urfeys, and sung in *A wife for any man*, Mr. Tytler classes in his *third æra*, "from queen Mary to the Restoration."

person whom his friends called James VIII. and his enemies the pretender, but who, in any case, was the legitimate son of king James VII. seems to have roused the poetic even more than the military spirit of the Scots. Many songs were composed on this event, of which some of those which have been preserved will not be found destitute of merit.

In the year 1719, the celebrated poem or ballad of *Hardyknute* first appeared, at Edinburgh, as "a fragment," in a folio pamphlet of 12 pages. That it is of no greater antiquity, must be perfectly clear, from every species of evidence, intrinsic or extrinsic, and the only means of reconciling the seemingly opposite accounts of its birth, is to conclude it the illegitimate offspring of Mrs. Wardlaw, by sir John Bruce(53). The two stanzas beginning, "Aryse, zounge knicht," the three beginning "Now with his ferfs and stalwart train," the two beginning, "Sair bleids my leige," the six beginning "Quhair lyke a fyre," and the three last, are not in the first edition, (which was reprinted in four leaves, 8vo.) but originally appeared in the *Ever green*;

(53) The former pretended to have found it written on "the bottoms of clues;" the other, "in a vault at Durnfermline." See Dr. Percys *Reliques*, &c. v. ii. pp. 96, 111. *Ancient Scottish poems*, v. i. p. cxxvii. Mr. Thomson, the Scottish musician, finding the cause to stick, as the Turks say, or, in other words, the tide of suspicion running very strong against it, declared, like a hardy Scot, that "he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy; before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of:" though there is not a single line, not stolen from some old ballad, that has the most distant appearance of having existed before. The evidence of Ossians witnesses is exactly like that of Mr. Thomson.

in which many different readings are given, and Ramsay, to confirm the authenticity of the whole, has every where changed the initial *y* to *z*. That a composition abounding with evident imitations of, and direct allusions to modern and familiar poetry (54), in short, that a palpable and bungling forgery, without the slightest resemblance of any thing ancient or original, should have passed, either in England or Scotland, for a genuine relique of antiquity, would appear almost incredible and miraculous, if there were not subsequent instances of a similar delusion. Why the Scottish literati should be more particularly addicted to literary imposition than those of any other country, might be a curious subject of investigation for their new Royal

(54) "*Drinking the blude-reid wine.*" Stan. 5. l. 8.

"*Drinking the blude reid wine.*" Sir Patrick Spence.

"*Full twenty thousand glittering spears.*" Stan. 6. l. 3.

"*Full twenty thousand Scottish spears.*" *Chevy chase*.

"Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,

"*Quhyle thousands all around,*

"*Drawn frae their sheaths glanft in the sun.*" Stan. 21.

"He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew

"*Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs*

"*Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze*

"*Far round illumin'd hell.*" MILTON.

The author, either through ignorance or from affectation, uses *Britain* and *Britons*, as synonymous with *England* and *English*; and the editor of *Scottish tragic ballads*, 1781, has had the impudence to assert, that "this [last] was the common name which the Scots gave the English anciently, as may be observed in their old poets; and particularly *Blind Harry*:" though the *Life of Wallace* is a common book, in which the word *Britons* is not to be found.

society. Dr. Johnson, indeed, is of opinion that “a Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it,” he says, “better than inquiry: and, if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it.” He is speaking of another forgery,—the poems of Ossian. However this may be, the fact is incontestable; and the forgeries of Hector Boethius, David Chalmers, George Buchanan, Thomas Dempster, sir John Bruce, William Lauder, Archibald Bower, James Macpherson, and John Pinkerton, stamp a disgrace upon the national character, which ages of exceptionless integrity will be required to remove; an æra, however, which, if one may judge from the detestation in which the most infamous and despicable of these impostors is universally held, has already commenced.

In the year 1724, Allan Ramsay, a barber in Edinburgh, first published “The tea-table miscellany: or a collection of choice songs, Scots and English;” to which we are indebted for the preservation of several old Scottish songs of great merit, of which no earlier copies are now to be found, as well as for many excellent originals written, as it seems, either by himself or others, purposely for this publication. Ramsay was a man of strong natural parts, and a fine poetical genius, of which his celebrated pastoral *The gentle*

Mr. Tytler, however, seems to consider *Hardyknute* as authentic: “All our old heroic ballads,” says he, “such as *Hardyknute*, and others, were undoubtedly sung to *chants* composed for them, which are now lost.” The truth, indeed, seems too well ascertained to admit of a DOUBT; the Scottish critics should recollect an excellent old maxim: *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.*

shepherd, will ever remain a substantial monument; and though some of his songs may be deformed by far-fetched allusions and pitiful conceits, *The lass of Peatties mill*, *The yellow hair'd laddie*, *Farewell to Lochaber*, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even superior, in point of pastoral simplicity, to most lyric productions, either in the Scottish or any other language(55). As an editor, he is, perhaps, reprehensible, not only on account of the liberties he appears to have taken with many of the earlier pieces he published, in printing them with additions(56), which one is unable to distinguish,

(55) It is somewhat strange, that Mr. Tytler, knowing both when Ramsay began to write, and the songs of which he is the author, should consider several of his undoubted compositions among the fine songs which "we may almost with certainty pronounce to have been made" within his "last æra, that is, from the restoration to the union."

(56) He marks the following pieces with the letter Z, as "old songs:" *Muirland Willie*, *Scornfu' Nancy*, *Maggie's tocher*, *For the love of Jean*, *The blythsome bridal*, *Fint a crum of thee she faws*, *The auld goodman*, *The shepherd Adonis*, *John Ochiltree*, *In January last*, *General Leslys march*, *The deceiver*, [English,] *Todlen but and todlen ben*, *Robs Fock*, *Country-lafs*, *Waly, waly*, *O'er the hills and far away*, *Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny*: the following with Q, as "old songs with additions:" *Lucky Nancy*, *Auld Rob Marris*, *Ew bughts*, *Marrion*, *Omnia vincit amor*, *The auld wife beyont the fire*, *Sleepy body*, *Jocky blyth and gay*, *Had away from me Donald*, *The peremptory lover*,* *What's that to you*, *Jocky fou Jenny fain*, *Jenny wkere ha's thou been*. Some indisputably old songs, however, are printed without either of these letters.

* The enlargement of this song seems to have been entrusted to one of his Irish journeymen, the additions consisting in the omission of three whole stanzas.

but also for preferring songs written by himself, or the “ingenious young gentlemen” who assisted him, to ancient and original words, which would in many cases, all circumstances considered, have been probably superior, or, at least, much more curious, and which are now irretrievable(57). In short, Ramsay would seem to have had too high an opinion of his own poetry, to be a diligent or faithful publisher of any other per-

(57) Every reader of taste or sentiment will regret, that he should have preferred his own trifling stanzas, to the original of a song founded on the following anecdote. “The celebrated ‘Bessie’ Bell and Mary Gray are buried near Lednoch. The common tradition is, that the father of the former was laird of Kinvaid, in the neighbourhood of Lednoch, and the father of the latter laird of Lednoch; that the two young ladies were both very handsome, [and] a most intimate friendship subsisted between them; that while miss Bell was on a visit to miss Gray, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which, they built themselves a bower, about three quarters of a mile west from Lednoch-house, in a very retired and romantic place, called Burn-braes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time, but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman, who was in love with them both, and here they died. The burial place lies about half a mile west from the present house of Lednoch.” *Muses Tbreodie*, 1774, p. 19. The first four, or, perhaps, eight, lines of Ramsay’s song are supposed to be taken from the original, with which it seems to be confounded by Mr. Pennant (*Tour in Scotland in 1772*, part 2. p. 112).

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg’d a bow’r on yon burn-brae,
 And theck’d it o’er wi’ rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo’d yestreen,
 And thought I ne’er cou’d alter,
 But Mary Gray’s twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

sons(58). Among the contributors to this collection which, except the musical publication at Aberdeen, is supposed to be the first that ever appeared of Scottish songs(59), was a gentleman of the name of Crawford, of the family of Auch-
names; whom the pastoral beauties and elegant language of *Tweedside*, and the pathetic tenderness of *My deary, an ye die*, will ever place in the first rank of lyric poets (60). In this list we also find Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, an

We should likewise have been much more indebted to him for the insertion of the elegant ballad of *Gilderoy*, than of an English song, beautiful as it may be, to the same tune. If sir Alexander Halket were actually the author of this ballad, its age may be probably ascertained: it was certainly written before the present century. Mr. Tytler says it was made on the death of a famous outlaw hanged by James V. an assertion, however, which it expressly contradicts. He appears, in fact, from Spaldings account, to have been a sort of chief or leader of the proscribed Clan Gregor, and, "with five other lym-mars," to have been hanged at Edinburgh, in the month of July, 1636.

(58) He is however very inconsistently censured by a late writer, who has stuffed two despicable volumes of what he is pleased to call "the very best of Scottish ballad poetry," not only with the most infamous forgery (of which Ramsay cannot be accused), but with a variety of his own unnatural productions, compared to which the bathos of Ramsay is perfect sublimity.

"Thou write pindaricks, and be damn'd!"

(59) A few are printed, but very incorrectly, in *A collection of Scots poems*, 1706, &c.

(60) The editor confesses that the omission of *Down the burn, Davie*, (which Mr. Tytler has conjectured a composition of the space of time "from queen Mary to the restoration," as he has done other songs of this gentleman to have been made within his "last æra,—from the restoration to the union,") though intentional, has not been without regret.

elegant writer, whose *Braes of Yarrow* will be long admired (61), and Mr. Mallet (then Malloch), to whom we owe two beautiful stanzas,

(61) Dr. Percy (*Reliques of ancient English poetry*, 1775, v. ii. p. 371.) observes, that the *Braes of Yarrow* was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject with the same burden to each stanza. The author, indeed, expressly avows it to be "in imitation of the ancient Scottish manner:" but both these assertions have been doubted. Mr. Tytler, however, mentions *Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride*, among the songs and tragic ballads within his *second epoch*, "that is, from the beginning of the reign of king James IV. James V. and to the end of that of queen Mary:" which, to those who never heard of any other ballad of this description, than that by Mr. Hamilton, who died in 1754, will appear somewhat extraordinary. It is not, however, always easy to know when Mr. Tytler is speaking of the words, and when he means only the melodies of the songs he mentions. There are, indeed, a few stanzas preserved of a ballad "*To the tune of Leader haughs and Yarrow*," which have some merit, although its origin or antiquity cannot be ascertained.

I dream'd a dreary dream last light,
God keep us a' frae sorrow:
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
I'll tell you a' your sorrow:
You pu'd the birk wi' your true love;
He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
To where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

But o'er yon glen run armed men,
Have wrought me dule and sorrow:
They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain;
He bleeding lies in Yarrow.

The shades of Endermay, and one of the finest ballads that were ever written (62.)

Joseph Mitchell, who died in 1738, may be mentioned as a song-writer of very inferior merit; none of his compositions deserving to be rescued from oblivion. The beautiful pastoral of *Robin and Nanny*, by lord Binning, will cause every reader to regret that it is the only song of that promising young nobleman's composition known to be extant.

The gallant attempt made by a delicate young prince to recover the throne of his ancestors, in 1745, seems to have been hailed by the Scottish muse with her most brilliant strains. On no occasion did ever such a multitude of songs appear, of which several are among the finest specimens of lyrical composition. *The tears of Scotland*, in particular, by Dr. Smollett, is, for pathetic sentiment and elegant versification, certainly not excelled by any thing that ever was, or ever will be written, in any language whatever. An ode, likewise, by Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, on the victory at Gladsmuir, has great poetical merit. Neither of these poems, however, though both have been set to music, seems in strictness to fall within the description of a song, as they belong in fact to a superior class of poetry. A few select pieces will be found in the present collection; but it is believed that numbers of equal or superior merit have either perished, or are not now

(62) Ramsay, at the end of a separate edition of *William and Margaret*, observes: "This ballad will sing to the tunes of *Montrose's lines*, *Rotbes's lament*, or *The isle of Kell*;" and yet Thomson, not above three years after, publishes it as "an old Scotch ballad with the original Scotch tune."

to be met with in print (63). To offer any apology for the republication of these political effusions would be to insult those who might be suspected to require it. The rival claims of *Stewart* and *Brunswick* are not more to the present generation than those of *Bruce* and *Baliol*, or *York* and *Lancaster*. The question of RIGHT has been submitted to the arbitration of the SWORD, and is now irrevocably decided : but neither that decision, nor any other motive, should deter the historian from doing justice to the character of those brave men who fell in a cause which they, at least, thought right, and which others, perhaps, only think wrong, as it proved unsuccessful (64).

Robertson, of Struan, who died aged in 1749, ought to be regarded as the poet of an earlier period. The few songs he has left, though far unequal to his beautiful and pathetic elegies, are by no means destitute of merit (65). Smollett,

(63) The editor has heard a few lines of a fine parody of *Rule Britannia*, of which he could never obtain a copy. The chorus ran thus :

“ Rise, Britannia, Britannia, rise and fight ;

“ Restore your injur’d monarch’s right.”

The original words seem to have been inserted in the *Loyal songs*, 1750, by mistake.

(64) It is judiciously observed by the patriotic Fletcher, that “ as the most just and honourable enterprises, when they fail, are accounted in the number of rebellions ; so all attempts, however unjust, if they succeed, always purge themselves of all guilt and imputation,” An observation which might be sufficiently illustrated by English history. It had been already made indeed by sir John Harington :

“ Treason does never prosper, what’s the reason ?

“ For if it prosper none dare call it treason,”

(65) There are several ascribed to him in the *Scots musical museum*, which are not in his *Poems* [1749]. He is also said to have composed a great many in the Erse language.

who has been already mentioned, is the author of two most elegant songs. The few written by Thomson, would perhaps have done greater credit to a genius of less magnitude, but are by no means unworthy of him. Mallet, too, who new wrote the masque of *Alfred*, which was originally the joint composition of himself and Thomson, has enriched his alteration with a few songs that might have procured celebrity to any but the author of *William and Margaret*.

Alexander Ross, author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, and living at the time of its publication in 1768, must have been very aged, if the tune of *A rock and a wee pickle tow*, mentioned by Ramsay, allude to the song he then printed. The only fault of this humourous performance is its great length, which has induced former editors to retrench no fewer than fourteen stanzas; unless, indeed, they were added after the original publication. The dialect he uses is broad Buchans, which considerably heightens the ludicrous turn of his composition.

The history of Scottish poetry exhibits a series of fraud, forgery, and imposture, practised with impunity and success. The ballad of *Gil Morrice*, was printed, for the second time, at Glasgow, in 1755, with an advertisement, setting forth, "that its preservation was owing to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, as we learn from Dr. Percy, no less than sixteen additional verses

were produced and handed about in manuscript, which that editor, though he conjectures them after all to be only an ingenious interpolation, has inserted, in their proper places. These are, he says, from v. 109 to v. 121. and from v. 124 to v. 129(66). The doctor assures us, that in his ancient folio MS. "is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein, though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revival." This MS. we are told, "instead of "lord Barnard," has "John Stewart;" and instead of Gil Morrice," "CHILD MAURICE, which last is probably the original title." This "little pathetic tale," is said to have "suggested the plot of the tragedy of *Douglas*;" and Dr. Percy "had been assured, that the ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of CHILD MAURICE, pronounced by the common people, CHEILD or CHEELD; which," says he, "occasioned the mistake." The original stanzas, even as the ballad is now printed, may be easily distinguished from the interpolations; great part of the latter being a more evident and pitiful forgery than *Hardyknute*, which, with another modern production, the interpolator has had the folly or impudence to imitate or transcribe(67).

(66) It should seem from this as if the learned prelate had been satisfied of the authenticity of the three last stanzas; which bear the strongest possible marks of illegitimacy.

(67) "The baron he is a man of might,
" He neir could bide to taunt,

lxxii HISTORICAL ESSAY

The merit of Dr. Blacklocks song, *The braes of Ballendine*, is considerably enhanced by the

“As ze will see before its nicht,
“How sma’ ze hae to *vauunt*.” Stan. 6.

“Aft Britains blude has dimd its thyne,
“This poynt cut short their *vauunt*,
“Syne piered the boisters bairded cheik,
“Nae tyme he tuek to *taunt*.” Hardyknue.

“*The boy was clad in robes of green.*” Stan. 15.
“*The boy put on his robes, his robes of green.*”
Braes of Yarrow.

“And like the mavis on the bush,
“He gart the vailies ring.” Stan. 15.

“I sang, my voice the woods returning.”
Braes of Yarrow.

“He sang so sweet it might dispel
“*A rage but fell despair.*” Stan. 16.

“Vernal delight and joy : able to drive
“*All sadness but despair.*” MILTON.

“Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
“Obraid me not for shame.” Stan. 23.

“My brother Douglas may *upbraid*.”
Braes of Yarrow.

“To me nae after days nor nights
“Will eir be fast or kind.” Stan. 24.

“To me nae after day nor nicht
“Can eir be sweit or fair.” Hardyknute.

“With *waefou wae* I heard zour plaint.” Stan. 25. l. 1.

“Quhat *wae fou wae* her bewtie bred.” Hardyknute.

“Had gard his body bleid.” Stan. 25. l. 4.

“He gard his body bleid.” Hardyknute.

“Dry up-zour tears, my winsom dame,
“Ye neir can heal the wound.” Stan. 25.

circumstance under which it was composed—a total privation of sight. Mr. Falconer, the ingenious and unfortunate author of that excellent descriptive poem *The shipwreck*, has left a pretty song, which will be found in the present collection; another, it was thought less necessary to insert, occurs in the *St. James's magazine*, for October 1762, and is there said to be “written at sea.” The first stanza is as follows :

A nymph of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play,
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay,
The winds in concert weep.

Mr. Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas*, is also to be numbered in the list of Scottish song.

“Return and dry thy useless sorrow.

“Bask ye, bask ye, my winsome marrow.”

Braes of Yarrow.

“Ye see his head upon the spear,

“His hearts blude on the ground.” Stan. 25.

“My lovers blude is on thy spear.” *Braes of Yarrow.*

“I curse the hand, that did the deed, &c.” Stan. 26.

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless shield,

“My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow, &c.”

Braes of Yarrow.

“The comely youth to kill.” Stan. 26. l. 4.

“Tis he the comely swain I slew.” *Braes of Yarrow.*

Many lines, and indeed entire stanzas, of this ballad occur also in two inedited ones intitled *Jack the little Scot*, and *Lady Maifery*.

writers : but it must be confessed, that *The banks of the Dee* (68), has lost much of its popularity, though surely nothing of its merit, since *the valiant Jemmy failed to quell the proud rebels*. That Jemmys ghost now wanders on those banks, instead of his person, might be no improper or unpathetic subject for a second part.

Dr. Alexander Webster is to be noticed as the author of a song of much merit, beginning,

“ O how shall I venture to love one like thee ? ”

A collection (by Mr. D. Herd) was published at Edinburgh in 1769, under the title of “ The ancient and modern Scots songs, heroic ballads, &c. now collected into one body, from the various miscellanies wherein they formerly lay dispersed ; ” of which a second edition, in two volumes, appeared in 1776. To this, though not so judiciously selected or arranged as it might have been, and containing many confessedly English songs, a few supposititious ballads, and several pieces unworthy of preservation, we are certainly indebted for a number of excellent and genuine compositions, never before printed, as the editor of the present collection is bound in gratitude to acknowledge.

Robert Fergusson, who died in 1774, is the author of two tolerably pretty love-songs, which may be found among his poems. Robert Burns,

(68) This song being written to the Irish air of *Langlee*, a late writer says that “ such a theft cannot be too severely condemned, as it persisted in there is an end of all national music : ” an opinion which must be allowed to come with peculiar propriety from one who has been guilty of every species of forgery and imposition. There is no theft in the case ; and to accuse an air of impurity, is completely absurd.

a natural poet of the first eminence, does not, perhaps, appear to his usual advantage in song : *non omnia possumus*. The political “fragment,” as he calls it, inserted in the second volume of the present collection, has, however, much merit in some of the satirical stanzas, and could it have been concluded with the spirit with which it is commenced, would indisputably have been intitled to great praise ; but the character of his favourite minister seems to have operated like the touch of a torpedo ; and after vainly attempting something like a panegyric, he seems under the necessity of relinquishing the task. Possibly the bard will one day see occasion to complete his performance as a uniform satire (69).

Messrs. Picken, Galloway, Fisher, and Shirrefs, each of whom has published a volume of his poetical works, are to be numbered among the writers of Scottish songs : and others, perhaps, of equal celebrity, might be found, if necessary, to increase the list.

The public curiosity was a good deal excited by the publication of a volume of ‘ Scottish tragic ballads,’ as they are called, in 1781 ; the performance, it appeared, of Mr. John Pinkerton, who had already rendered himself pretty remarkable by some very extraordinary poetical rhapsodies, now deservedly forgotten. This volume was ushered in with two “dissertations,”

(69) Mr. Burns, as good a poet as Ramsay, is, it must be regretted, an equally licentious and unfaithful publisher of the performances of others. Many of the original, old, ancient, genuine songs inserted in Johnsons *Scots musical museum* derive not a little of their merit from passing through the hands of this very ingenious critic.

in which there is a strange jumble of all sorts of reading, and a variety of extravagant assertion, very little, it must be confessed, to the purpose of the work in hand, or indeed, to any other. The most prominent feature in this little volume, is the studied and systematic forgery that pervades the whole. "The mutilated fragment of *Hardyknute*," of which a second part now first saw the light, and both clothed in affectedly antique orthography, is said to be "given in its original perfection," and, with equal truth and modesty, pronounced "the most noble production in this style that ever appeared in the world:" the editor professing himself "indebted for most of the stanzas now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire;" and asserting that the common people of that province could "repeat scraps of both parts." "A few other monuments of ancient Scottish poetry," he adds, "are now first published from tradition." These are *The laird of Woodhouselee*, *Lord Livingston*, *Binnorie*, *The death of Menteith*, and *I wish I were where Helen lies*: of the forgery of which pieces, as well as of the second part of *Hardyknute*, and two pretended fragments, the author, in a subsequent publication, (but not till he had been directly accused by a letter in the *Gentleman's magazine*, (70) confessed himself guilty. "This man," is what

(70) For November, 1784. Had this letter (upon which the editor of that work, out of his singular urbanity, allowed the culprit the extraordinary privilege of making false and evasive his comments previous to its publication) never appeared, these contemptible forgeries would have continued to disgrace the annals of Scottish poetry, till, at least, the pretence of antiquity had proved too slight a buoy to support the weight of their intrinsic dulness.

the courtesy of the age calls a gentleman, and yet, to borrow his own words, "if he had used the same freedom in a private business, which he has in poetry, he would have been set on the pillory:" (71) and, in fact, "to call such an infamous impostor by his very worst, but true, title were but justice to society." (72)

It is remarkable that some of the finest lyric compositions of Scotland, have been produced by the fair sex. Lady Grissel Baillie is the author of a pathetic ballad, which is said by an eminent and judicious writer to be "executed with equal truth and strength of colouring." Few songs in any language are equal to the *Flowers of Yarrow*, by miss Home (73), while the elegant and accomplished authoress of *Would Robin Gray* has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of

(71) *Enquiry*, &c. v. i. p. 241.

(72) *Ancient Scottish poems*, 1786. v. i. p. ci. Of this shocking propensity to forgery and falsehood (for every imposition has a lye or two in its support) he gave reiterated proofs in a second volume of "Comic ballads," published, along with a new edition of the first, in 1783. In palliation of his crime, in the true spirit of a "last dying speech," he pleads his youth and purity of intention; professing that "the imposition was only to give pleasure to the public." For "as to the vanity," adds he, "or pleasure of imposing upon others, if there be such ideas, they are quite unknown to the editor:" all which, it is to be hoped, he has found some charitable person disposed to believe.

(73) If it be to this lady, now Mrs. Hauser, that we are also indebted for "the death-song of the Cherokee Indian," one can scarcely tell whether to admire most the genius that could produce two such masterly and opposite compositions, or the indifference which occasions this note.

expression which it never before attained (74). We may therefor conclude that this species of composition, which has been carried to the utmost perfection, must either cease or degenerate.

Though the merit of the Scottish songs is generally allowed, it cannot be pretended that they possess any uniformity of excellence. Such as have been composed by persons of education, conversant with the poetry of other countries, though occasionally superior, will more frequently be found inferior, to English compositions. We have many songs equal, no doubt, to the best of those written by Hamilton of Bangour, or Mr. Thomson; though it may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as *William and Margaret*, or such a beautiful pastoral as *Tweedside*. The truth is, that there is more of art than of nature in the English songs; at all events, they possess very

(74) The writer, of whom so much notice has been already taken, after observing that none of the "Scotch amatory ballads," as he remembers, "are written by ladies;" and that the "profligacy of manners which always reigns before women, can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland," adds, in a note, that "there is indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: *Aula Robin Gray*, having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself." Alas! this "silly psalm" will continue to be sung, "to the credit of our taste," long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph (whose most virulent censure is indeed the highest praise) shall be as completely forgotten as yesterdays ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pye. Of the 24 Scottish songwriters whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females, and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number.

little of that pastoral simplicity for which the Scottish are so much admired; and which will be frequently found to give them the advantages which the beautiful peasant, in her homespun russet, has over the fine town lady, patched, powdered, and dressed out, for the ball or opera, in all the frippery of fashion.

One cannot, however, adduce the performance of scholars and distinguished individuals, as specimens of national song. The genuine and peculiar natural song of Scotland, is to be sought—not in the works of Hamilton, Thomson, Smollett, or even Ramsay; but—in the productions of obscure or anonymous authors, of shepherds and milk maids, who actually felt the sensations they describe; of those, in short, who were destitute of all the advantages of science and education, and perhaps incapable of committing the pure inspirations of nature to writing (75): and

(75) That songs have been composed by fiddlers, we have the express testimony of Allan Ramsay, in his “Elegy on Patie Birnie;” where he says:

Your honour’s father dead and gane,
For him he first wad make his mane;
But soon his face cou’d make ye fain
When he did fough,
O wiltu, wiltu do’t again?
And gran’d and leugh.

This sang he made fra his ain heal,
And eke, *The auld man’s mare she’s dead,*
The peats and tures and a’s to lead;
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An’t like ye’r honour.

“He boasted,” according to the note, “of being a poet as well as a musician.” This latter song, however, has been ascribed in print to a Mr. Watt.

in this point of view, it is believed, the English have nothing equal in merit, nor in fact any thing of the kind. The songs to which one may refer as proofs of this position and give as specimens of the native song of Scotland, are *Awbughts Marrion, The lowlands of Holland, Etrick banks, Flowden hill, The silken snooded lassie, Here awa, there awa, My heart's my ain, As I was a walking ae May morning, Sweet Annie fra the sea beach came, Willy's rare, Waly waly, Cock laird, My joe Janet, Hooly and fairly, Get up and bar the door, Maggie's tocher, Muirland Willie*, and others of the like kind, of which numbers, it is believed, have never been collected, or perhaps never written. The irregular style and pathetic simplicity of one species, and the ludicrous gaiety of the other, are equally natural and interesting; and though many imitations of these peculiarities, by writers of a different description, have been very happy and successful, they are not the less characteristic of the originals, which abound with touches of nature and simplicity not to be paralleled in more laboured or regular productions.

There are in Scotland many ballads, or legendary and romantic songs, composed in a singular style, and preserved by tradition among the country people; some of these (76) will be found inserted in Mr. Herd's collection of *Scots*

(76) *Eothwell, Fine flowers o' the valley, Lizzie Wan, May Colvin, The wee-wee man, Sir Hugh, and The Jew's daughter*, (different copies), *Earl Douglas*, (a fragment), *Lammikin, The bonny liss of Lochroyan, Kertebra', Clerk Colvill, Willie and Annet, The cruel knight, Wha will bake my bridal bread, Lizae Ballie, Good morrow fair mairs, Duncan, and Kenneib*, are clearly supposititious.

songs; and for a collection of others, (77) not hitherto published, the editor of these volumes is indebted to the liberality and politeness of Alexander Frazer Tytler, esquire. It must however be confessed, that none of these compositions bear satisfactory marks of the antiquity they pretend to, while the expressions or allusions occurring in some, would seem to fix their origin to a very modern date. But, in fact, with respect to vulgar poetry, preserved by tradition, it is almost impossible to discriminate the ancient from the modern, the true from the false. Obsolete phrases will be perpetually changing for those better understood; and what the memory loses the invention must supply. So that a performance of genius and merit, as the purest stream becomes polluted by the foulness of its channel, may in time be degraded to the vilest jargon. Tradition, in short, is a species of alchemy which converts gold to lead. The most favorable specimens of this species of old Scottish ballad, are probably *Willie and Annet*, *The cruel knight*, and the two fragments, *Wha will bake my bridal bread*, and *Good morrow fair mistress, the beginner the strife*. Few of the others will bear publication, being rather remarkable by a sort of wild whimsical puerility of idea, barrenness of language, and neglect of rime; by a total want, in short, of every thing for which poetry, even of the vulgarest kind, is intitled to admiration or allowance. He, however, who

(77) These are: *Willie's lady*, *Clark Colwen*, (a different copy,) *Brown Adam*, *Jack the little Scot*, *Chil' Brenton*, *The gay goss-hawk*, *Young Bekie*, *Rose the red and white lillie*, *Brown Robin*, *Willie o'*, *Douglafs dale*, *Kempion*, *Lady Elspat*, *King Henry*, *Lady Maifery*, and *The cruel sister*.

should have the patience to collect, the judgement to arrange, and the integrity to publish the best pieces of this description, would probably deserve to the thanks of the antiquary, and the man of taste; but would more probably excite the malicious attacks and scurrilous language of a few despicable hirelings, who, to the disgrace of criticism, of letters, and liberality, are permitted to dictate their crude and superficial ideas, as the criterion of literary eminence. There is one song, or rather the fragment of one, which seems to merit particular attention from a singular evidence of its origin and antiquity: it is inserted in the present collection, under the title of *The wee wee man*, and begins:

“As I was walking all alone.”

The original of this song is extant in a Scottish or Northumbrian poem of Edward the first or seconds time, preserved in the British museum, and intended to be one day given to the public. The two pieces will be found to afford a curious proof how poetry is preserved for a succession of ages by mere tradition; for though the imagery or description is nearly the same, the words are altogether different; nor, had the *Canterbury tales* of Chaucer been preserved to the present time in the same manner, would there have remained one single word which had fallen from the pen of that venerable bard; they would have been as completely, though not quite so elegantly, modernised, as they are by Dryden and Pope: and yet it is pretended that the poems of Ossian have been preserved immaculate for more than a thousand years!

II. The pastoral simplicity, plaintive wildness, and animating hilarity of the Scottish music, have long attracted universal attention ; and the admiration of strangers, though it may not equal, is sufficient to justify the enthusiastic attachment of the natives. Wherever the taste has not been vitiated by the more artificial harmony of the Italian or German composer, in short, wherever there is nature or feeling, these “ singularly sweet and pathetic melodies” (as they have been justly termed) cannot possibly fail to charm the imagination and to interest the heart.

By whom, or under what circumstances, the original or most ancient Scottish tunes were invented or composed, it is now perhaps impossible to ascertain. The previous step, however, to an enquiry of this nature, will be to determine, which of the airs now extant are to be considered as the original or most ancient. A very ingenious writer, in an express *Dissertation on the Scottish music*, has tried to fix the æra of the most ancient Scottish melodies, and to trace the history of the Scottish music down to modern times : an attempt in which, as he has been guided rather by fancy and hypothesis than by argument or evidence, it is almost unnecessary to say that he has not succeeded. It is, however, but justice to add that the subject is much indebted to a disquisition which evinces a considerable degree of ingenuity and a refined musical taste. “ From their artless simplicity,” he observes, “ it is evident, that the Scottish melodies are derived from very remote antiquity,” while their “ simplicity and wildness denote them to be the production of a pastoral age and country, and prior to the use of

any musical instrument beyond that of a very limited scale of a few natural notes, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial music. The most ancient," continues he, "of the Scottish songs, still preserved, are extremely simple, and void of all art. They consist of one measure only, and have no second part, as the later or more modern airs have (78). They must, therefore, have been composed for a very simple instrument, such as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the plain *diatonic scale*, without using the semitones, or sharps and flats (79). The distinguishing strain," he adds, "of our old melodies, is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting, to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this artless standard,"

(78) "Some old tunes," he observes, "have a second part; but it is only a repetition of the first on the higher octave; and probably of more modern date than the tunes themselves."

(79) "The only rule I could follow," he says, "was to select a few of the most undoubted ancient melodies, such as may be supposed to be the production of the simplest instrument, of the most limited scale, as the shepherd's reed; and thence to trace them gradually downward to more varied, artful, and regular modulations, the compositions of more polished manners and times, and suitable to instruments of a more extended scale." A very little reflection, however, may serve to convince us that this rule is altogether fallacious, and can by no means determine the age of any melody whatever. Tunes may be and probably are composed to "the shepherd's reed," at this day, and the bagpipe, it must be remembered, has only nine notes. After all, what is meant by the "shepherd's reed?" Is it the common flute? or stock and horn?

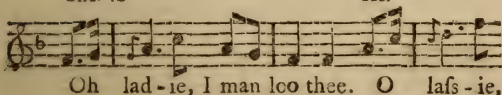
ON SCOTISH SONG. lxxxv

he says, "some of our Scottish melodies may be traced; such as *Gil Morrice—There cam a ghos to Marg'et's door—O laddie, I man loo' the—Hap me wi' thy pettycoat—I mean,*" adds he, "the old sets of these airs, as the last air, which I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country, as a lullaby to still their babes to sleep." The two last of these melodies, of which Mr. Tytler observes, the artless simplicity of both words and music bears testimony of their originality and antiquity, are here inserted as proofs of the doctrine he has advanced, from copies obligingly communicated by himself.

D I A L O G U E.

She. .S.

He.



Oh lad-ie, I man loo thee. O lafs-ie,

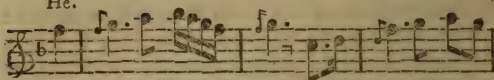
She.



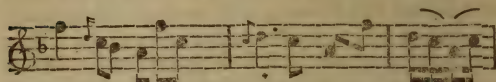
loo na me. O lad-ie, I man loo thee.

With respect to the melodies selected by Mr. Tytler, in support of his hypothesis, their antiquity is so very far from being "undoubted," that it seems altogether imaginary and chimerical. We by no means deny that the Scots either had or have ancient tunes or songs; we only (to adopt the words of bishop Stillingfleet) "desire to be better acquainted with them."

He.

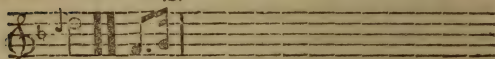


O lass-ie, loo na me : For the lass-ie wi the

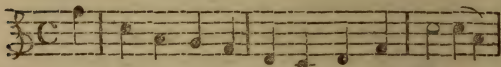


yel-low cot-tie has stoun a-wa the heart frae

.S.



me C, &c. (80)



O hap me wi thy pet-ty-coat, my ain kind



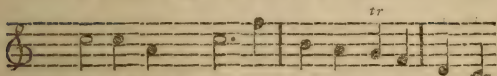
thing. O hap me wi thy pet-ty-coat, my ain kind



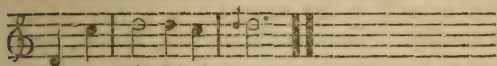
thing. The wind blows loud, my claithing's thin:

(80) In the collection of old inedited Scottish ballads, mentioned in a preceding page, are preserved the original melodies to which they were sung by the lady from whose mouth they were taken down. These, however, appear to have little resemblance to the characteristic genius of the Scottish music.

ON SCOTISH SONG. lxxxvii



O rise and let me in; And hap me wi thy pet-ty-



coat, my ain kind thing.

To return, however, to the origin of the Scottish music; which, waiving for the present the antiquity of particular tunes, we shall only consider in regard to the style of composition. Some, among whom is a very able writer; contend, that “the honour of inventing the Scots music must be given to ‘Ireland,’ the ancient *Scotia*; from whence,” he says, “the present *Scotia* derived her name, her extraction, her language, her poetry.” (81) This conjecture is,

(81) Dr. Campbells *Philosophical survey of the south of Ireland*, 1777, p. 455.—That this music, or any one single Scottish air, was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio, is only noticed here as an absurd fable; which, having no support, merits no refutation: and yet, it is very remarkable, almost every writer who has had occasion to touch upon the subject, appears particularly anxious to get rid of him; allowing, at the same time, that “*perhaps* he *might* have moulded some of the Scotch airs into a more regular form;” or that “he *may* have been one of the first, *perhaps*, who made a collection of these songs, or he *may* have played them with more delicate touches than the Scotch musicians of that time; or *perhaps* corrected the extravagance of certain passages:” suppositions for which there is just as little foundation as for the point in issue. “It is not probable,” says Dr. Gregory, “that a stranger . . . should enter so perfectly into the taste of the national music, as to compose airs, which the nicest judges cannot distinguish from those which are certainly known to be of much greater antiquity than Rizzio’s;” [which be they?] adding, that “the tradition on this subject is

indeed, by no means improbable; but still it is believed, that there exists a sensible difference between the native strains of Hibernia, and the peculiar melodies of the lowland Scots; and that as well in the mournful as in the festive strain (82). Giraldus Cambrensis, indeed, who

very vague, and there is no shadow of authority to ascribe any one particular tune to Rizzio." *Comparative view*, &c. p. 154. The learned writer's information seems to have been as inaccurate, as his ideas, or expressions at least, are confused; which might lead one to imagine, that some shew of management and dexterity was necessary even in combating a shadow. It may be worth enquiring, however, whether this formidable tradition have not been invented for the purpose of confutation; whether, in short, some one of those literary heroes have not actually made the giant he intended to demolish:—Another equally groundless idea, that the Scottish music is indebted for its origin to the old church-service, will be elsewhere noticed.—It is to be regretted, that one cannot trace these ridiculous opinions back to their fountain-head. Thompson, it is true, in the index to his *Orpheus Caledonius*, positively asserts, "that the songs marked thus(*) were composed by David Rezzio." These are: *The lass of Patie's mill*, *Bessie Bell*, *The bush aboon Traquair*, *The bonny boatman*, *Ann thou were my ain thing*, *Auld Rob Morris*, and *Down the burn Davie*;" but the assertion is a proof at once of his ignorance and absurdity.

(82) Compare, for instance, the justly celebrated Irish airs of *Ellen a roon*, and *Larry Grogan*, with the no less famous Scottish ones of *Tweedside*, and *The bob of Dumblane*; though, it is probable, many other tunes might be contrasted with much greater propriety and effect. If, however, the *Birks of Endermay* be originally an Irish tune, (a fact at the same time which requires proof,) it will be difficult to controvert the point any further. See Walkers *Historical memoirs of the Irish bards*, p. 128. Dr. Beattie says expressly, that "the native melody of the highlands and western isles, is as different from that of the southern parts of the kingdom, as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch, Of the highland

wrote before the year 1200, after praising the instrumental music of the Irish as beyond any thing he had been accustomed to, expressly says, that Scotland, by reason of intercourse and affinity, and through scientific emulation, endeavoured to imitate Ireland in musical notes; and that, in the opinion of many at that day, she not only equalled her mistress, but also in musical knowledge far excelled and surpassed her (83). There is likewise a passage in Martins *Description of the western islands*, which has the appearance of a still stronger authority in favour of Dr. Campbell's position; for there can be no question as to the affinity of Irish and highland music; and perhaps it is of the latter we are to understand the compliment cited from Giraldus, if indeed the lowland manners had begun to prevail in his time. This author (Martin), speaking of the native inhabitants of Skie, whom he describes as having a great genius for music, says, "there are several of 'em who invent tunes very taking in the south of Scotland and elsewhere;" adding, that "some musitians have endeavoured to pass for first inventers of them, by changing their name, but this has been impracticable, for whatever language gives the modern name, the tune

music," he adds, "the wildest irregularity appears in its composition; the expression is warlike, and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible;" while several of the old Scotch songs "are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of a pastoral life:" and he accounts for this difference in a very able and ingenious manner: *Essay on poetry and music*.

(83) *Topographia Hiberniæ, Camdeni Anglica, Normannica*, &c. 1603. p. 73.

still continues to speak its true original; and of this," says he, "I have been shew'd several instances;" which, however, it is to be wished he had condescended to particularize, as the late publication of highland airs affords no support, it is believed, to that hypothesis. After all, admitting the Irish origin of the Scottish music, it cannot be reasonably doubted that many, if not most, or even all of the most celebrated and popular Scottish melodies, now extant, as distinguished from the highland airs, have actually been composed by natives of the lowlands, speaking and thinking in the English language; by shepherds tending their flocks, or by maids milking their ewes; by persons, in short, altogether uncultivated, or, if one may be allowed the expression, uncorrupted by art, and influenced only by the dictates of pure and simple nature (84). The tunes now preserved must therefor have been noted by accident; numbers having doubtless perished, and perhaps daily perishing, of equal, or possibly greater merit:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 "The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 "And waste its sweetness on the desert air (85)."

(84) The tune of *Weary's you Duncan Grey*, is said to have been the composition of a carman in Glasgow. Johnsons *Scots musical museum*, v. ii. (Index.)

(85) It was no small gratification to find this opinion as to the origin of Scottish music already enforced by so ingenious and elegant a writer as Dr. Beattie, who believes "that it took its rise among men who were real shepherds, and who actually felt the sentiments and affections, whereof it is so very expressive."—Nature and indolence, no doubt, will occasion-

This premised, it shall be the object of the present essay, to collect such evidence as can be procured to illustrate the antiquity of the tunes in question.

As, we have seen, the Scots had songs in the fourteenth century, so, no doubt, had they tunes or music to them; but of what nature, and how far, if at all, resembling their now celebrated melodies, or if, indeed, any thing more than the plain church chant, is at present almost beyond the reach of conjecture.

ally produce similar effects in very distant and different countries. A late traveler found the quick tunes of the Moors in Barbary beautiful and simple, and partaking, in some degree, of the characteristic melody of the Scottish airs. (Lempieres *Tour to Morocco*, 1791, p. 317.) Nay, even in China, a country which has been civilized for ages, Dr. Lind, an excellent judge of the subject, and philosophically curious in every thing that relates to it, after residing there several years, assured Dr. Burney, that all the melodies he had heard, bore a strong resemblance to the old Scots tunes. (*History of music*, I. 38.)—"A very celebrated and learned physician," if one may venture to believe the editor of *Select Scottish balads*, "who was born, and passed his early years in the south of Scotland," informed him, that it was "his opinion, that the best of the ancient Scottish airs were really composed by shepherds. In his remembrance there was, in almost every village of that district, a chief shepherd, who had acquired celebrity by composing better songs than others of the same profession: and he thinks, that though the best airs are in general known, yet the words to at least one half have never been published." A volume of these genuine inedited pastoral songs, would be a very great curiosity.

Dr. Burney, in the first volume of his *History of Music*, p. 38, says, "the melody of Scotland will be hereafter proved of a much higher antiquity than has been generally imagined;" but one looks in vain for the performance of this promise in the sequel of that elaborate work.

The tune of *Hey tutti taiti*, to which there is a song, with those words in its burthen, beginning, "Land! dy, count the lawin," is said, by tradition, to have been king Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314(86). It does not, however, seem at all probable, that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely, that these unpolished warriors would be curious

—— "to move

"In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood

"Of flutes and soft recorders."

These horns, indeed, are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour(87), to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence; so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe.

(86) Johnsons *Scots musical museum*, v. ii. (Index.)

O Tite, tute Tati, tibi tanta, tyranne tulisti,
in a line of father Ennius.

(87) "For we to morne her, all the day,

"Sall mak as mery as we may :

"And mak us boune agayn the nycht ;

"And than ger mak our fyrs lycht ;

"And *blow our horns*, and mak far,

"As all the warid our awne war."

The Bruce, v. iii. p. 148.

The battle of Harlaw, fought in 1411, gave name to a famous bagpipe tune, which preserved its celebrity till the middle of the last century :

“ *Interea ante alios dux Piper Latus heros.*

“ *Precedens, magnam que gerens cum burdine pypam,*

“ *Incipit HARLAW cunctis sonare BATTELLUM.* 88.”

King James I. who has been already mentioned as an excellent poet and song-writer, was also an accomplished musician, and vocal as well as instrumental performer (89). He is even celebrated (as is thought) by Tassoni, the well-known author of that original mock-heroic, *La secchia rapita*, in his book *De diversi pensieri*, as having not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other, in which he had been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, who had improved music with new and admirable inventions (90). This passage is regarded, by the

(88) *Polemo-middinia*. See before, p. xlii.

(89) Fordun, l. 16. cc. 28, 29. “He was weil lernit [in England],” says the translator of Boethius, “to syng and dance, and . . . was richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and findry othir instrumentis of musik.” According to Mr. Tytler, he accompanied *his own songs*, with the lute and harp; but this inference is not warranted by any ancient author.

(90) Tassoni, it is observable, does not distinguish his royal musician from the five other princes of the same name who succeeded him: his words are merely, “*Noi possiamo connumerar tra nostri Jacopo re di Scozia, &c.*” that is, we may reckon among *our modern composers*, James king of Scotland

ingenious writer so often quoted, as “perfectly characteristic of the pathetic strains of the old Scottish songs, and an illustrious testimony of their excellency.” Since, however, no Scottish music, either of the composition or of the age of this monarch has been yet produced (91), the above testimony, illustrious as it may be, is by no means conclusive that this species of modulation was invented by or even known to king James I. It is very remarkable, at the same time, that neither Mr Tytler, lord Kaimes, nor any other Scottish writer who has brought forward this celebrated passage, to prove that the native music of Scotland was imitated, near two hundred years ago, by an Italian prince, has thought it at all necessary to produce or make any sort of enquiry

Now James I. had been dead for near a couple of centuries before Tassoni's book was written (about 1610), and was consequently at that period more of an ancient than a modern. Lord Kaimes, indeed, observes, that “the king mentioned *must* be James I. of Scotland,” as he is the only one of their kings “who seems to have had any remarkable taste in the fine arts; an opinion,” he adds, “in which *all* seem to be now agreed:” that “the music,” however, “can be *no other* than the songs [he has] mentioned above,” is a different matter. See *Sketches of the history of man*, I. 166, 167.

(91) Mr. Tytler, who thinks it scarce to be doubted that many of king James's compositions are still remaining, and make a part of the finest old Scottish melodies, though passing undistinguished, in all probability, under other names, and being adapted to modern words, says, that “of his age (some of them very probably of his composition) may be reckoned the following simple, plaintive and ancient melodies: *Jocky and Sandie*.

* “We have in Scotland a multitude of songs tender and pathetic, expressive of love in all its varieties of hope, fear, success, despondence, and despair. The style of the music is wild and irregular, &c.”

after the imitations themselves. Now it unluckily happens that the works of this same prince of Venosa (who died in 1614) have been repeatedly printed, and are by no means difficult to procure. They consist of six sets of madrigals for five voices, and one for six. The ingenious Dr. Burney, who examined them with great attention, was utterly unable to discover the least

—*Waly waly up the bank—Ay waking oh!—Be constant ay—Will ye go to the awe-bughts, Marion.*—*Gil Morrice, There cam a ghaist to Mia g'ets door, O laddie I man los' thee, Hap me w' thy petticoat,* he conjectures, from their artless simplicity, to belong to an age prior to James I. There is, in fact, no bound to conjecture; and it would be just as easy, and possibly just as true, to fancy that all the old Scottish songs and tunes now extant, were sung and played every day before Fingall, as he sat in his great chair after dinner, “drinking the blude red wine,” or promoting the circulation of the social mull. “How romantic,” exclaims this ingenious writer, “the melody of the old love-ballad of *Hero and Leander*! What a melancholy love-story is told in the old song of *Jocky and Sandy*!” They, however, who look for romantic melody in the air, at least, of *Hero and Leander*, will be probably disappointed; and the melancholy love-story of *Jocky and Sandy* seem calculated to excite laughter, rather than tears; being in fact a modern English imitation of an imaginary Scotch original, either by, or very much, at least, in the style of, Tom D'Uley. The first line is best known, as people seldom read any more of it:

“Twa bonny lads were Sandie and Jockie.”

Mr. Tytlers zeal, indeed, has, on this occasion, betrayed him into a little inconsistency. To ascribe many, or even any of the Scottish popular airs to such a scientific musician as king James I. is utterly incompatible with the original to which he has already allotted them and with the standard by which he contents their antiquity is to be ascertained. Besides, if some of these tunes existed before the age of this monarch, he could not possibly be the inventor of that peculiar style of music, and consequently Tasson's compliment must pass for nothing.

similitude or imitation of Caledonian airs in any one of them; which, so far from Scottish melodies, seem, from his account, to contain no melodies at all; and even to have as little merit as possible in point of harmony. The doctor understands Tassoni's words to imply, that these princely dilettanti were *equally* cultivators, and *inventors* of music;" adding, that if he meant otherwise, (to which one may superadd, even if he meant that,) his remarks must have been hazarded either from conjecture or report (92). That the national music, therefor, was either invented or improved by, or any way indebted to king James the first, there is every reason to disbelieve: unless, by *national*, we are to understand *cathedral* music, to which he certainly appears to have paid great attention (93). He introduced the organ into churches, together with a new method of singing, and gave great encouragement to those skilled in it: and that he might, as Tassoni asserts, compose "sacred pieces of vocal music," and even, like our

(92) *History of music*, III. 218. If James VI. to whom a late writer, less remarkable, indeed, for the justice than for the singularity of his opinions, will have the above passage of Tassoni to refer, and who was certainly a writer of madrigals, had actually composed the music to them, there would remain little doubt of the fact. It is, however, possible, that some of these identical madrigals, set to music by one does not know whom, might have fallen into the hands of Carlo-Gesualdo, who supposing the whole to proceed from the same royal genius, had immediately set himself to imitate some peculiarities in the composition, which, if one may judge by the character given of his own efforts, were altogether unworthy of imitation.

(93) See *Boetii Sotorum Historia*, fo. 362.

own Henry the eighth, a canon in the unison, is sufficiently credible; but will by no means prove that he was a cultivator, or even admirer of what we now mean by Scottish music; between which and the compositions (whatever they were) of king James I. there was probably the same difference that must ever exist between *pure nature* and *mere art* (94).

Country dances appear, from this prince's own testimony, to have been a no less favourite amusement in his time than they are at present. In his poem of *Peblis to the play*, "*The schamons dance*," is spoken of as a well known tune (95).

King James IV. has the reputation of a composer. In Johnson *Scots musical museum*, is a tune intitled "*Here's a health to my true love*," which is mentioned upon report as the performance of this gallant monarch. One would be glad, however, of some better, or at least earlier authority; as Scottish traditions are to be received with great caution.

The tune of *Flowden-hill*, or *the flowers of the forest*, is one of the most beautiful Scottish melodies now extant, and, if of the age supposed, must be considered as the most ancient. The

(94) An absurd idea, said to prevail in Scotland, that the anthems and services of the old church were sung to what are since become popular melodies, will be noticed in another place.

(95) The word *schamons* cannot be explained. In the Fragment of a very old Scottish song, it is said, of a kind of fairy or genius,

"His legs were scarce a *schathmonts* length."

It has been, very ridiculously, interpreted *showmans*. See the Glossary to the present collection.

Souters of Selkirk, which has been already noticed, and is likewise a very fine air, if (as some say) it were actually composed upon the same occasion, must be left to dispute the precedency (96).

The music of the *Gaberlunzie man*, is thought to be coeval with the words, if not by the same hand; which is probably the case also with *The beggars meal pokes*, and *Where Helen lies*. These three airs may therefor be esteemed the next in point of antiquity to those already mentioned (97). The old ballad of *Johnie Armstrong*, is accompanied, in a late musical publication, by a good melody, but of what age, it is not perhaps easy to ascertain.

The long extract already given from Wedderburns *Complainte of Scotlande*, concluded with the shepherds beginning to dance in a ring, “euyrie ald scheiphyrd ‘leading’ his vyfe be the hand, and euyrie zong scheipird ‘leading’ hyr quhome he lustit best. There was viij scheiphyrdis,” the author tells us. “and ilk ane of them hed ane syndry instrument to play to the laif.” Having described these instruments, “kyng Amphion,” he says, “that playit sa sueit on his harpe quhen he kepit his scheip, nor zit Appollo the god of sapiens, that kepit king Admetus scheip vitht his sueit menstralye, none of thir twa playit mayr cureouslye nor did thir viij scheiphyrdis befor

(96) See before p. xxxii.

(97) It may be here remarked, as somewhat singular, that tradition, which ascribes tunes, with whatever justice, to James IV. and James V. whose musical talents are unnoticed by any historical writer, should attribute nothing of the kind to James I. who is celebrated by several authors as another Appollo.

reherfit; nor zit al the scheiphirdis that Virgil makkis 'mention' in his Bucolikus, thai culd nocht be comparit to thir foirfaid scheiphirdis; nor Orpheus, that playit sa sueit quhen he socht his vyf in hel, his playing prefferit nocht thir foirfaid scheiphirdis; nor zit the scheiphird Pan, that playt to the goddis on his bagpype; nor Mercurius, that playit on ane sey reid, none of them could preffer thir foirfaid scheiphirdis. I beheld never ane mair dilectabil recreatione: for fyrst thai began vitht tua bekkis and vitht a kyffe... It was ane celest recreation to behald ther lycht lopene, galmouding, stendling, bakuart & ford-uart, danfand base danfis, pauuans, galzardis, turdions, braulis, and branglis, buffons, vitht mony vthir lycht dancis, the quhilke ar ouer prolix to be reherfit. Zit nochthles i sal rehers sa mony as my ingyne can put in 'memorie'. In the fyrst, thai dancit *Al cristin mennis dance, The north of Scotland, Huntis vp*(98), *The commout entray, Lang plat ful of gariaw, Robene Hude, Thom of Lyn, Freris al, Ennyrnes, The loch of Slene, The gosseps dance, Lewis grene, Makky, The speyde, The flail, The lammes wynde, Soutra, Cum kyttil me naykyt vantage, Schayke leg, Fut befor gossepe, Rank at the rate, Baglap and al, Ibonne Ermistrangis dance,*

(98) "Courage to give was mightily then blown

"*Saint Johnstons Huntsup*, since most famous known

"By all musicians, when they sweetly sing

"With heavenly voice and well concorded string."

Muses Threnodie.

Again, in a poem "on May," by Alex. Scott, (*Ever Green*, ii. 186)

In May gois gallants bryng in symmer,

And trymmly occupy their tymmer

With *bunt up* every morning plaid.

HISTORICAL ESSAY

The alman haye, The bace of Voragon, Dangeir, The beye, The dede dance, The dance of Kihynne, The vod and the val, Schaik a trot. Then quhen this danfing was dune, tha departit and past to cal their scheip cottis, &c." It is equally singular and unfortunate, that not one of the dance-tunes here named should be known to exist at this moment.

"It is a received tradition in Scotland," says Dr. Percy, "that at the time of the reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble, to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green sleeves and pudding pies*, (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to be one of those metamorphosed hymns: *Maggy Lauder* was another: *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets," continues he, "was very fine (99)." This tradition is also mentioned by Mr. Tytler, who gives it thus: "that in ridicule of the cathedral-service, several of their hymns were, by the wits among the reformed, burlesqued, and sung as profane ballads. Of this," he says, "there is some remaining evidence. The well known tunes of *John come*

(99) "The adaption of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, will account for the following fact. From the records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called "The book of the universal kirk," p. 90. 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne, printer, in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy sang, called "Welcome fortunes." *Reliques*, &c. v. ii. p. 122. One ought not, however, to have the worse opinion of any poetical composition merely from the circumstance of its being stigmatized with an opprobrious epithet by "the universal kirk."

kiss me now—Kind Robin lo'es me—and John Anderson my jo' (100)—are said to be of that number.' (101) The evidence supposed to be here

(100) "This tune was a piece of sacred music in the Roman catholic times of our country. John Anderson is said by tradition to have been town piper in Kelfo," Johnsons *Scots musical museum*, v. iii. (Index.) This identical song is preserved by Dr. Percy.

WOMAN.

John Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how do ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer na;

For five of them were gotten quhan he was awa.

The "seven bairns" are, with great probability, thought to allude to the *seven sacraments*; five of which, it is observed, were the spurious offspring of Mother church: as the first stanza is supposed to contain a satyrical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy; which, however, is not so evident. In Dr. Percys first edition the second stanza ran thus:

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how *do ze thrive*?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae *five*.
MAN. Are they all to zour ain gude man? WOM. Na, Cum-
mer, na,

For *three* of tham were gotten quhan *Willie* was awa.

This, therefor, seems to have been the original ballad; of which the satire was transferred, by the easy change of two or three words, from common life to ho'y church. It is, however, either way, a great curiosity.

(101) Tytler, p. 230. These *bynns* unfortunately were in Latin, which, it is humbly presumed, "the wits among the reformed" understood somewhat too imperfectly to be able to burlesque them. This part of the tradition is more absurd, if possible, than the other.

alluded to, seems to prove a very different fact : which is, that several common tunes were pressed into the service of the puritans, in order either to satyrise the popish clergy, or to promote their peculiar fanaticism, as has been already mentioned. No vestige of any Scottish melody ever was or ever will be found in the old Scottish church service, which did not (for one of their service books is preserved) and could not possibly differ from that of other catholic countries, and must therefor have consisted entirely of chant and counter point. We may therefor safely conclude, that the Scottish song owes nothing to the church music of the cathedrals and abbeys before the reformation ; and that nothing can be more opposite than such harmonic compositions to the genius of song, which consists in the simple melody of one single part. (102) The

(102) Tytler, pp. 229, 230. As truth, not system, is the object of this enquiry, the following communication, from a very ingenious and much esteemed musical friend, appeared too interesting to be suppressed. " When I was in Italy, it struck me very forcibly, that the plain chants, which are sung by the friers or priests, bore a great resemblance to some of the oldest of the Scottish melodies. If a number of bass voices were to sing the air of *Barbara Allan* in the ecclesiastical manner, the likeness would appear so great* to a person who is not accustomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a slight variation from the other. That accident might be the cause of original invention, the underwritten will prove. About twelve years ago, on trying my piano-forte, after tuning, by putting my fingers casually (with some degree of musical rhythmus) upon the short keys, avoiding the long ones, it surpris'd me much to hear an agreeable Scots melody. This is so curious and so certain,

* " Much more so than *John come kiss me now*, which, as the Scots say, was originally a church chant."

The young folks were also summoned out in the morning by the same exhilarating sound.

The *bag-pyp* blew, and they out threw
Quite from the townis vntald.

Thus also, in the epilogue to sir David Lindsay's *Satyre of the thrie estaits*, (written about 1550,) the speaker says :

Menstrell, BLAW UP ane braw' of France,
Let se quha hobbils best. (115)

When or how this instrument first found its way into this country, is almost beyond the reach of conjecture. The tradition of the Hebudes gives its introduction to the Danes or Norwegians, who were long possessed of these islands (116); which is sufficiently probable. There can be no question, indeed, either as to the antiquity or universality of this instrument: we find it to have been well-known to the Greeks and Romans, and it is at this day common in Italy and Germany. It must be observed, however, that the pipe at present used in the low country, or south of Scotland, is essentially different from the old highland pipe, which is uniformly blown with the breath, whereas the former, like the

(115) It is clear from this passage, that French dance tunes were in fashion at that period, as indeed we learn from another place :

Now hay for ioy and mirth I dance,
Tak thair ane gamond of France.

What, if any, resemblance exists between the old French and modern Scottish music, must be left to the researches of the musical antiquary.

(116) M'Donalds essay.

the Irish pipe, is filled by means of a bellows. (117)

In *The boulate*, an allegorical poem, by one Holland, written about 1450, a number of

(117) The merit of originality, it must be confessed, appears due to the highland pipe; the other being probably of almost recent introduction. Habbie Simson, who flourished in the latter part, as it is supposed, of the seventeenth century, was undoubtedly a lowland piper; but the idea given in the title to the excellent elegy on his death, *viz.*

“Who on his drone bore bonny flags;
“He made his cheeks as red as crimson,
“And babbed when he blew the bags,”

incontestably proves, that his instrument was the highland pipe. The song of *Maggie Lauder*, is still more modern. It celebrates the performance of a famous piper, who, though he lived upon the border, did not make use of a bellows; since, we find, he play'd his part so well, that his cheeks were “like the crimson.” Paradoxical, therefor, as it may appear, the lowland pipes were probably introduced out of England, in which country this species of bagpipe is a very ancient, as it was was once a very common instrument. “As melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe,” is one of Falstaff's similes in the *first part* of Shakspeares *King Henry the fourth*;* and “a Yorkshire bagpiper” occurs in another proverbial saying. Performers, in short, on this instrument, which Chaucer has put into the hands of his pilgrim miller, (though it must be confessed that, as represented in one of the rude cuts in Caxtons edition, he blows the pipe with his mouth,) were formerly of sufficient consequence to be upon the household establishment of the English monarchs, and are still retained by the duke of Northumberland. See *Ancient songs*, 1790, p. xiii. *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, vol i. p. xxxvi. For much curious and interesting information, relative to the history and performance on the bagpipe, see Pennants *Tour in Scotland*, in 1772, part I p. 347. Macdonalds essay (already cited), Walkers *Historical Memoirs of the Irish bards*, p. 75. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article BAGPIPE.

* See also Fullers *Worthies*, p. 152.

musical instruments is enumerated, most, if not all, of which were probably then in use. The stanza alluded to is as follows :

All thus our ladye thai lose, with lyking and list,
Menstralis and musicians, mo than I mene may,
The *psaltry*, the *citholis*, the soft *atharist*,
The '*croude*' and the *monycordis*, the *gythornis* gay,
The *rote*, and the *recordour*, the *ribus*, the *rist*,
The *trump*, and the *taburn*, the *tympane* but tray;
The *lilt pype*, and the *lute*, the *cithill* and *fist*,
The *dulsate*, and the *dulsacordis*, the *schalin* of affray;
The amyable *organis* usit full oft;
Clarions loud knellis,
Portatibis, and bellis,
Cymbaellonis in the cellis,
That foundis so 'soft.' (118)

Of the eight shepherds mentioned in Wedderburns *Complaint*, "the fyrst hed ane *drone bagpipe*, the nyxt hed ane *pipe made of ane bleddir and of ane reid*, the third playit on ane *trump*," (116) the

(118) *Scotish poems*, 1792. iii. 179. Of these instruments some have been already, or will be hereafter explained, some require no explanation, and some are incapable of it. See *Ancient songs*, 1790, p. xli, &c. The *lilt-pype* is, probably, the *bag-pipe*. *Cymbaellon's* are *cymbals*. It is remarkable, that no mention is here made of the *harp*, which may seem to confirm the idea of its not being of general use in the lowlands, even in the time of James I.

(119) *Ane trump*, is a *Jews trump*, an instrument of great antiquity, for which see Pennants *Tour in Scotland in 1769*, 4to. p. 215. This was the favourite music of the Scottish witches, in the time of that sapient monarch James VI. "Agnes Tompson 'being' brought before the kings maiestie and his counsell . . . confessed that vpon the night of All hollon euen last shee was accompanied as well with the persons afore-iaide, as also with a great many other witches, to the num-

feyrd on ane *corne pipe* (120), the fyft playit on ane *pipe maid of ane gait borne*, the text playt on

ber of two hundreth ; and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or clue,* and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles or clues, to the kirk of North Barrick in Lowthian ; & that after they had landed, tooke hanties on the lande and daunced this reill or short daunce, singing all with one voice,

Commer goe ye before, commer goe ye,
Gif ye will not goe before, commer let me.

At which time shee confessed, that this Geillis Duncan [a servant girl] did goe before them playing this reill or daunce vpon a small *trump*, called a *Jewes trump*, vntill they entered into the kerk of North Barrick. These confessions made the king in a wonderfull admiration, and sent for the saide Geillis Duncane, who vpon the like trump did play the saide daunce before the kinges maiestie ; who in respect of the strangenes of these matters, tooke great delight to be present at their examination." *News from Scotland*, &c. 15 . i. 400. b. l. The devil, however, being doubtless a much better musician than Geillis Duncane, was wont to entertain his fair votaries with the sound of the *barp* or *bagpipe*. A witch, being demanded if ever she had any pleasure in the devils company, "Never much," said she ; "but one night going to a dancing upon Pentland-hills, he went before us, in the likeness of a rough tanny dog, playing on a pair of p'pes : the spring he played was *The filly bit chicken, gar cast it a pickle, and it will grow meikle*." This good lady appears to have paid pretty dearly for her pleasure, had it been more exquisite ; she and her husband, according to the enlightened piety of the age, being both burned alive. Some of the Swedish witches confessed that the devil used to "play upon a *barp* before them ;" but this, it seems, was only when he was amourosly disposed. He did not, however, always condescend to perform, having, like other great men, a piper retained in his service ; and only amusing himself with the composition of love-songs, and

* To this passage Shakspeare was indebted for the idea of his witch sailing in a sieve. See *Macbeth*, act 1. scene 3.

tradition has probably no other foundation than the ridiculous travestie, made by these pious reformers, of certain “prophaine sangs for avoyding,” as their cant is, “of sinne and harlotrie,” and substituting a sort of blasphemous buffoonry in their place. “If,” says Mr. Tytler, “the other tunes, preserved of the old church music, were in the same stile of *John come kifs me now*, our fine old melodies, I think, could borrow nothing from them.” This, however, is not so clear; as *John come kifs me now* is certainly a very fine tune.

It is uncertain whether the air to which *Robb Fock* is sung or chanted be coeval with the original words, which appear to have been popular in 1568. Could the point be ascertained, it is probably one of the oldest Scottish song-tunes now extant.

The music, as well as the words, of *The bonny earl of Murray*, may be reasonably supposed contemporary with the event of his murder. *Tak your auld cloak about ye*, and *Waly waly up the bank*, have been already mentioned as productions of the sixteenth century: the air of each is a fine, and probably genuine specimen of ancient Scottish melody.

The next piece of Scottish music of which one is able to fix the date is *General Leslies march*, 1644. That the Aberdeen collection, printed in 1666, contains many songs of a much earlier pe-

that those who are totally ignorant of music, may amuse themselves by playing the same measure and motion of any well known tune upon the short keys only, which in modern instruments, are made of ebony, to distinguish them from the long ones, which are generally made of ivory.”

riod, we have a right to infer from the preservation of *O lusty May with Flora queen*, which is known to have been popular in 1549. The air of that song, and of the others inserted, from the same book, in the present volume, will be sufficient to shew that the characteristic melody of Scotland is under very little obligation to its compiler. At the end of the same publication are three singular compositions, for as many voices, which are conjectured to have been sung by peasants in the Christmas holidays, before the reformation: the music is a church chant (103).

(103) See extracts from one of these pieces before, p. l. They are all very rude, and their antiquity is collected from the following lines:

All sones of Adam, rise up with me,
Go praise the blessed Trinitie, &c.
Then spake the archangel Gabriel, said, Ave, Mary mild,
The lord of lords is with thee, now shall you go with child:
Ecce ancilla domini.

Then said the virgin, as thou hast said, so mat it be,
Welcom be heavens king.
There comes a ship far sailing then,
Saint Michel was the stieres-man;
Saint Iohn fate in the horn:
Our lord harped, our lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang,
On Christs sonday at morn, &c.

In the "Pleugh-song," all "the hyndis," are named, and all things belonging to the plough enumerated; the ploughmans cries to his oxen are given, and the like; but it will not bear transcribing. In the third edition of this work, printed at Aberdeen in 1682, (which Mr. Pinkerton "wishes very much to see,") this "pleugh-song," and the pieces which follow it, are omitted, and "severall of the choifest Italian-songs, and new-English-ayres," inserted in their stead. The tenor part, certainly, and the bass part, probably, appeared at the same time.

No direct evidence, it is believed, can be produced of the existence of any Scottish tune, now known, prior to the year 1660, exclusive of such as are already mentioned; nor is any one, even of those, to be found noted, either in print or manuscript, before that period.

Ramsay, in his *Tea-table miscellany*, published, as before observed, in 1724, remarks of the Scottish tunes, that though they “have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are, for the most part,” he says, “so chearful, that on hearing them well play’d or sung, we find it a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing,” and, “what further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known.” This passage is the rather noticed, as being the earliest testimony hitherto met with of the excellence and antiquity of Scottish music (134). From the two

(104) The following tunes, to which there are new words in the *Tea-table miscellany* appear from that circumstance to have been popular at the time of its publication: *Polwarth on the green*, *Wie’s my heart that we should sunder*, *Carle and the king c me*, *Auld lang syne*, *Hallow e’en*, *I wish my love were in a mire*, *The fourteenth of October*, *The broom of Cowden knows*, *The bonniest lass in a’ the world*, *The boatman*, *The kirk wad let me be*, *Saw ye my Peggy*, *Blin’ over the burn sweet Betty*, *The bonny grey ey’d morning*, *Logan water*, *For our lang biding here*, *My apron deary*, *I fixed my fancy on her*, *I loo’d a bonny lady*, *Gilder Roy*, *The yellow hair’d laddie*, *When she came ben she bobed*, *John Anderson my jo*, *Come kifs with me come clap with me*, *Rothes’s lament or Pinky house*, *Tibby Fowler in the glen*, *Where shall our good man ly*, *Allan Water*: or, *My love Annie’s very*

first volumes of Ramsay's collection, "Mr. Thomson," he tells us, who was "allowed by all to be a good finger and teacher of Scots songs, culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the late queen." (105) Notwithstanding this compliment, Mr. Thomson does not appear to have been a man of either taste or genius: his selection is by no means judicious, and the few pieces not immediately taken from Ramsay of little merit (106). A very small collection of tunes, for the *Tea-table miscellany*,

bonnie, Where Helen lies, Gallowsbiels, Ranting roaring Willie, Sae merry as we have been, Steer her up and had her gawn, Bessy's taggies, Lochaber no more, Valiant Jocky, When at sent, &c. Gillikranky, The bappy clown, Jenny beguil'd the webster, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, We'll a' to Keils go, Montrose's lines, Widow are ye warwkin, The glancing of her apron, Auld sir Simon the king, (English) Through the wood laddie, A rock and a wee pickle tow, The bigbland laddie, Bessy Bell, The bonny lass of Brankfomo, The warwking of the faulds, O dear mother what shall I do, How can I be sad on my wedding day, Cauld ca'e in Aberdeen, Mucking of Geordys byer, Leith wynd, O'er Bogie, O'er the hills and far away.

(105) "*Orpheus Caledonius*, or a collection of the best Scottish songs, set to musick by W. Thomson, London, engraved and printed by the author, at his house in Leicester-fields," fo. no date. [1725?] Dedicated "To her highness the princess of Wales" (afterward queen). The second edition was published, with an additional volume, in 8vo. 1733.

(106) That Thomson either did not understand, or did not attend to what he published, is apparent from the following blunder, which is repeated in his second edition:

My apron is made of a *Lyneum* twine
Well set about wi' pearling *Syne*.

either before or soon after the appearance of Thomsons work, was published by Ramsay himself.

The insurrections of 1715 and 1745 seem to have inspired all the pipers in Scotland, having given rise to almost as many tunes as would fill a volume. Of these some have correspondent words, while those of others bear so little proportion to the merit of the melody, as to be either lost or neglected: a few of the rest will be found in the present collection; one of which is the subject of an interesting anecdote, related in Mr. Arnot's *History of Edinburgh* (107).

A Lynnum should be *The Lyncum* (i. e. Lincoln), and *Syne* should be *fine*. Though a certain prolific writer, whose confidence is more remarkable than his veracity, has been pleased to assert, that "*Lincum licht*, is a common Glasgow phrase for *v. ry light*," and that "no particular cloth was ever made at Lincoln," every one knows the latter part of the assertion to be false, which seems a sufficient reason for disbelieving the former part of it to be true.

(107) "After the rebellion, 1745, the divided spectators frequently displayed in the theatre a spirit of political dissension. Upon the anniversary of the battle of Culloden, 1749, this animosity rose to a height which threatened consequences of a serious nature. Certain military gentlemen who were in the play-house, called out to the audience to play *Culloden*, [a tune composed in order to keep up the remembrance of the bloody defeat of an unfortunate party.] This was regarded by the audience as ungenerously and insolently upbraiding the country with her misfortunes. Resenting it accordingly, they ordered the band to play *You're welcome 'Charlie' Stuart*. The musicians complying, instantly a number of officers attacked the orchestra, with drawn swords, and leaped upon the stage. Among them was the son of a chieftain, who had drawn the pretender on to his rash attempt, by offering to join him with his clan, and who, upon the prince's landing, raised his clan, it is true: but, instead of fulfilling his engagements;

About the year 1750, Mr Oswald, a music-feller, in London, published, a large collection of Scottish tunes, under the title of *The Caledonian pocket companion*, a work in which he must have exerted prodigious industry. The number of airs in these twelve volumes (which are, however, thin enough to bind up together in one) is not less than between 5 and 600, and includes many very ancient, very excellent, and very curious pieces, no where else to be found, nor ever before published. The following favourite airs: *Alloa house*, *The banks of Forth*, *Roslin castle*, *The braes of Ballendine*, and several others, were composed by Oswald himself, of whom Mr. Tytler observes, that his genius in composition, joined to his taste in the performance of Scottish music, was natural and pathetic.

A smaller collection was edited about the same period, by M^r Gibbon, who, as well as Oswald,

joined the royal army. This young gentleman leaping upon the stage, to display the zealoufness of his loyalty, slipped his foot, and fell flat upon the stage. The spectators being tickled with the circumstance, an immense peal of laughter burst through the house, which exasperated the indignation of the officers. Mean time fiddle-sticks being unable to cope with polished steel, the musicians fled; but the military were not long able to remain masters of the field. They were assailed from the galleries with apples, snuff-boxes, broken forms, in short, with every thing missile that could be laid hold of. The officers at once consulted their safety, and went in quest of revenge, by quitting the stage, in order to attack the galleries, which they stormed sword in hand. The inhabitants of these upper regions defended themselves from the fury of the soldiers, by barricading their doors. The highland chairmen, learning the nature of the quarrel, with their poles attacked the officers in the rear, who, being neither able to advance nor retreat, were obliged to surrender at discretion, leaving the chairmen masters of the field." P. 374.

indulges himself a little too much in affected variations. Selected songs and melodies have been since published by Bremner, Sutherland and Corri, Napier, and Johnson; in the last of which, intitled "The Scots musical museum;" (in four volumes.) are many curious pieces, not, it is believed, to be elsewhere met with.

The object of the preceding enquiry has been to discover facts, not to indulge conjecture. Those songs and tunes, therefor, of which intrinsic evidence alone may be supposed to ascertain the age, are left to the genius and judgement of the connoisseur: such, for instance, as *Hero and Leander*, *Lady Ann Bothwells lament*, (108) *Muirland Willie*, *Ay waking oh!* *The lowlands of Holland*, *Ew-bughts Marion*, *The blythsome bridale*,

(108) Mr. Tytler classes these two ballads together in his *second epoch*, that is, in the reigns of James IV. James V. and queen Mary; but then he does the same by *Leader haughs and Yarrow*, which has all the appearance of a song not older than the present century. All his *epochs*, indeed, are perfectly fanciful and unfounded. The editor of *Select Scottish ballads* pretends, that in a quarto manuscript in his possession, "containing a collection of poems, by different hands, from the reign of queen Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, when it was apparently written, there are two *balowes*, as they are there stiled, the first, *The balow, Allan*, the second, *Palmer's balow*; this last," he says, "is that commonly called *Lady Bothwell's lament*, and the three first stanzas in this [his own] edition, are taken from it, as is the last from *Allan's balow*. They are injudiciously mingled," he adds, "in Ramsay's edition, and several stanzas of his own added." Part of this is certainly false, and the rest of it probably so. Though some words, and even lines, of Ramsay's copy are different from that in the *Scots poems*, 1706, the number of stanzas is the same in both.

My jo Janet, Auld Rob Morris, Rare Willie drown'd in Yarrow, Katherine Ogie, (109) Maggy Lawder, (110) Sweet Williams ghost, Johnny Faa, &c. It is however to be hoped that the future researches of the antiquaries of Scotland will be so diligent and successful as to leave no doubts either on this or any other branch of their national antiquities.

The æra of Scottish music and Scottish song is now passed (111). The pastoral simplicity and

(109) Was "sung by Mr. Abell, at his consort, in Stationers hall," about 1680.

(110) Dr. Percy, in his *Essay on the ancient English minstrels*, p. xxxvii. observes, that "in the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "COME ZE FRAE THE BORDER?" Now, without meaning to dispute the antiquity of the song, though it cannot surely be very great, it may be fairly assumed, that the learned essayist never met with a copy, either printed or manuscript, so antiquated as to have the *z* substituted for the *y*. Any modern ballad, though but written yesterday, might, by this curious Chattertonian manœuvre, (in the use or abuse of which Dr. P. is supposed not to have been very sparing,) pass for one of 2 or 300 years old. Maggies question, at the same time, is not "COME YE FRAE," but

"LIVE YOU UPO' the border?"

which, it is probable, many of his profession might do, for the conveniency of attending fairs and public meetings in both kingdoms. That this tune was popular at the reformation, or about the middle of the 16th century, is utterly incredible.

(111) Those who presume, at present, to direct the public taste, in regard to Scottish music, seem totally insensible of the merit of the original songs, thinking it necessary to engage the prolific (if not prostituted) muse of Peter Pindar, to supply them with new words by contract. They have only, afterward, to hire some Italian fidler, of equal eminence, to

natural genius of former ages no longer exist : a total change of manners has taken place in all parts of the country, and servile imitation usurped the place of original invention. All, therefor, which now remains to be wished, is that industry should exert itself to retrieve and illustrate the reliques of departed genius.

III. A few words should, and but a few can, be added, concerning the ancient musical instruments of the Scots ; of which, perhaps, they have at no period, possessed any great variety. These instruments, in the time of Sylvester Giraldus, were the HARP, or *cythara*, *tympanum*, and *chorus*. The *tympanum* resembled the *tabor*, *tambour de Basque*, or *tambourin*, and the *chorus* was a sort of double trumpet, of which the form is preserved in Luscinius's *Musurgia*, printed at Strasburg in 1536. The continuator of Fordun mentions James I. as a masterly performer on the *tympanum* and *chorus*, as well as on the *psaltery* and *organ*, the *tibia* and *lyra*, the *tuba* and *fistula*, words which one cannot pretend to translate ; adding, that he touched the *harp* (*cythara*) like another Orpheus (112) ; and the translator of Boethius expressly mentions, that “ he was richt crafty in playing baith of the lute and harp, and findry othir instrumentis of musik.” Notwithstanding these authorities, it seems highly probable, that the harp was chiefly confined to the

furnish them with tunes, and the business will be complete. The practice, however ingenious, is by no means unprecedented. See before, p. lx.

(112) l. 16. c. 28.

highlanders, whom, along with their Irish brethren, Major notices as excellent performers upon that instrument; although it is now totally unknown in the highlands (113); as there appears no other evidence of its having ever been in use among the lowland Scots.

The BAGPIPE may be regarded as the national instrument, being a universal favourite with the people, to whom it has afforded a grateful harmony for many centuries, being introduced by the royal bard among the disorderly festivities of *Peblis to the play*.

With that Will Swane come sweitand out,
Ane meikle millar man,
Giff I fall dance, haue doune, lat se,
Blaw up the *bagpyp* than. (114)

(113) "The last of these strolling harpers," says Mr. Tytler, "was Rory or Roderick Dall, [*i. e.* blind Roderick] who, about fifty years ago, was well known and much cared for by the highland gentry, whose houses he frequented. His chief residence was about Blair in Athole, and Dunkeld. He was esteemed a good composer, and a fine performer on the harp, to which he sung in a pathetic manner. Many of his songs," he adds, "are preserved in that country." *Dissertation*, &c. See also M'Donald's essay "of the influence of poetry and music upon the highlanders," prefixed to his *Collection of highland airs*. Another blind harper, named *Tuskne*, is mentioned in one of Dr. Pennecuik's poems, at the end of his *Description of Tweeddale*, Edin. 1715.

(114) From a subsequent stanza we learn, that the piper would have been very well contented with

Thre happenis for half ane day;

though, moderate as his demands were, they appear not to have been complied with; the company, which was numerous, being probably unable to raise a sum equal to about half an English farthing: for which the musician very charitably bids "the meikill deuill gang with" them.

ane *recorder* (121), the feuint plait on ane *fiddill*, and the last plait on ane *qubiffil*."

their attendant airs. "A reverend minister," says our author, "told me, that one, who was *the devils piper*, a wizzard, confessed to him, that at a ball of dancing the foul spirit taught him a boudy song, *to sing and play*, as it were this night; and ere two days passed, all the lads and lassies of the town were liting it through the street: It were abomination to rehearse it." See *Satans invisible world discovered*. It is a pity, however, that the air, at least, was not preserved; as we know, from Corellis account of his most celebrated sonata, that his infernal majesty is an excellent composer: and the accompaniment of a presbyterian hymn would have proved a sufficient antidote against its most diabolical effects. The trump or Jews harp, according to both Martin and Macdonald, is the only musical instrument of the St. Kildians. It disposes them, however, to dance mightily, and they have a number of reels.

(120) A *corn pipe* is a *born pipe*, *pipeau de corne*. The instrument is mentioned in Spensers *Shepherds calendar*:

Before them yode a lusty taberere,
That to the many on a *borne pype* played,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd,
To see these folkes make suche jouisaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.

This, it has been conjectured, is the instrument alluded to by Ramsay in his *Gentle shepherd*:

When I begin to tune my *stock and born*,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn, &c.

Which he explains in a note, to be "a reed or whistle, with a horn fixed to it by the smaller end." The figure of this instrument may be seen under the ingenious Mr. Allans head of Ramsay prefixed to his elegant edition of the *Gentle shepherd*, as well as in the first of those beautiful and characteristic designs with which it is ornamented. See also the vignette (by the same excellent artist) on the title page of the present volume.

Richard Brathwaite, however, (*Strappado for the dewill*, 1615,) has a poem, addressed "To the queen of harvest, &c.

We learn from a curious passage in Brantome, (already quoted,) that the good people of Edinburgh used to accompany their psalms with wretched fiddles and small *rebecs*; of which, he says, there was no want in the country. The vocal and instrumental performances, or rather poetry and music, of these godly reformers, seem to have been admirably suited to each other.

The *violin* has been incroaching for some time on the province and popularity of the bagpipe; and will one day, most probably, as it has very nearly done in England, silence it entirely: an event which some ignorant or conceited pipers, by endeavouring to strain the instrument to exertions it is incapable of, seem desirous to accelerate (122). Great praise, however, is due to the highland society, for the encouragement it gives to performers of merit by an annual prize.

much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe* and whistle:" and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucers time, had

— many a floite and litlyng horne,
And *piës made of grené corne*;

and also that, in the *Midsummer nights dream*, Titania reproaches the fairy king, for having

— in the shape of Corin sate all day,
Playing on *pipes of corn*, and versing love
To amorous Phillida.

(121) A small flute or flagelet.

(122) See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article BAGPIPE, and McDonalds essay, p. 14.

In the hope that this investigation, which, dry, tedious, and imperfect as it is, will, perhaps, be occasionally found to throw a glimmering light upon a subject hitherto obscure, may hereafter provoke the exertions of some person qualified, in point of erudition, information, musical knowledge, taste, and language, to do it justice, these pages are concluded with satisfaction.

Then you, whose symphony of souls proclaim
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame;
And shew that musick may have as good fate
In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat:
And with Correlli's soft Italian song
Mix *Cowdon knows*, and *Winter nights are long*.

RAMSAY.

B O O K S

PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON,

IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

I.

A SELECT COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS, in three volumes, crown 8vo. with vignette engravings by Heath, and others, from the designs of Stothard; and a historical essay on national song. Price 12s. sewed. 1793.

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* * * Prefixed are, I. Observations on the ancient English Minstrels, II. Dissertation on the songs, music, and vocal and instrumental performance of the ancient English.



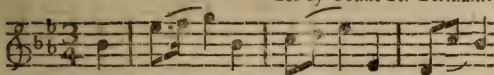
SCOTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE FIRST.

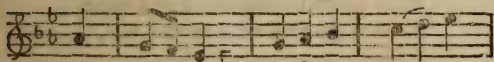
SONG I

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

Set by Count St. Germain.



[O] would'st thou know her fa-



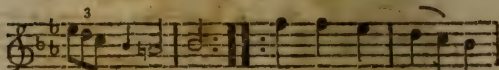
cred charms Who this destin'd

VOL. I.

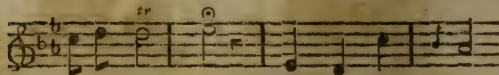
D



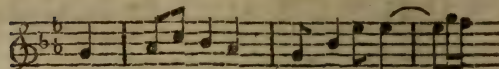
heart a - larms, Who this def-tin'd



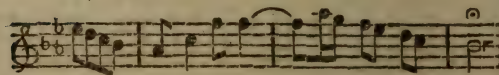
heart a - larms, What kind of nymph the



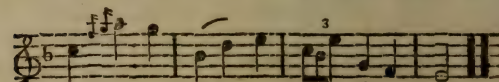
heavens de - cree, What kind of nymph



the hea - - - - -



- - - - - vens de - cree,



The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
 Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
 For peace and me can pomp resign ;
 Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessing she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me ;
 Such be mine, if such there be.

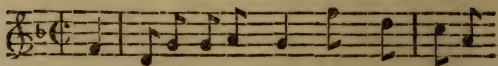
Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart,
 A simple train, from falsehood free ;
 Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire,
 Whom glittering fops around admire ;
 Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
 More genuine beauties are for me.

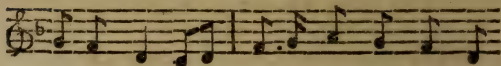
Should Love, fantastic as he is,
 Raise up some rival to my bliss,
 And should she change, but can that be ?
 No other maid is made for me.

S O N G II.

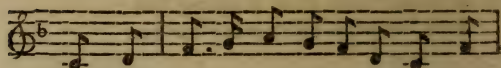
BY ALLAN RAMSAY*.

Tune, *The wawking of the faulds.*

My Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd



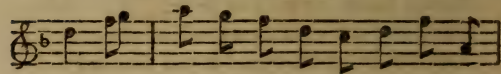
in her teens, Fair as the day, and sweet as



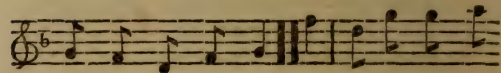
May, Fair as the day, and always gay. My



Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not ve-ry

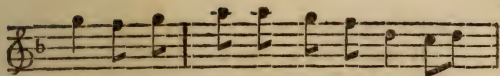


auld, Yet well I like to meet her at The

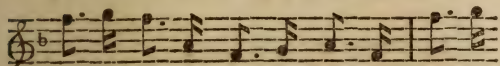


wawking of the fauld. My Peggy speaks fae

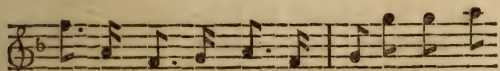
*In "The Gentle Shepherd."



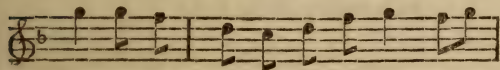
sweet-ly when-e'er we meet a-lane, I



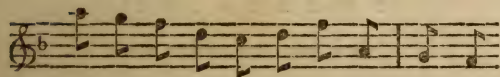
with nae mair to lay my care, I with nae



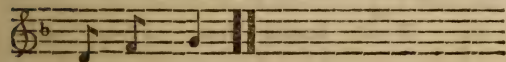
mair of a' that's rare. My Peggy speaks fae



sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But



the gars a' my spi-rits glow, At wawking



of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naithing gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

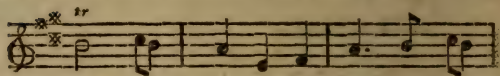
S O N G I I I.

T W E E D - S I D E *.

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

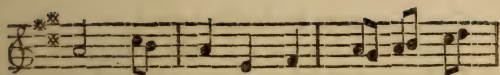


What beauties does Flo-ra dis -

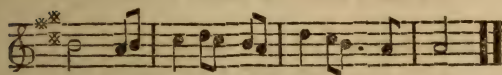


close ! How sweet are her smiles up - on

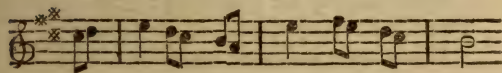
* Several of the ideas in this beautiful pastoral are closely imitated from Solomons song.



Tweed! Yet Mary's, still sweet-er than



those, Both nature and fan-cy ex - ceed.



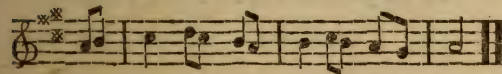
Nor dai - fy, nor sweet blush-ing rose,



Not all the gay flowers of the field,



Not Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro' those,



Such beau-ty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

S O N G I V.

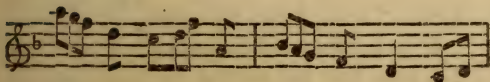
TO MRS. A. H. ON SEEING HER AT A CONSORT.

To the tune of, *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

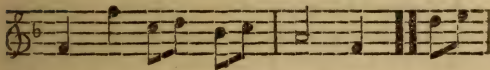
Look where my dear Ha - mil - la smiles,



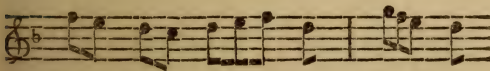
Ha - mil - la ! heavenly charmer ; See



how with all their arts and wiles The



Loves and Grac - es arm her. A



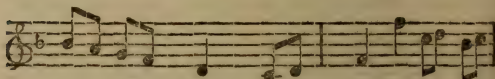
blush dwells glow - ing on her



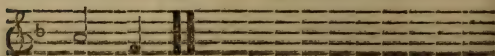
cheeks, Fair feats of youth - ful



pleasures, There Love in smil - ing



lan-guage speaks, There spreads his rof - y

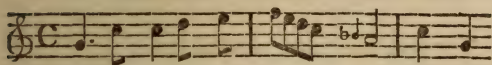
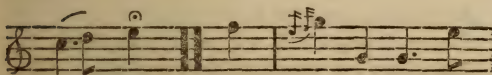


trea-sures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

S O N G V.

ANN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

*Ann thou were my ain thing, I would**love thee, I would love thee; Ann thou**were my ain thing, How dearly would I**love thee! Of race divine thou**needs must be, Since nothing earth-ly e - quals**thee; For hea-ven's sake, oh! fa-vour me,*



Who on-ly 'live' to love thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O! for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love; and, for 'thy' sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

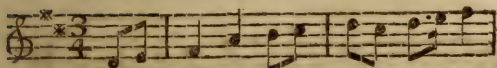
My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

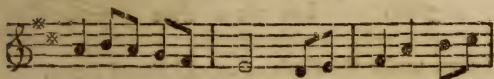
SONG VI.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE*.

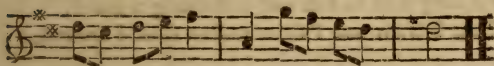
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.



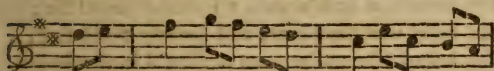
In April, when prim - ros - es



paint the sweet plain, And summer ap -



proach - ing re - joic - eth the fwain,



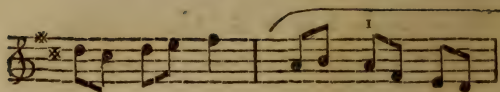
The yel - low-hair'd lad-die would



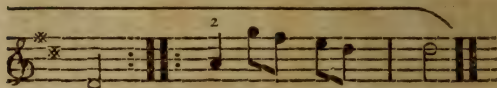
oft - en times go To wilds and déep

* THE AULD YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.



glens, where the haw - thorn trees



grow. haw-thorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Silvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, tho' I shou'd die:
O yellow-haird laddie, be kind to me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
'The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd four,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

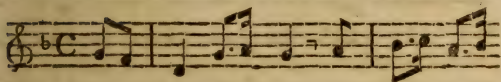
That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke
truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

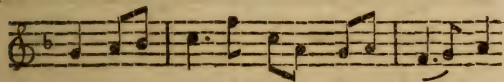
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently fow'r :
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

SONG VII.

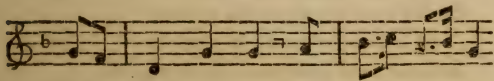
KATHARINE OGIE.



As walk-ing forth to view the



plain, Up - on a morn - ing ear-ly,



While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain.



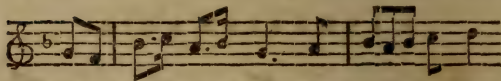
From flowers which grow so rarely,



I chanc'd to meet a pret - ty



maid, She thin'd tho' it was fo - gie ;



I ask'd her name: Sweet sir, she said,



My name is Katharine O - gie.

I stood a while, and did admire
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain,
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At houghting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statemens dangerous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations ;
 Might I caress and still possess
 This lass, of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

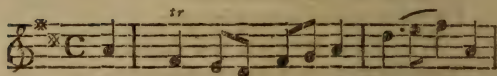
But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,

Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works of nature :
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie ;
 Pity my case, ye powers above !
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

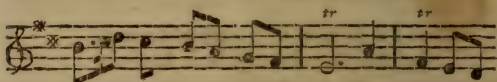
SONG VIII.

THE LASS OF PEATTIE'S MILL.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.



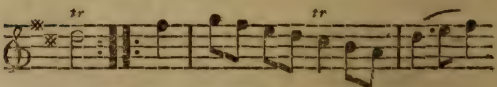
The lass of Peattie's mill, So



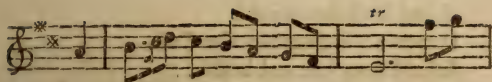
bon-ny, blyth and gay, In spite of



all my skill, She stole my heart a-



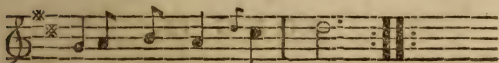
way. When tedd-ing of the hay,



Bare - head - ed on the green, Love



'midst her locks did play, And



wan-ton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To Age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride;
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hopeton's high mountains * fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peattie's mill,
 Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

SONG IX.

ON CELIA PLAYING ON THE HARPSICORD AND SINGING

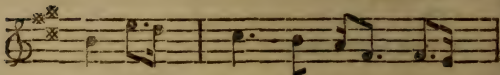
BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

Moderato.

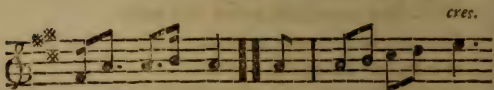
Set by Mr. Shield.



When Sa-pho struck the qui-v'ring



wire, The throb-ning breast was

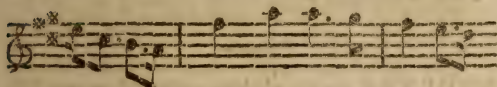


all on fire: And when she rais'd

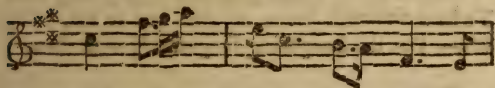
* "Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh; where the right honourable the earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are." RAMSAY.



the vo - cal lay, The cap-tive



soul was charm'd a-way: And when she



rais'd the vo - cal lay, The



cap - tive soul was charm'd a-way.

But had the nymph possess'd with these
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth;
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken, love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

S O N G X.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY*.

Tune, Winter was cauld, and my cleathing was thin†.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie no pain was to me,
 When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-
 bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
 For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings safely the *Cowdon Broom-Knows*,
 And Rosy liltis swiftly the *Milking the ewes*;

* In "The Gentle Shepherd."

† See p. 13.

There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing,
At *Throw the wood laddie* Befs gars our lugs ring:

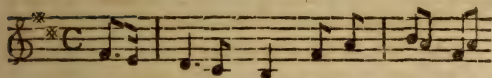
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Twede-side*, or the *Lafs of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

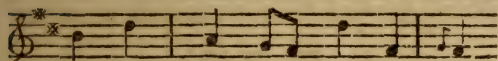
How easy can lassies trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

S O N G XI.

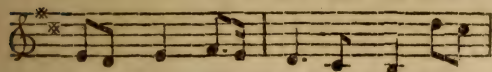
E T R I C K B A N K S.



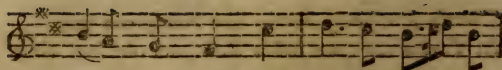
On E-trick banks, in a summer's



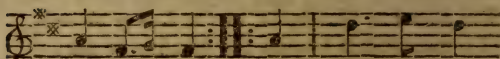
night, At glowm - ing when the sheep



drave hame, I met my lass - y



braw and tight, Came wad-ing, bare-foot,



a' her lane: My heart grew light,



I ran, I flang My arms a-bout



her lil - ly neck, And kifs'd and



clap'd her there fou lang; My words they



were na mo - ny feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go

To the highland hills, the Earse to learn?

I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,

When ye come to the brigg of Earn.

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart, my bony lads,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back a gain.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lads amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield:
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

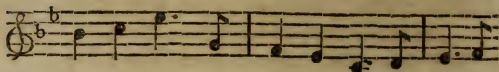
SONGS XII AND XIII.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

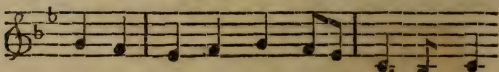
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.



Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,



Coming down the street, my jo? My mistress



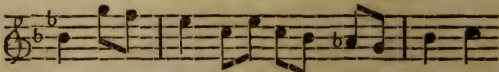
in her tartan screen, Fow bonny, braw



and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth I, thanks



to the night, That ne-ver wish'd a lover



ill, Since ye're out of your mither's



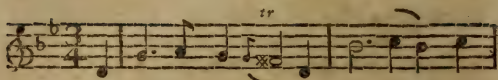
fight, Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinfom town a while?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile :
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

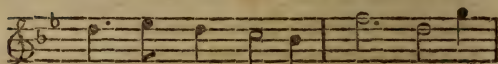
Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Does bend his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow :
 We'll pou the daizies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, fast and flowry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower :
 When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauller shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

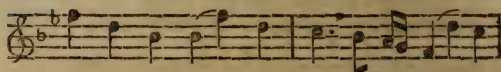
KATY'S ANSWER.



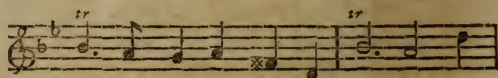
My mither's ay glowran o'er me, Tho'



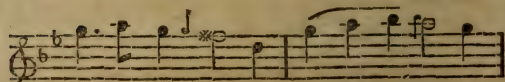
she did the same be - fore me; I



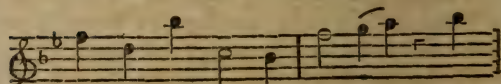
can - na get leave to look to my loove, Or



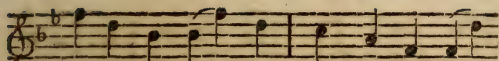
else she'll be like to de - vour me. Right



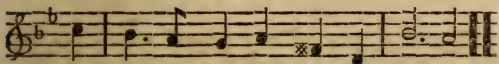
fain wad I tak ye'r of - fer, Sweet



fir, but I'll tine my toch - er; Then



San-dy ye'll fret, And wyte ye'r poor Kate,



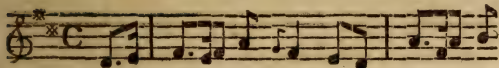
When-e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco fwear
To twin wi' his gear;
And fae we had need to be tenty.

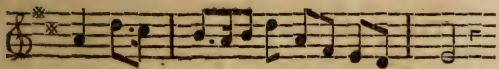
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

S O N G XIV.

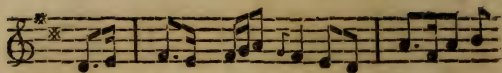
Tune, *Pinky house*.



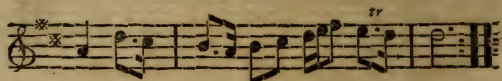
By Pin-ky house oft let me



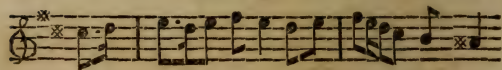
walk, While cir-cled in my arms,



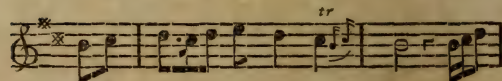
I hear my Nell - y sweet - ly



talk, And gaze o'er all her charms.



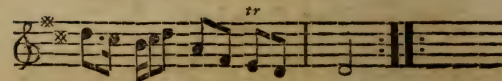
O let me e - ver fond be - hold



Those grac - es void of art ! Those



cheer - ful smiles that sweet - ly hold In



will - ing chains my heart !

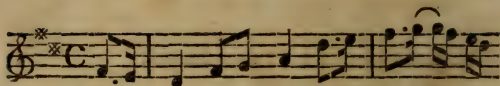
O come, my love ! and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gracefulness of air, in you
By Nature's hand design'd.

What beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame,
 Which like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same!

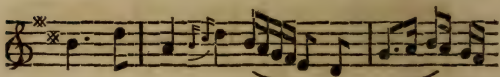
Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
 How vain is all your art !
 How seldom it a lover brings !
 How rarely keeps a heart !
 O ! gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease ;
 That blushing modesty that warms ;
 That native art to please !

Come then, my love ! O come along !
 And feed me with thy charms ;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song !
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine.

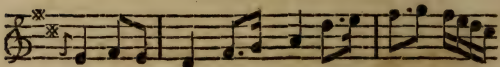
SONG XV.

Tune, *The Banks of the Forth**.

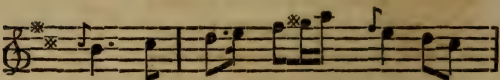
A - wake, my love; with ge - nial



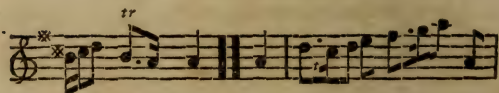
ray The sun re - turn - ing glads the



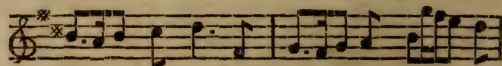
day; A - wake; the balm - y ze - phyr



blows, The haw - thorn blooms, The

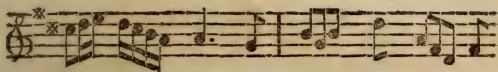


dai - fie glows, The trees re-gain their



ver-dant pride, The tur - tle wooes his

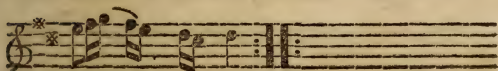
* Composed by Mr. Oswald.



ten - der bride, To love each warb-ler



tunes the song, And Forth in dimples

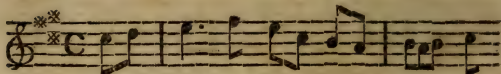


glides a-long.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy ;
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

S O N G XVI.

BY DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

To a Scotch tune, *The Birks of Endermay.*

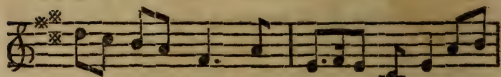
The fmil-ing morn, the breath-ing



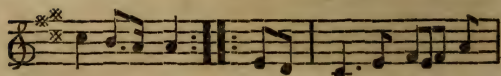
spring, In - vite the tune-ful birds to



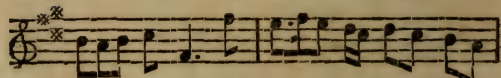
sing: And while they war - ble



from each spray, Love melts the u - ni -



ver-fal lay. Let us, A - man-da



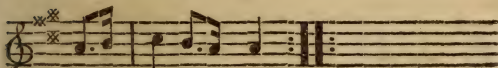
time - ly wife, Like them im-prove the



hour that flys, And, in soft rap-tures,



waste the day, A - mong the shades



of En - der - may.

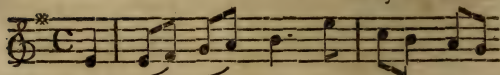
For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, like's winter, will appear :
 At this thy living bloom must fade ;
 As that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;
 The feather'd songsters love no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay !

SONG XVII.

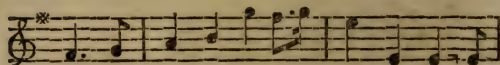
AN ADDRESS TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY MR. WILLIAM FALCONER.

Set by Mr. Shield.



The smil - ing plains, pro - fuse - ly



gay, Are dress'd in all the pride of May; The



birds on ev'-ry spray a - bove To



rapture wake the vo-cal grove. But



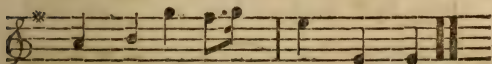
ah, Mi-ran-da, with - out thee, Nor



spring nor sum - mer smiles on me; All



lone - ly in the se-cret shade, I



mourn thy ab-sence, charm-ing maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!

Serenely sweet as vernal air!

Come to my arms, for you, alone,

Can all my 'anguish' past atone!

O come! and to my bleeding heart

The soveraign balm of love impart;

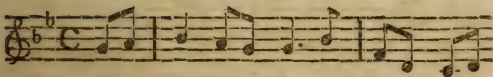
Thy presence lasting joy can bring,

And give the year eternal spring!

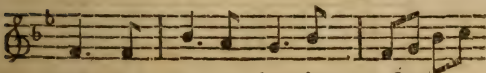
S O N G XVIII.

BY JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

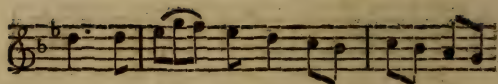
Tune, *Logan Water.*



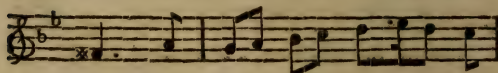
For e - ver, Fortune, wilt thou



prove An un - re - lent-ing foe to



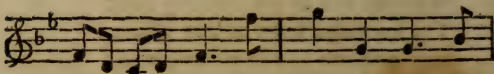
love; And when we meet a mu - tual



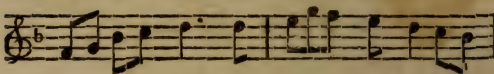
heart, Come in be - tween, and



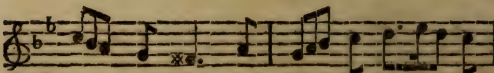
bid us part: Bid us fight on from



day to day, And with, and with the



soul a - way; Till youth and ge-nial



years are flown, And all the life of



'life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.

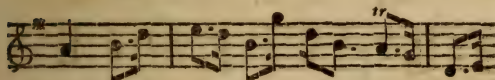
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine:

S O N G X I X .

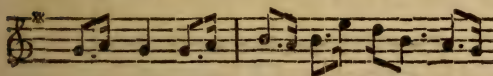
Tune, *Cumbernauld House*.



From an - xious zeal and facti - ous



strife, And all th'un - eas - y cares



of life, From beau - ty, [still to

me - rit blind' And still to fools and
 coxcombs kind; To where the woods, in
 brightest green, Like rif - ing the - a -
 tres are seen, Where gen - tly murm'ring
 runs the rill, And draws fresh
 streams from ev' - ry hill:

Where Philomel, in mournful strains,
 Like me, of hopeless love complains,
 Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
 And idly trifle life away:

My lyre to tender accents strung,
 I tell each flight, each scorn and wrong,
 Then reason to my aid I call,
 Review past scenes, and scorn them all.

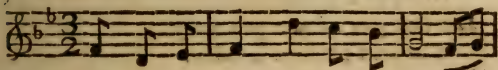
Superior thoughts my mind engage,
 Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
 Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
 And trace the glorious source of light :
 But should Clarinda there appear,
 With all her charms of shape and air,
 How frail my fixt resolves would prove !
 Again I'd yield, again I'd love !

S O N G XX.

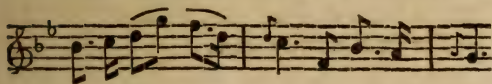
BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

Slow *.

Set by Mr. Shield.



Go, plaintive founts, and to the fair My

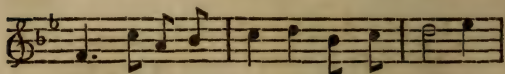


secret wounds im - part ; Tell all I hope,

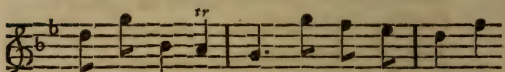
* The last verse to be sung a little quicker.



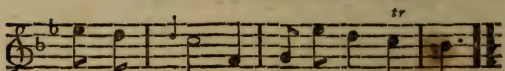
tell all I fear, Each mo-tion in my



heart. But she methinks, is list'ning now To



some enchanting strain, The smile that triumphs



o'er her brow Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,

Howe'er my love repine,

Let that gay minute pass away,

The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,

Your griefs shall soon be o'er,

Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost

The smile it lately wore:

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,

'Tis now your time to move;

Essay to soften all her pow'rs,

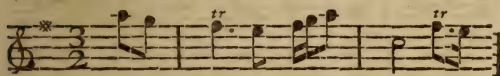
And be that softness love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,
 That anxious tender air,
 Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
 I see you melting there.

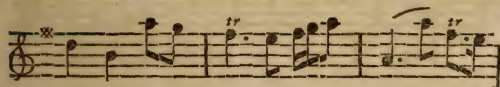
Return, ye smiles, return again,
 Return each sprightly grace,
 I yield up to your charming reign,
 All that enchanting face.
 I take no outward shew amis,
 Rove where they will her eyes,
 Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
 So she but hear my sighs.

SONG XXI.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.



In sum-mer I mowed my



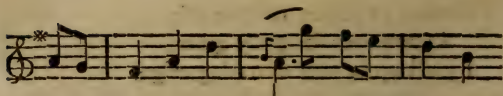
meadow, In harvest I shure my



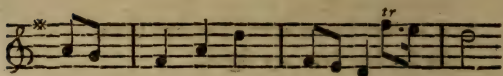
corn, In win-ter I mar-ried a widow,



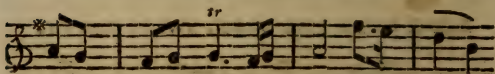
I wish I was free the morn!



Blink o-ver the burn, sweet Bet-ty,



Blink o-ver the burn to me:



O, it is a thou - sand pities

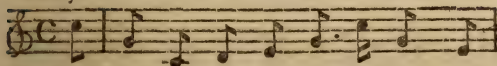


But I was a wi-dow for thee!

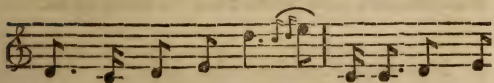
S O N G XXII.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

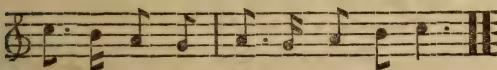
Lively.



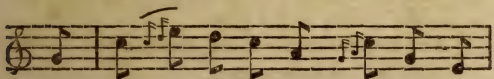
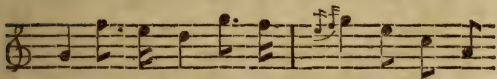
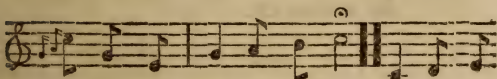
My dad - dy is a canker'd carle, He'll

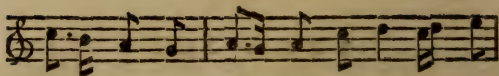


nae twin wi' his gear; My minny she's a



scalding wife, Hads a' the house a-steer:

*But let them say, or let them do, It's**a' ane to me; For he's low down, he's in**the broom, That's waiting on me; Waiting on*



me, my love, He's wait-ing on me, For he's



low down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

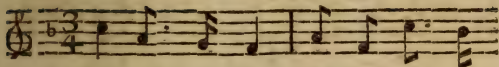
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johny i' the glen;
 And ay finfyne she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.
But let them, &c.

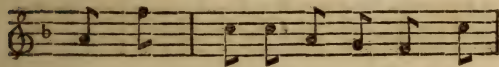
Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw Pate;
 And ay finfyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
But let them, &c.

S O N G XXIII.

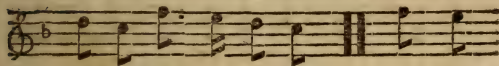
AY WAKING OH.



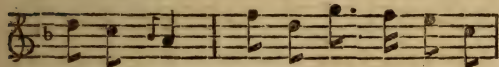
Ay wak - ing oh, Waking ay and



wea-rie, Sleep I can - na get, For



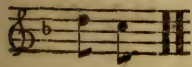
thinking of my dearie. When I



sleep I dream, When I wake I'm i - rie;



Rest I can-na get, For thinking of my



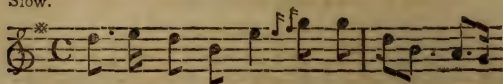
Da Capo.

dear-ie.

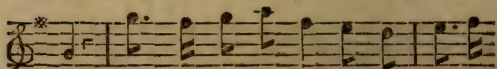
S O N G XXIV.

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS, MY MALLY, O?

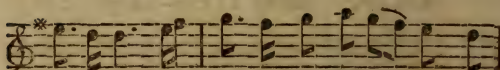
Slow.



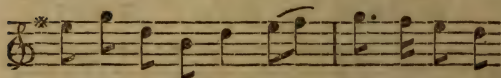
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mal - ly,



O? Will ye go to Flanders, my bonnie



Mally, O? There we'll get wine and brandy, And



sack and sugar-can - dy? Will ye go to



Flanders, my Mal - ly, O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?

And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O?

You'll see the bullets fly,

And the foldiers how they die,

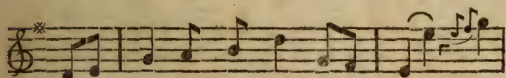
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O.

S O N G X X V .

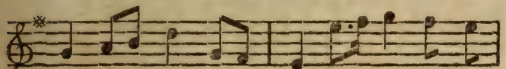
E W - B U G H T S M A R I O N .



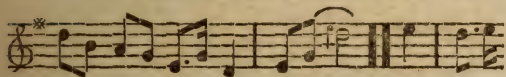
Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,



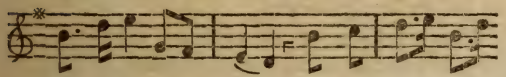
And wear in the sheep wi' me? The



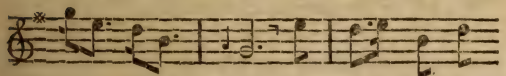
fun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae



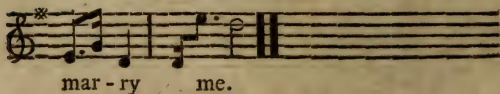
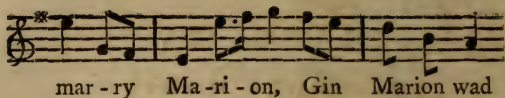
half fae sweet as thee. O Mari-



on's a bon - ny lass, And the blyth blinks



in her eye; And fain wad I



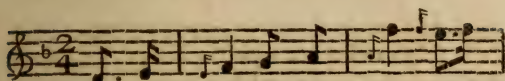
There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haws-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk when they see my Marion;
 But nane of them loves like me.

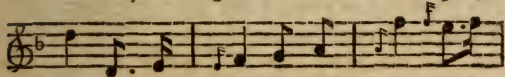
I've nine milk-ews, my Marion;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day;
 And ye's get a green fey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean;

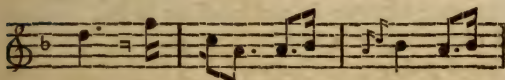
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramafie;
 And foon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I fhall come weft, and fee ye.



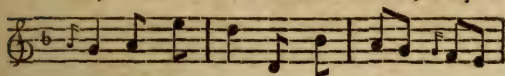
Will ye go to the ew - bughts,



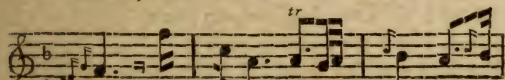
Marion, And wear in the sheep wi'



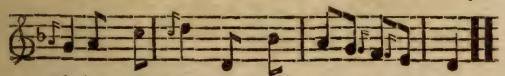
me; The fun fhines sweet, my



Marion, But nae half fo fweet as



thee. The fun fhines sweet, my



Marion But nae half fo fweet as thee.

SONG XXVI.

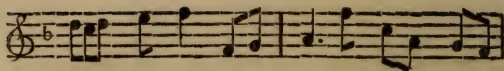
Tune, To danton me.*

ALAS ! when charming Sylvia's gone,
 I sigh and think myself undone ;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve ; and hope, yet fear.
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove :
 Ah ! tell me, is not this call'd love ?

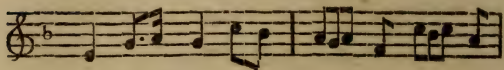
Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return ;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn :
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due ?

Ah no ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain ;
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize ?
 Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,
 O let her be by me possess'd.

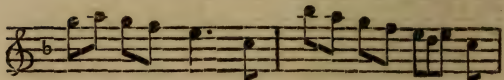
* See Song xxiii, Part III.



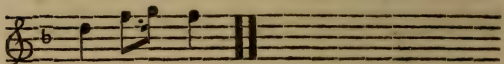
lose that light, which in thine eyes was



wont to shine, And ly obscur'd in



end-less night, For each poor fil - ly



speech of mine ?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name ?
 Thy form so fair, and faultless stands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty would make large amends :
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

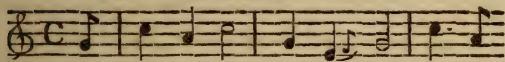
For Venus ev'ry heart t'ensnare,
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten ev'ry grace.

Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

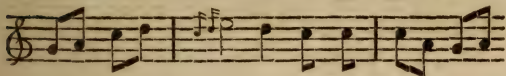
If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive th'offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

S O N G XXVIII.


HAD AWAY FROM ME, DONALD*.

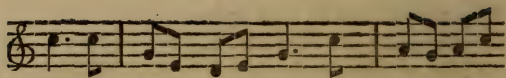


O come away, come a - way, Come a -

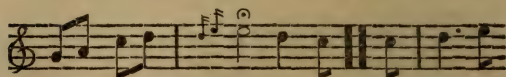


way wi' me, Jenny; Sic frowns I

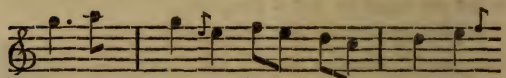
* A Song to which this name and tune are supposed to have originally belonged is inserted in Part II. 



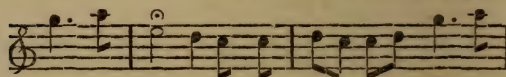
canna bear frae ane Whafe smiles anes



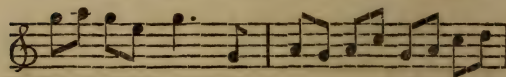
ra - vish'd me, Jenny. If you'll be



kind, You'll ne-ver find That ought fall



al - ter me, Jenny; For you're the mis - tris



of my mind, What - e'er you think of



me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
 But now, alas! you act a part,
 That speaks unconstancy, Jenny;

Unconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not besitting thee, Jenny,
 It suits not with your virtue nice,
 To carry fae to me, Jenny.

HER ANSWER.

O HAD away, had away,
 Had away frae me, Donald;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald:
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll ne'er love 'many', I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair with art pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falshood 'ill' defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth and fair renown
 Made me believe you true, Donald:

Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald:
 For I'll reserve my fell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me Jenny,

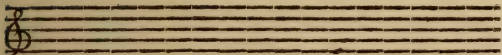
JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, Donald;
 I'm well content ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

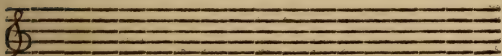
S O N G XXIX.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

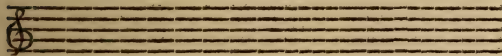
BY JAMES THE GREAT MARQUIS OF MON-
TROSE.



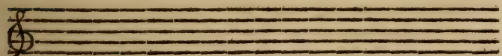
My dear and only love, I pray, ' This little'



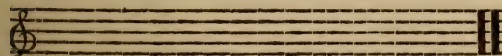
world of thee, Be govern'd by no other fway



But purest monarchie : For if confufion have a



part, Which virtuous fouls abhore, ' I'll call' a



fynod in ' my' heart, ' And' never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone,
 My thoughts 'did' evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 'Who dares not put' it to the touch,
 To 'gain' or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
 And always give the law ;
 And have each 'subject' at my will,
 And all to stand in awe :
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou 'storm or vex me' fore,
 As 'if' thou set'st me 'as' a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

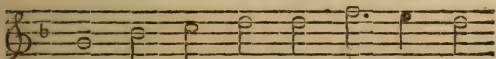
Or in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 Another do pretend a part,
 And dare to vie with me ;
 Or if committees thou erect,
 And 'go' on such a score,
 I'll, 'smiling, mock' at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if 'no faithless action stain'
 Thy 'love and constant' word,
 I'll make thee 'famous' by my pen,
 And 'glorious' by my sword.

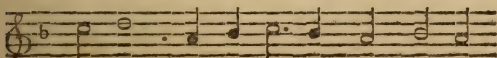
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 ' As ne'er was known' before;
 I'll crown and deck thy head with bays,
 And love thee ' more and' more.

S O N G XXX.

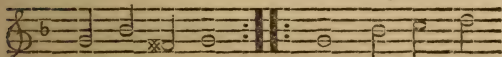
SLIGHTED LOVE SAIR TO BIDE*.



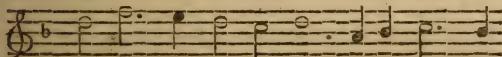
Where art thou, Hope, that promis'd me



re-lief? Come hear my doom pronoun-

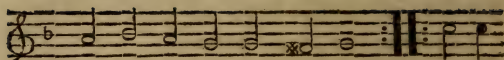


ced by dis-dain. Come, trai-tor Hope,



that all men doth mischief, Come here let

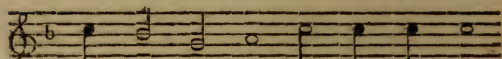
* Written before 1666. The title was prefixed by Ram-
 say, who omitted the 1st, 3d, 4th, 6th, and 8th stanzas.
 The music has been in parts, but the cantus or tenor ap-
 pears to have been the only one ever published. The anti-
 quity of this song was the chief inducement to its insertion.



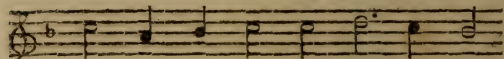
fee, and ease me of my pain. Alace !



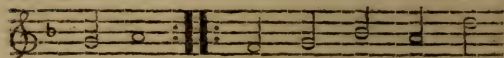
sweet Hope, where is thy scope ? Or where



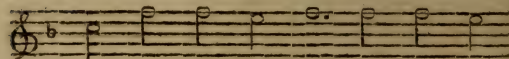
shalt thou remain ? Why flees thou me,



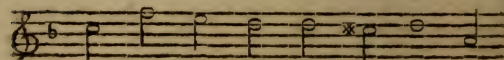
to make me die ? Wilt thou not come



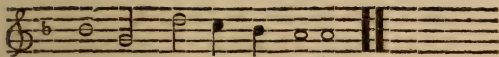
a - gain ? Since Hope is gone, and



can - not me re - mead, In bon - dage



thus I must bide For - tunes fead, I



muſt bide For - tunes fead.

I had a heart, and now I heartleſs go :
 I had a mind that dayly was oppreſt :
 I had a friend that's now become my fo ;
 I had a will, yet I can get no reſt.

What have I now ? nothing I trow,
 But ſpite where I had joy :

What am I then ? a heartleſs man :
 Should love me thus deſtroy ?

I love and ſerve one whom I do regard,
 Yet, for my love, diſdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and ſecret love intend,
 And chooſe but doubt, I thought I had done well.

If fixed eye and inward heart do bind

A man in love, as now my heart doth feel :

What pain is love ? or what may move
 A man for to deſpair ?

Nothing ſo great as hie deſpite
 Of his ſweet lady fair :

Such is my chance, as now I muſt confeſs ;
 I love a love, though ſhe be mercileſs.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want,
 If love be pain that doth any ſubdue ?

What pain can force a body to be faint ?

If love be pain, how can I pain eſchew ?

Since I am fast, knit to the mast,
 This torment to indure ;
 And have no might, by law nor right,
 My lady to procure :
 What shall I say, since will gain-stands the law ?
 I have a will, yet will makes me stand aw.

Where shal I go to hide my weary face ?
 Where shal I find a place for my defence ?
 Where is my love, who is the meetest place
 Of all the earth that is my confidence :
 She hath my heart, till I depart,
 Let her do what she list ;
 I cannot mend, but still depend,
 And dayly to insift
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
 If not for love, let love my body serve.

Come here, ye gods, and judge my cause aright ;
 Hear my complaint before ye me condemn :
 Take you before my lady most of might :
 Let not the wolf devore the silly lamb.
 If she may say, by night or day,
 That ev'r I did her wrong ;
 My mind shal be, with cruelty,
 To ly in prison strong :
 Then shall ye save a sakeless man from pain ;
 Try well my cause, and then remove disdain.

O lady fair, whom I do honor most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have:
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost;
 But still in mind, I pray you to ingraff,
 That I am true, and shall not rue
 A word that I have said:
 I am your man, do what ye can,
 When all these playes are play'd.
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

Then choose to keep or loss that you have done:
 Your friendly friend doth make you this request:
 Let not friends come us lovers two between,
 Since late detests caus'd you me to detest.
 Keep hope in store, you to deplore,
 Conquer your friend indeed:
 Remember ay, will come the day,
 When friends a friend will need:
 You have a friend so friendly and so true,
 Keep well your friend: I say no more. Adieu.

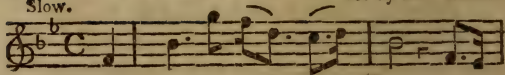
S O N G X X X I .

T H E V A I N A D V I C E .

BY MRS. COCKBURN.

Slow.

Set by Mr. Shield.



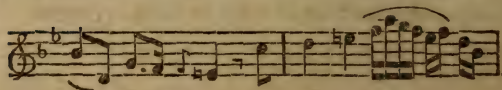
Ah ! gaze not on those eyes ! For -



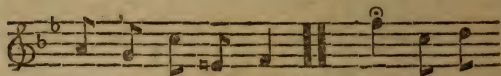
bear that soft inchant-ing voice to



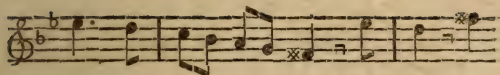
hear : Not looks of ba - si - liks give



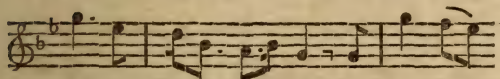
fur - er death, Not Syrens sing with



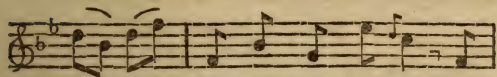
more de-structive breath. Fly, if thy



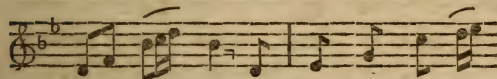
free-dom thou'dst maintain; A-las ! I



feel th'ad-vice is vain : A heart, whose



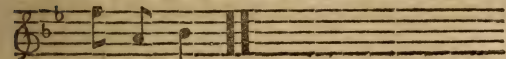
safe-ty but in flight does lye, Is



too far lost to have the pow'r to



fly, Is too far lost to have the



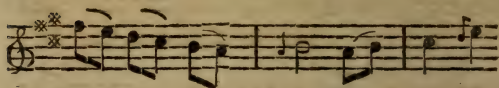
pow'r to fly.

SONG XXXII.

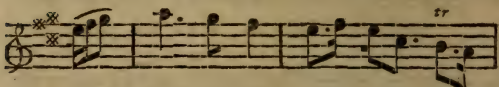
BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

To the tune of *The Braes of Ballandyne.*

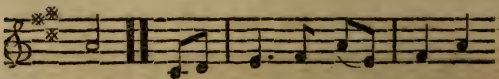
Be - neath a green shade, a



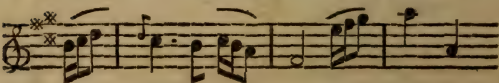
love - ly young swain One ev'ning



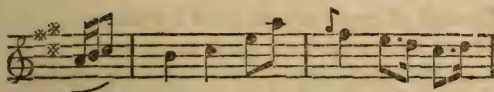
re - clin'd to dis - co - ver his



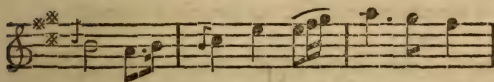
pain ; So sad, yet so sweetly,



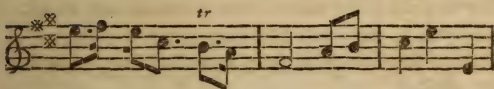
he warbled his woe, The winds ceas'd



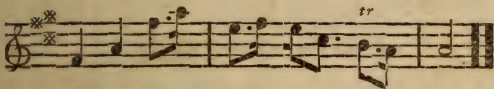
to breathe, and the foun-tains to



flow : Rude winds, with com - passion, could



hear him com - plain; Yet Cloe, less



gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew !
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view :
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could sur-
 vey ;
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than
 they :
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight ;
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue ;
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew :
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair ;
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

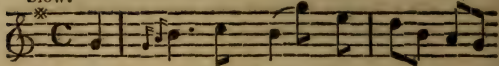
But see! the pale moon all clouded retires ;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care,
 Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens de-
 spair?

S O N G XXXIII.

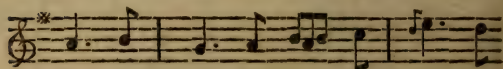
BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

(Tune, *Gallowshiels*.)

Slow.



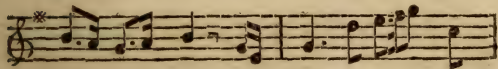
Ah! the [poor] shepherd's mourn - ful



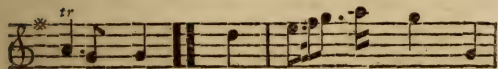
fate, When doom'd to love, and doom'd to



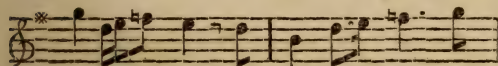
languish, To bear the scorn - ful



fair one's hate, Nor dare disclose his



an - guish. Yet ea - ger looks, and



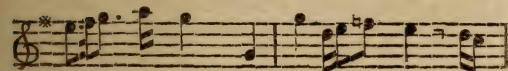
dy-ing sighs, My se - cret foul dis -



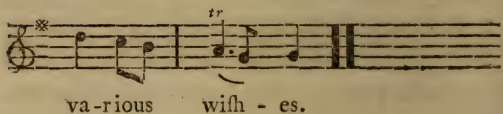
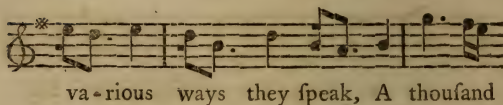
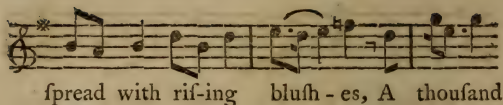
co-ver; While rapture trembling thro' mine



eyes, Re-veals how much I love her. The



ten - der glance, the red-ning cheek, O'er

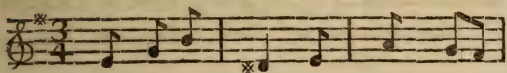


For, oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling ;
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

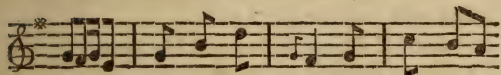
SONG XXXIV.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

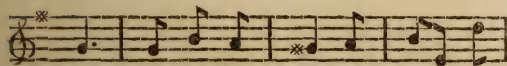
BY CHARLES LORD BINNING*.



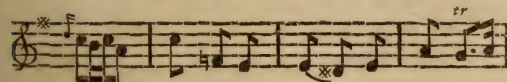
Did e - ver swain a nymph a -



dore, As I un - grateful Nan - ny

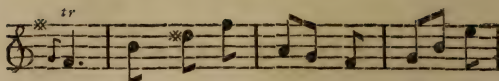


do? Was e - ver shepherd's heart fo

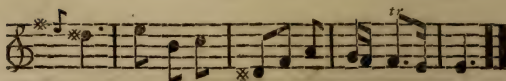


fore? Was ever brok - en heart fo

* Son to the late, and father to the present, Earl of Had-
dington. He died at Naples 1732-3, "universally la-
mented."



true? My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but



she Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:
 I always thought on her, but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay?
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two:
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep
 Within my folds in frost and snow?
 Have they not there from cold been free?
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;
 Oh how those hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain :
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
 Full as they were I brought them home
 Her corn I carry'd to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks, but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best :
 Within this week her pidgeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least :
 Her little pidgeons kifs, but she
 Would never take a kifs from me :

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron-string.

S O N G XXXV.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

Tune, *The yellow hair'd laddie* *.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
 plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my
 strain ;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my
 sighs.

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;

* RAMSAY. See before, p. 13.

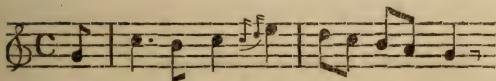
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips blest her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

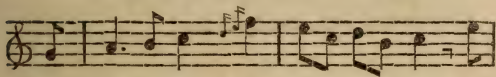
Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire ;
Nor think she shou'd love whom she cannot admire :
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G XXXVI*.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.



Thy fa - tal shafts un - err - ing move,

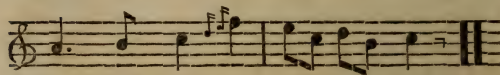


I bow before thine al - tar, Love! I

* In imitation of a much admired ode of Sappho. See Philips's translation. ENGLISH SONGS, I. 188.



feel thy soft, re - sist - less flame Glide



swift through all my vi - tal frame!

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transports 'whelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain,
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die!

S O N G XXXVII.

Tune, *Alloa-Houfe*.

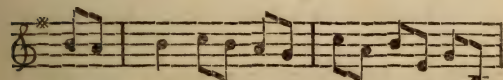
The spring-time re - turns, and clothes



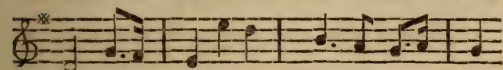
the green plains, And Al-lo - a shines



more chear - ful and gay; The lark tunes

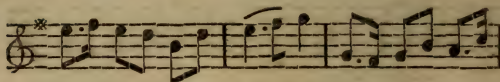


his throat, and the neigh-bour-ing





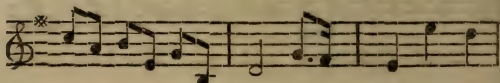
more re - turns to my view; No



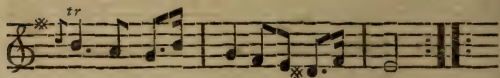
spring-time me chears, no mu - sic can



charm. He's gone! and, I fear me, for



e - ver: a - dieu! A - dieu ev'ry



pleasure this bo - fom can warm.

O Alloa-house! how much art thou chang'd!
 How filent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!

Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told,
 Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
 For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
 swain,

Who heard, and with rapture, his Nelly address:
 My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love!

No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
 charms.

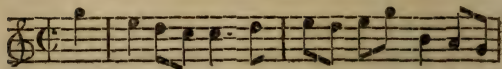
She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love! be true? she replied:
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?

Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;

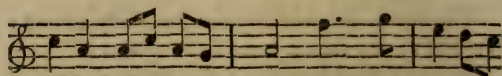
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true;
 Then, adieu to all sorrow; what souls is so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

S O N G XXXVIII.

To the tune of, *The Bonny Lads of Branksome.*



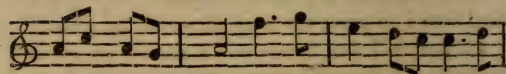
As I came in by Ti - viot fide, And



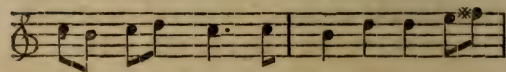
by the braes of Branksome, 'There first I



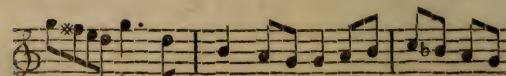
saw my bon - ny bride, Young, smil-ing,



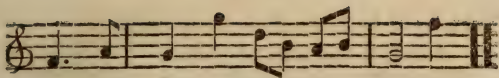
sweet, and handsom; Her skin was fast-er



than the down, And white as á - la -



baf-ter; Her hair a shin-ing wav - y



brown; In straightness nane fur - past her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :
 Nae filken hose with gooshets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her bare leg, forbad to shine
 Well-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her claithing ;
 Even these o'er mickle ;—mair delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing.
 She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
 By which a burny trotted ;
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.

Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
 I clasp'd this fund of blisses;
 Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

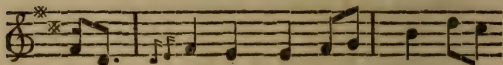
I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I could nae want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
 Strait to the kirk I led her;
 There 'plighted' her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

S O N G XXXIX.

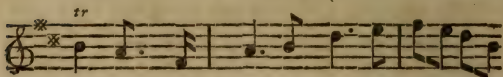
THE SILKEN SNOODED LASSIE.



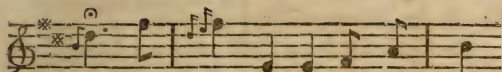
Com-ing through the broom at e'en



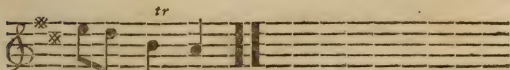
And com-ing through the broom fae



dreary, The las-sie lost her filk-en



fnood, Which cost her ma - ny a blurt



and blear eye.

Fair her hair, and brent her brow,
 And bonny blew her een when near ye;
 The mair I priv'd her bonny mou,
 The mair I wish'd her for my deary.

The broom was lang, the lassie gay,
 And O but I was unco cheary;
 The fnood was tint, a well a day!
 For mirth was turn'd to blurt and blear-eye.

I prest her hand, she figh'd, I woo'd,
 And spear'd, What gars ye sob, my deary?
 Quoth she, I've lost my filken fnood,
 And never mair can look fae cheary.

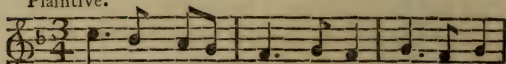
I said, Ne'er mind the filken fnood,
 Nae langer mourn, nor look fae dreary;
 I'll buy you ane that's twice as good,
 If you'll consent to be my deary.

Quoth she, If you will aye be mine,
 Nae mair the snood shall make me dreary :
 I vow'd, I seal'd, and blest the time,
 That in the broom I met my deary.

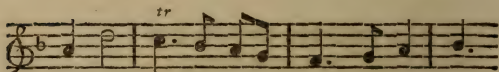
S O N G XL.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Plaintive.



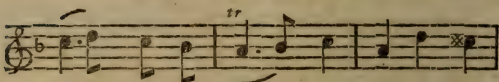
Here a - wa', there awa', here awa',



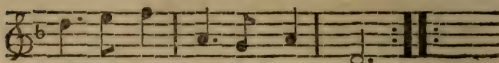
Wil-lie, Here a - wa', there a-wa', here



awa', hame ; Lang have I fought thee,



Dear have I bought thee, Now I have



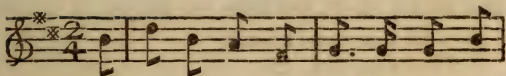
got-ten my Willie a - gain.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

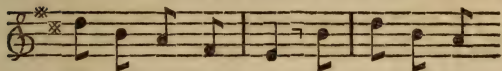
Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame;
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

S O N G XLI.

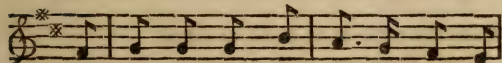
THE MARINER'S WIFE.



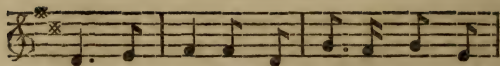
But are ye sure the news is true? And



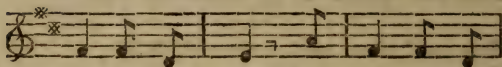
are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time



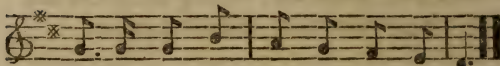
to think of wark? Ye jades, fling by your



wheel. *There's nae luck a - bout the house, There's*



nae luck at a', There's nae luck a -



bout the house Whan our goodman's a-wa!

Is this a time to think of wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
 And see him come ashore.
There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
 Put on the muckle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.
There's nae luck, &c.

Make their shoon as black as flaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
 He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib
 Have fed this month and mair,
 Make haste, and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-fattin gown,
 And then gae tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leel and true.
There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air,
 His very tread has mufic in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
There's nae luck, &c.

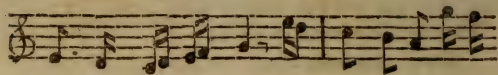
And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
 In troth I'm like to greet!
There's nae luck, &c.

S O N G XLII.

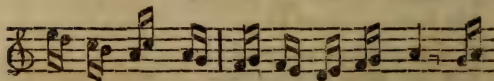
MY WIFE'S TA'EN THE GEE.



A friend of mine came here yestreen, And



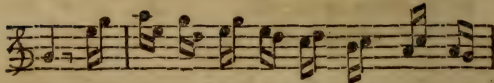
he wou'd hae me down 'To drink a bottle of



ale wi' him, In the nieft burrows town: But,



O! indeed it was, fir, Sae far the war for



me; For lang or e'er that I came hame My



wife had ta'en the gee,

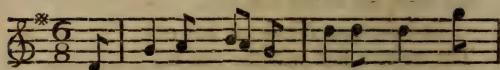
We fat fae late, and drank fae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tear blinds ay her ee ;
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake ;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head sh'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look fae sour on me ?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll never tak the gee.

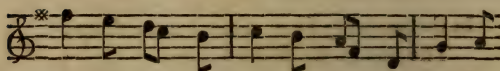
When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck ;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.

S O N G X L I I I .

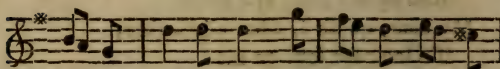
T H E H A P P Y C L O W N .



How hap-py is the ru-ral clown, Who,



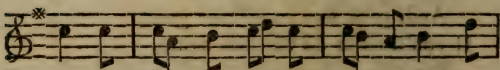
far remov'd from noise of town, Contemns the



glo-ry of a crown, And in his safe re -



treat, Is pleas - ed with his low de -



gree, Is rich in decent po-ver-ty, From



strife, from care and bus'ness free, At once baith



good and great !

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
 Vexation in his mind :

No trumpets rouse him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their products feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care ;
 And still some ripened fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by the silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his beats and flies,
 And next the silvan scene he tries,
 His spirit to regal :

Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breez,
 To plant and fied his tender trees ;
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

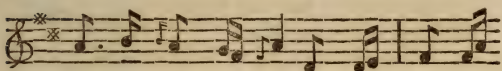
The flowry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds, on blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But, O ! how pleasant is this life !
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prating, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night !

S O N G XLIV.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.



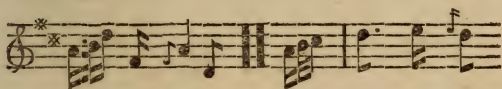
O! I hae loft my filk-en snood, That



tied my hair fae yellow; I've gi'en my



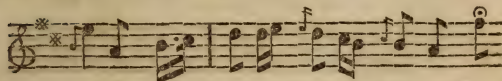
heart to the lad I loo'd, He was a



gal-lant fellow. And twine it weel,



my bonny dow, And twine it weel the



plaiden; The lassie loft her filken snood



In pu-ing of the bracken.

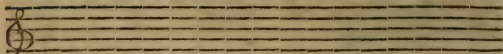
He prais'd my een fae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin o',
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae sin o'.
 And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the las he loo'd,
 His own true love forsaken ;
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, &c.

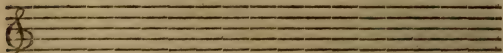
1

S O N G XLV.

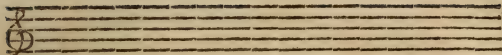
TLL CHEAR UP MY HEART.



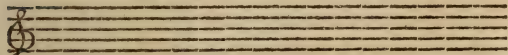
-As I was a walking ae May-morning, The



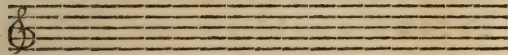
fidlers and youngsters were making their game;



And there I saw my faithless lover, And a' my



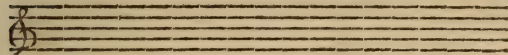
forrows return'd again. Well since he is gane,



joy gang wi' him ; It's ne'er be he shall gar me



complain : I'll chear up my heart, and I will get



another ; I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
 The tears ran down like showers o' rain ;
 An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken ;
 And O ! but love's a tormenting pain.
 But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him ;
 It's never be he that shall gar me complain :
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another ;
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
 I took my wheel and fate down to spin;
 'Twas there I first began my thrift;
 And a' the wooers came linking in.
 It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll na get;
 And its never be he that shall gar me complain:
 For I'll chear up my heart, and I'll soon get an-
 other;
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

S O N G XLVI.

M Y H E A R T ' S M Y A I N .



'Tis nae very lang finfyne, That I had a lad



of my ain; But now he's awa' to anither, And



left me a' my lain. The lafs he's courting has



filler, And I hae nane at a'; And 'tis nought but



the love of the tocher That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sence to wale a good wife :
 For though I say't mysell,
 That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell ;
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sick as I spin mysell :
 And when I'm clad in my curtsy,
 I think mysell as braw
 As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
 And may they live happy for life ;
 Tho' Willie does flight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.

But, O ! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be ;
For ane that's so keen o' the filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant ;
'The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want :
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken what to ha'd and to gie ;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

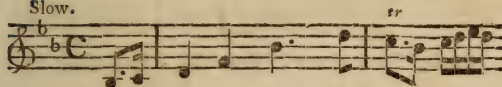
Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that, has enough ;
'The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life ;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

S O N G XLVII.

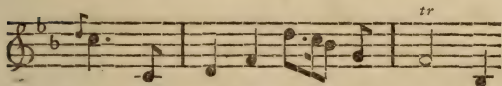
THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

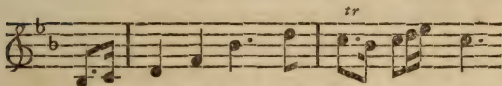
Slow.



Hear me, ye nymphs, And eve - ry



fwain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves me,



Tho' thus I lan-guish, thus com-plain,



A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me: My



vows and fighs, like fi - lent air,



Un - heed - ed ne - ver move her;

Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me :
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

S O N G XLVIII.

BY

AUSTIN, M. D.*



For the lack of gold she's left me, O,



And of all that's dear be - reft me, O ;



She me for - fook for a great duke,

* On the marriage of his mistress, Jean, daughter of John Drummond, of Megginch, esq. to James duke of Atholl, in 17... This lady, having survived her husband, and married, secondly, lord Adam Gordon, is still living. The tune is said to be old.



And to endless woes she's left me, O.



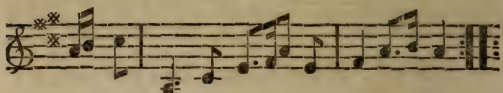
A star and gar-ter have more art,



Than youth, a true and faith-ful heart;



For emp-ty ti-tles we must part,



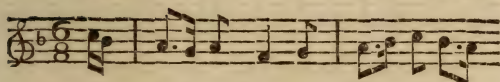
And for glitt'ring show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall e'er more move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.

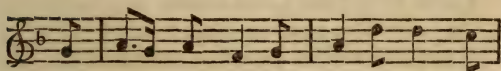
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, O.

S O N G XLIX.

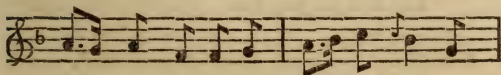
WAYWARD WIFE.



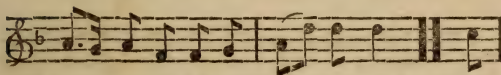
A - las! my son, you lit - tle know



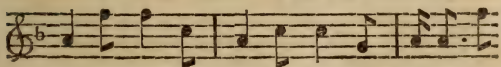
The for - rows that from wedlock flow. Fare-



wel to - e - ve - ry day of ease, When



you have gotten a wife to please. Sae



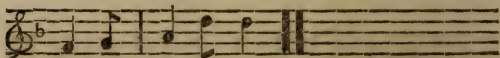
bide you yet, and bide you yet, Ye little ken



what's to be - tide you yet; The half of



that will gane you yet, If a wayward



wife ob - tain you yet.

[Your experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall:]
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod *,
Which gars you sing along the road.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning wheel,

* This is an ancient proverbial expression. It is used by Sir John Harrington in his translation of the *Orlando Furioso* (b. vi. s. 72.); where, speaking of some very young damselfs, he says,

The blacke oxe has not yet trod on their toe.

Quære, however, the authenticity of this and the following stanza. The two lines between brackets are wanting in some copies.

She will drive at you wi' good will,
And then she'll fend you to the de'il.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.

But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

S O N G L.



Good morrow, fair mistress, the begin-



ner of strife, I took ye frae the begging, and



made ye my wife : It was your fair outside that



first took my ee, But this 'is' the last time



my face ye fall fee.

Fye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame,
The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name ;
The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee :
But this is the last time my face ye fall fee.

To the ground shall be razed these halls and these
bowers,

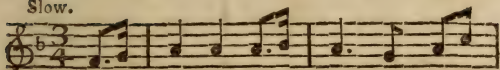
Defil'd by your lusts and your wanton amours :
I'll find out a lady of higher degree ;
And this is the last time my face ye fall fee.

SONG LI.

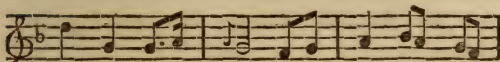
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

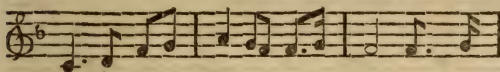
Slow.



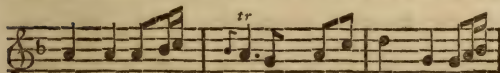
Fare-well to Loch - a - ber, and



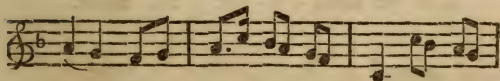
fare-well, my Jean, Where heartsome with



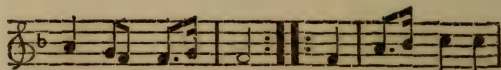
thee I've mo-ny day been: For Loch-



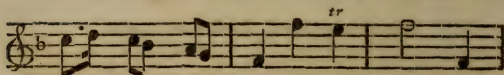
a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no



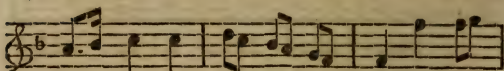
more, We'll may be re - turn to Loch-



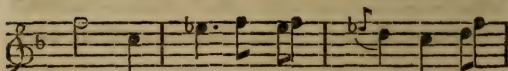
a - ber no more. These tears that I



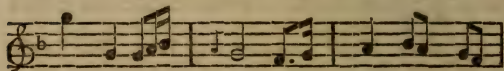
shed they are a' for my dear, And



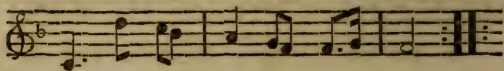
no for the dan-ger at - tend-ing on



weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a



far bloody shore, May be to re -



turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on loudest waves roar,
 That's nathing like leaving my love on the shore.

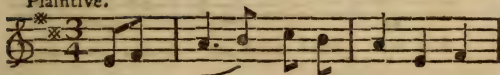
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

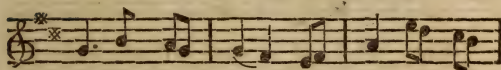
S O N G LII.

Tune, *My Apron, deary**.

Plaintive.



My sheep I neg - lect - ed, I

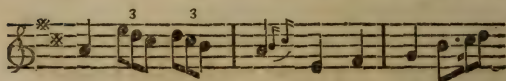


lost my sheep - hook, And all the gay

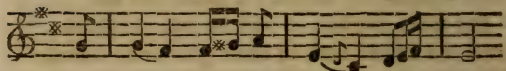
* The original words are preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius, and, with some variation, in the collections of 1769 and 1776.



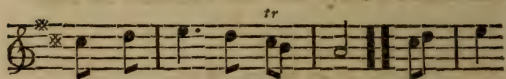
haunts of my youth I for - look; No



more for A - myn - ta fresh gar-lands



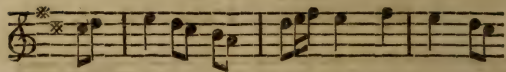
I wove, For am - bi-tion, I said,



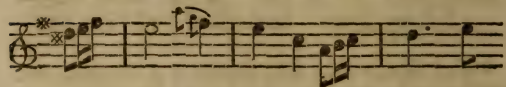
would soon cure me of love. O what



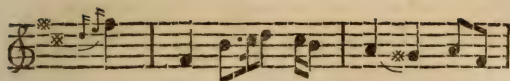
had my youth with am - bi-tion to do?



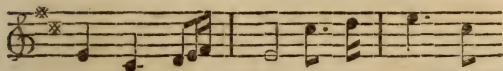
Why left I A - myn - ta? why broke I



my vow? O give me my sheep, and



my sheep-hook re - store, I'll



wan-der from love, and A - myn - ta



no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.
O what had my youth, &c.

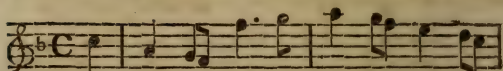
Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine :
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do ;
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

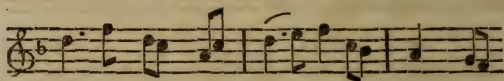
S O N G L I I I .

THE HAPPY LOVER'S REFLECTIONS.

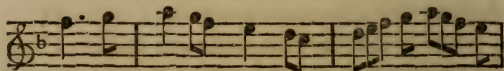
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.



The last time I came o'er the moor, I



left my love be - hind me; Ye po'wrs! what



pains do I en-dure, When soft i-de - as



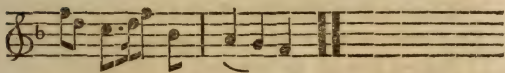
mind me! Soon as the rud-dy morn dis -



play'd The beaming day en - fu-ing, I



met betimes my love-ly maid, In fit



're - treat' for woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

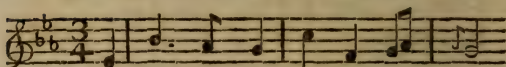
Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may furround me,
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

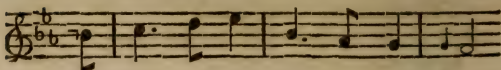
The next time I go o'er the moor
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G L I V .

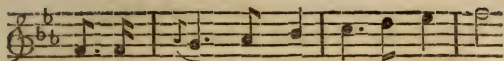
BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.



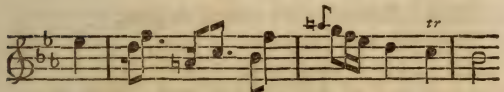
Ye woods and ye mountains un - known,



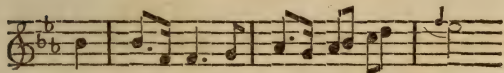
Be-neath whose pale sha - dows I stray,



To the breast of my charmer a - lone



These sighs bid sweet e - cho con-vey.



Wher - e - ver he pen-sive-ly leans,



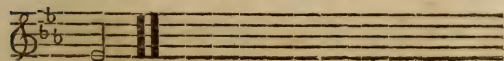
By fountain, on hill, or in grove,



His heart will ex - plain what the



means, Who sighs both from for - row and



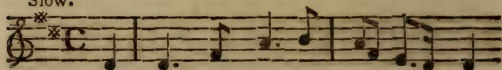
love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,
 O waft the sad sound to his ear :
 And say, tho divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.
 Then tell him what years of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt while I liv'd in his fight !
 I feel till I see him again !

S O N G L V.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

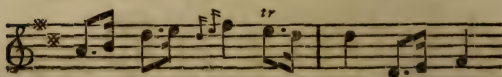
Slow.



How blyth ilk morn was I to fee



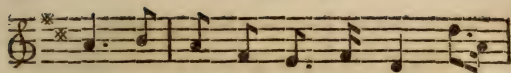
The fwain come o'er the hill! He



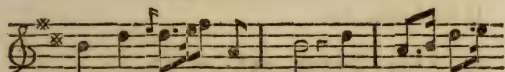
skipt the burn, and flew to me;



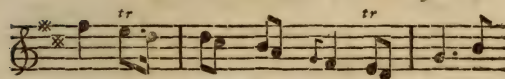
I met him with good will. O the



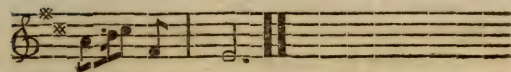
broom, the bon - ny bon - ny broom, The



broom of Cow-den - knows; I wish I



were with my dear swain, With his pipe



and my ewes.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
 The burds stood listning by;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

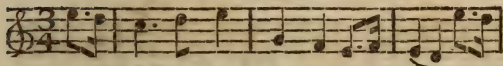
My doggie and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly usefess by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye Gods restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

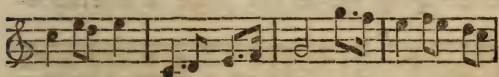
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows :
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes *.*

S O N G LVI.

SAE MERRY AS WE HAE BEEN.



A lass that was 'laden' with care Sat



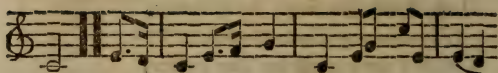
heavi-ly under a thorn; I listen'd a



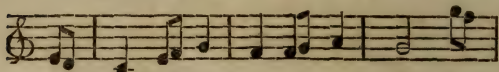
while for to hear, When thus she be-gan for to

* To this song Ramsay subscribes the letters *S. R.* the initials, no doubt, of its author. This, therefor, is certainly not the original, which in Ramsay's own time (as we learn from a duet in "The Gentle Shepherd") was a popular song. It must, indeed, be of a much earlier date, as in an old black letter (English) ballad of Charles or James the Seconds time, "To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows," we find the following burthen:

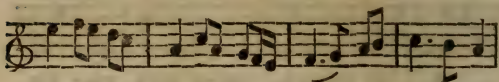
With O, the broom, the bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows,
Fain would I be in the North Country,
To milk my daddie's ewes.



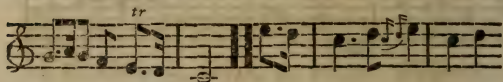
mourn: When-e'er my dear shepherd was there,



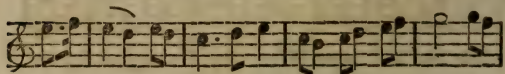
The birds did me - lo-dious-ly sing, And



cold nipping win-ter did wear A face that re-



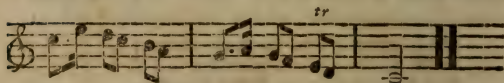
sembled the spring. Sae mer-ry as we twa



hae been, Sae mer-ry as we twa hae been; My



heart it is like for to break, When I



think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he would 'oft' to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove;
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
Sae merry, &c.

S O N G LVII.

Set by Dr. Green.



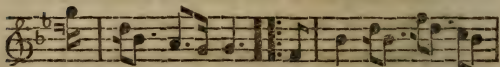
Sweet Annie frae the fea beach came, Where



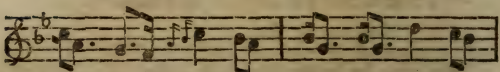
Jocky speel'd the vessel's side; Ah! wha can keep



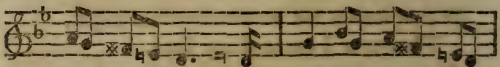
their heart at hame, When Jock-y's toft



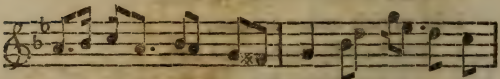
a - boon the tyde? Far aff to di - flant



realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as



he has been; And when ilk lafs a -



bout him thrangs, He'll think on Annie, his



faith - ful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,.

Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie :

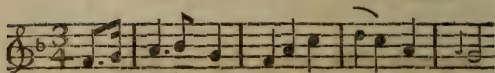
What tho' my Jocky's far awa',
 Toft up and down the ansome main,
 I'll keep my heart ane other day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, fing nae mair,
 And fairly caft your pipe awa';
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To fee his friend his love betray :
 For a' your fongs and verfe are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow ;
 My heart to him fhall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my conftant jo.

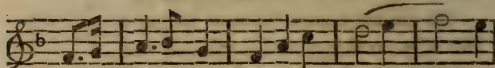
Bla' faft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and ftill ;
 His hameward fail with breezes fpeed,
 And dinna a' my pleafure spill :
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler fhine ;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

SONG LVIII.

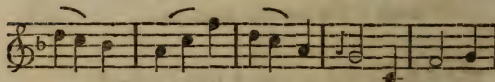
THE SILLER CROWN.



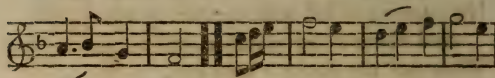
And ye fall walk in filk at - tire,



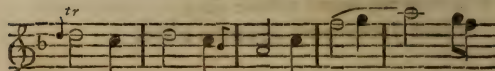
And fil - ler hae to spare, Gin



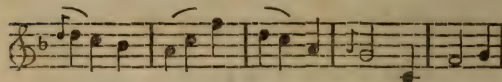
ye'll con - fent to be his bride, Nor think o'



Do-nald mair. Oh! wha wad buy a filken



gown, Wi' a poor brok-en heart? Or



what's to me a fil-ler crown, Gin frae my



love I part?

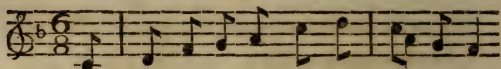
The mind whase every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to 'break' my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It wou'd be war than thift.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to 'break' my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

S O N G LIX.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

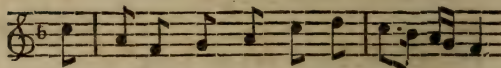
BY LADY GRISSSEL BAILLIE*.



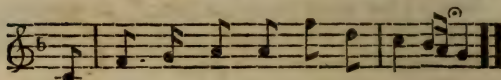
There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men,



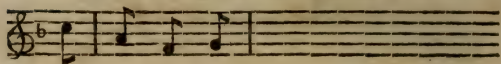
The biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;



But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!



Come down the green gate, and come here away.

*But now she cries, &c.*

* Eldest daughter of Patrick first earl of Marchmont, and wife to George Baillie, of Jerviswood, esq. whose widow she dyed on the 6th of December, 1746.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
 He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;
 She rais'd such a pothier 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart light, I wad die.

She rais'd, &c.

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny:
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.

Albeit I was, &c.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
 Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.

Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
 And then she ran in and made a loud din,
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
 And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

But now he, &c.

And now he gaes 'dandering'* about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
 The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.

The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lilly-white lee;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee!

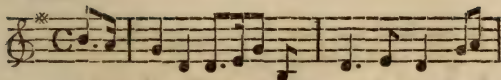
And linking, &c.

* So Lord Hailes. Ramsay and others read 'drooping.'

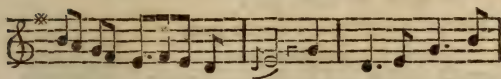
S O N G L X.

MY DEARY, IF YOU DIE.

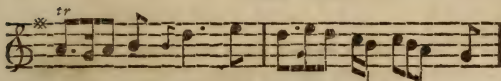
Slow.



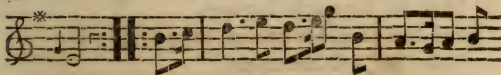
Love never more shall give me pain, My



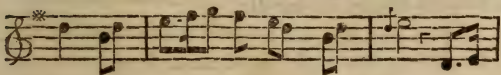
fan-cy's fix'd on thee; Nor ever maid my



heart shall gain, My Peg - gy, if thou



die. Thy beauties did such plea - sure



give, Thy love's so true to me; With -



out thee I shall ne - ver live, My



dear - y, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray !

In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see :

Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart

With Cupid's raving rage,

But thine, which can such sweets impart,

Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,

Gave joy and life to me ;

And when its destin'd day is done,

With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,

And in such pleasures share,

You who its faithful flames approve,

With pity view the fair :

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob me from those arms :
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

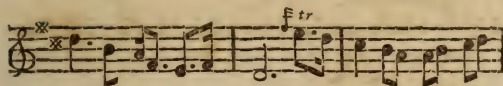
S O N G LXI.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

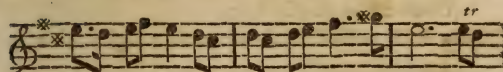
Slow.



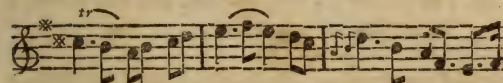
My love has built a bon - ny ship, and



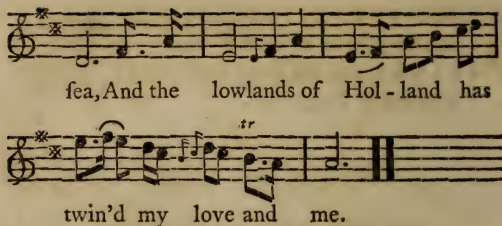
set her on the sea, With seven score good



ma - riners to bear her com - pa - ny; There's



threescore is sunk, and threescore dead at



My love he built another ship, and set her on the
main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her
hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea be-
gan to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins
about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor
comb come in my hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in
my bower mair ;
Nor will I love another one, until the day I die :
For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd
in the sea.

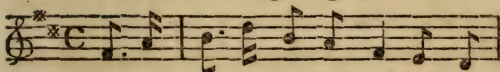
O had your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and
be content ;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae fair
lament.

O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a'
 for me :
 For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd
 in the sea.

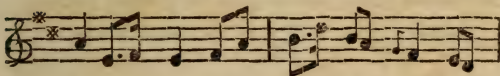
S O N G LXII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

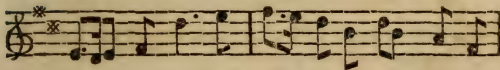
BY LADY ANN LINDSAY*.

Tune, *The Bridegroom greets.*

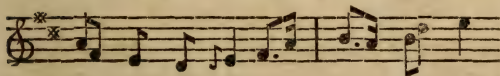
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the



ky at hame, And a' the warld to

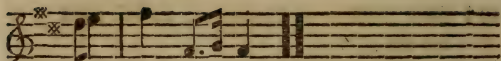


sleep are gane; The waes of my heart fa's in



showers frae my eye, When my gude man

* Daughter to the late Earl of Balcarras.



lyes found by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and fought me for
bride,

But savaing a crown he had naithing beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jemmy gade to sea;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa';

My father brake his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,

Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck:
The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jemmy die?
And why do I live to say waes me?

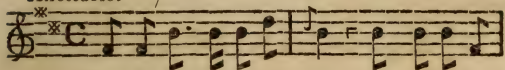
•My father' argued fair, tho' my mother didna speak,
 She looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the
 fea,
 And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting fae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jemmy's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

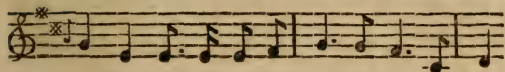
O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
 And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jemmy, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

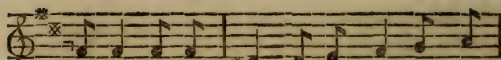
Affettuoso.



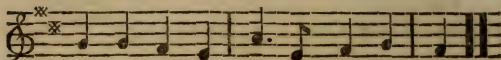
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at



hame, And a' the [weary] warld to sleep are gane

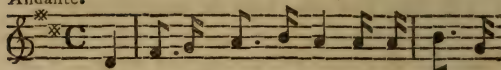


The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my

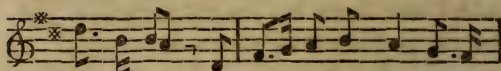


eye, When my gude man lyes found my me.

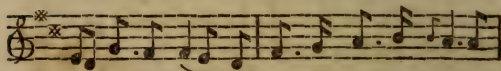
Andante.



Young Jem-my loo'd me well, and [he] fought me



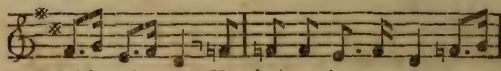
for his bride; But fav-ing a crown he had



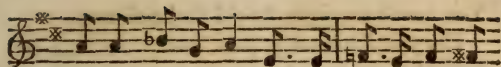
naething he - fide; To make that crown a pound, my



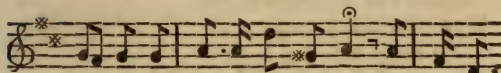
Jemmy gade to fea; And the crown and the pound were



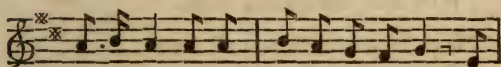
baith for me. He had nae been a - wa' a



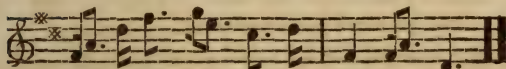
week but on - ly twa, When my mother she fell



sick, and the cow was stoun a - wa'; My fa-ther



brake his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea, And



auld Robin Grey came a court - ing me.

S O N G LXIII.

To the tune of, *Rothes's Lament*; or, *Pinky-House**.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone,
 Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

* See before, p. 29.

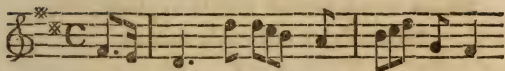
You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
 Ere you'd exchange your love ;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?
 But, ah ! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die :
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

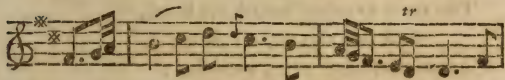
This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand,
 Sylvander then began to melt :
 But e'er the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

SONG LXIV.

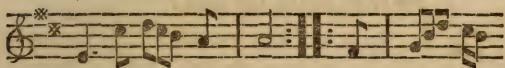
BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.



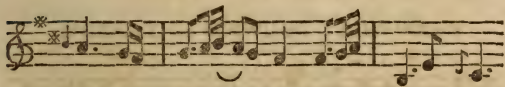
A youth adorn'd with ever-y art,



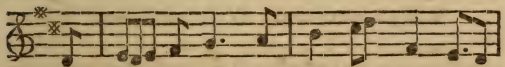
To warm and win the cold-est heart, In



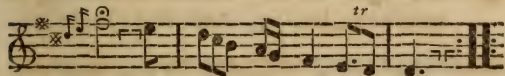
secret mine pos-sess: The morning -



bud that fair-est blows, The vernal oak



that fraitest grows, His face and shape ex -



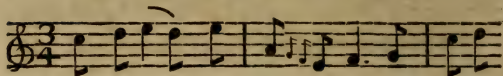
prest, His face and shape ex - prest.

In moving founds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale
 That wakes the flowery year.
 What wonder he could charm with ease !
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom Love had made sincere.

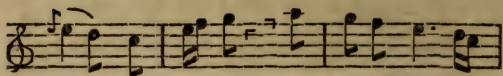
At morn he left me—fought, and fell !
 The fatal evening heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed :
 Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
 For ah ! no sighs the past recall,
 No cries awake the dead !

SONG LXV.

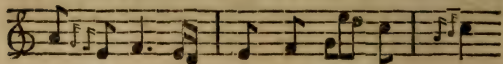
RARE WILLY DROWN'D IN YARROW.



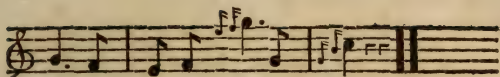
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, And Willy's



wondrous bon-y ; And Willy heght to



mar-ry me, Gin e'er he married ony.



[Oh! gin e'er he marry'd ony.]

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
She fought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

SONG LXVI.

BY MISS HOME.

Tune, *The Flowers of the Forest* *.

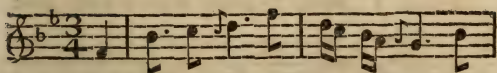
ADIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain;
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.
Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around ;
But, ah ! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,
Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake I mourn my hopeless love.

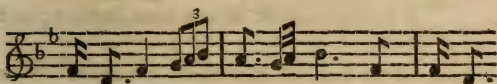
* See Class IV. Song I.

SONG LXVII.

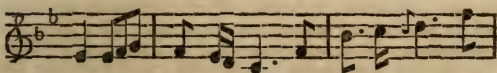
WHERE HELEN LIES*.



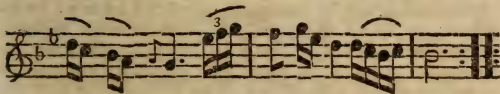
I wish I were where He-len lies! Where



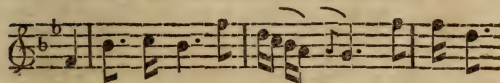
day and night she on me cries! Where day and



night she on me cries! I wish I were where



He-len lies, On fair Kirkonell lee!

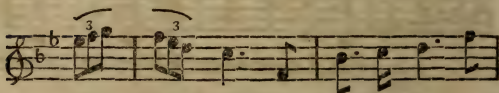


Oh He-len fair! Oh Helen chaste! Were I with

* The story of this ballad is thus given by Mr. Pennant :
 " In the burying-ground of Kirkonell is the grave of
 the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover : she was



thee I would be blest! Were I with thee



I would be blest! Where thou liest low, and

daughter of the house of Kirkconnel; and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment; and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washes these grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favorite, interposed; and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death; then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels: on his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with *hic jacet Adam Fleming*: the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient ballad of no great merit, which records the tragical event:" "Which," he adds in a note, "happened either the latter end of the reign of James V. or the beginning of that of Mary." "Tour in Scotland," II. 101.

The MS. account transmitted to the editor by a learned and ingenious gentleman in Scotland, well known in the literary world, represents the lovers "walking" instead of "sitting," and takes no notice of Adam's flight into Spain, and service against the Infidels, who were, in fact, completely subdued many years before the reign of James V. It adds that, "on the spot where Helen fell was erected a cairn."

Whether this be the "ancient ballad" alluded to by Mr. Pennant is uncertain. Indeed, from the following

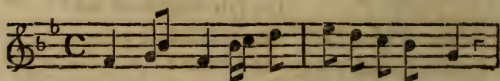
SONG LXVIII.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

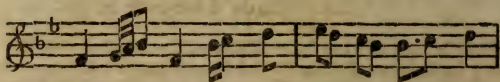
TO LADY JANE HOME.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTISH MANNER.

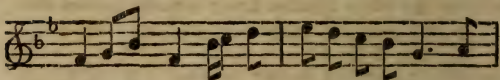
BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.



A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,



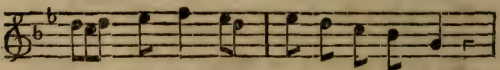
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome mar-row!



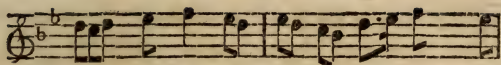
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride, And



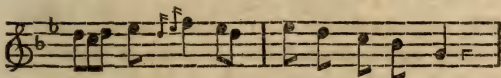
think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow.



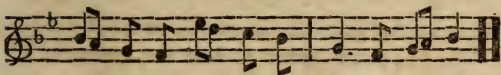
B. Where gat ye that bo-ny bo-ny bride?



Where gat ye that winsome marrow? *A.* I



gat her where I dare na weil be seen,



Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and forrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholeous weeds
 Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 'Tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters fad,
 Ye sisters fad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in waeful wise,
 His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grafs,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grafs, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,
In 'flow'ry' bands thou him did'st fetter;
Tho' he was fair and weil beluv'd again,
Than me, he never luvè thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luvè,
My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing;
 Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
 But e'er the toofal of the night
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning;
 But lang e'er night the spear was flown
 That flew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
 My luvè nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive with threatenng words to muve me,
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can'st thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Yet lye all night between my briefts,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my briefts,
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy useles forrow,
 Thy luer heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

S O N G L X I X .

THE BRAES OF YARROW*.

BY MR. JOHN LOGAN,

ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF LEITH.

“ THY Braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!

“ When first on them I met my lover ;

“ Thy Braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !

“ When now thy waves his body cover !

“ For ever now, O Yarrow stream !

“ Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;

“ For never on thy banks shall I

“ Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

“ He promis’d me a milk-white steed,

“ To bear me to his fathers bower’s ;

“ He promis’d me a little page,

“ To ’squire me to his father’s towers ;

“ He promis’d me a wedding ring,—

“ The wedding-day was fix’d to-morrow ;—

“ Now he is wedded to his grave,

“ Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

“ Sweet were his words when last we met :

“ My passion I as freely told him !

“ Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought

“ That I should never more behold him !

* The air is supposed to be that of the preceding song.

“ Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost,
“ It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow ;
“ Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
“ And gave a doleful groan thro’ Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window look’d
“ With all the longing of a mother ;
“ His little sister weeping walk’d
“ The green-wood path to meet her brother :
“ They sought him east, they him west,
“ They sought him all the forest thorough ;
“ They only saw the cloud of night,
“ They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

“ No longer from thy window look,
“ Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
“ No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
“ Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
“ No longer seek him east or west,
“ And search no more the forest thorough !
“ For, wandering in the night so dark,
“ He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

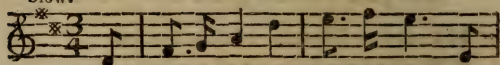
“ The tear shall never leave my cheek,
“ No other youth shall be my marrow ;
“ I’ll seek thy body in the stream,
“ And then with thee I’ll sleep in Yarrow.”

The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

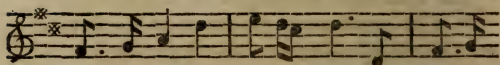
S O N G LXX.

WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE, BE BONNY.

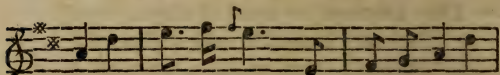
Slow.



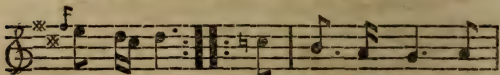
O waly, wa-ly up the bank, And



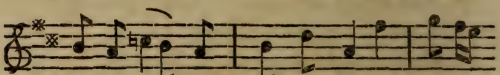
wa-ly, wa-ly down the brae, And wa-ly



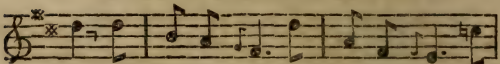
wa-ly yon burn-fide, Where I and my love



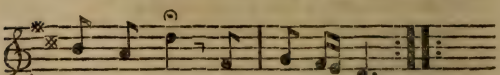
wont to gae. I lean'd my back un -



to an aik, I thought it was a trusty



tree, But first it bow'd, and fyne it brak, Sae



my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And fays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-feat * shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

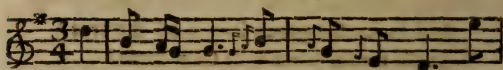
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency,
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I my fell in cramasie.

* A high hill near Edinburgh.

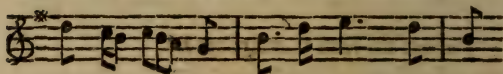
But had I wist, before I kifs'd,
 That love had been so ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee;
 And I my self were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be!

S O N G LXXI.

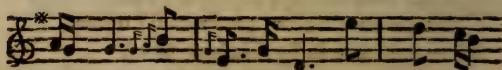
LADY ANN BOTHWEL'S 'LAMENT.'



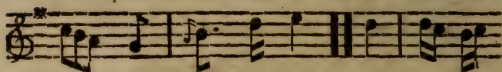
Ba - low, my boy, ly still and sleep, It



grieves me fore to hear thee weep: If 'thou'lt



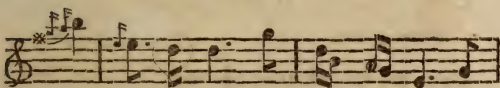
be si - lent I'll be glad, Thy mourning



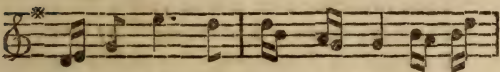
makes my heart full fad. Ba - low, my



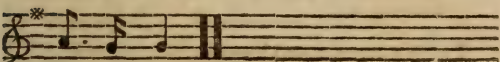
boy, thy mother's joy, Thy father's bred



me great an-noy. Ba-low, my boy, ly



still and sleep, It grieves me sore to



hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou 'wak'st,' then sweetly smile;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid:
 But in 'thine eye' his look I see,
 'The tempting look that ruin'd me.'
Balow, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move;

His tempting face and flattering chear
 In time to me did not appear ;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, &c.

I was too credulous at the first
 To grant thee 'all' a maiden durst ;
 'Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 'Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
 'But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 'Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.'

Balow, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young 'men's' flatt'ry I'd refrain ;
 For now unto my grief I find;
 They 'all are' faithless and unkind,
 Their tempting charms 'bred all' my harms,
 Witness my babe lyes in my arms.

Balow, &c.

I take my fate from 'bad' to worse,
 That I must needs 'be now' a nurse,
 And lull my young son in my lap ;
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap :
 Balow, my boy, thy mother mild
 Shall sing, as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, &c.

Balow, my child, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her 'fond' heart;
 For too soon trusting latest 'finds'
 That fairest tongues have falsest minds.

Balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's 'fled,'
 When he the thriftless son has play'd;
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me:
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Makes him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, &c.

Farewel, farewel, thou falsest youth,
 That ever kifs'd a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesy;
 For if she do, O! cruel thou
 'Wilt' her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, &c.

'But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 'Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:'
 Perhaps at death; 'for' who can tell,
 Whether the judge of heaven and hell,

‘ By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 ‘ And laid the dear deceiver low.’

Balow, &c.

I wish I were into ‘ the’ bounds
 Where he lies smother’d in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call’d his fair :
 No woman is so fiercely set,
 But ‘ she’ll’ forgive, tho’ not forget.

Balow, &c.

If linnen lacks, for my love’s sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make,
 My smock, once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet :
 Ay me ! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne’er been wrapt therein !

Balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I’ll weep for thee,
 ‘ Too soon, alake thou’lt weep for me !’
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come !
 Born to ‘ sustain,’ thy mother’s shame ;
 A hapless fate, a bastard’s name !

Balow, &c.



SCOTTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE SECOND.

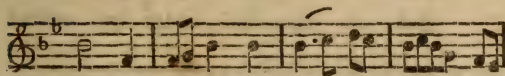
SONG I.

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

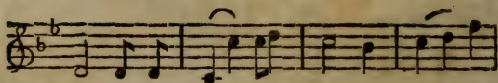
BY KING JAMES V.



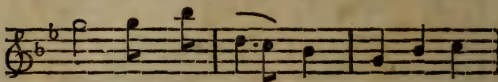
The paw-ky auld carle came o'er the



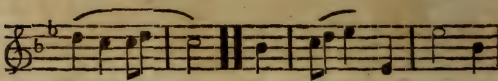
lee, Wi' many good e'ens and days to



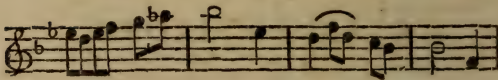
me, Saying, goodwife, for your courte-



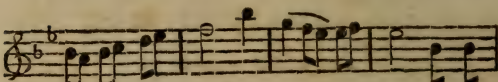
sie, Will you lodge a fil - ly poor



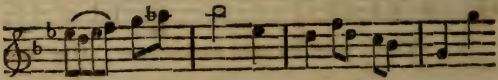
man? The night was cauld, the



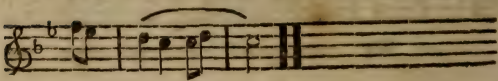
carle was wat, And down a - yont the



in - gle he fat; My daughter's shoulders he



gan to clap, And cadgi - ly ranted



and fang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !

And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa togither were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O ! quo' she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw and lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise awae before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife ;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,

She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lasfs, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her good wife can say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rode upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her ' his' aith ;
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

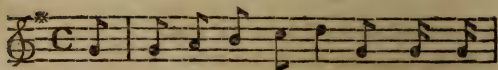
O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Il fardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha'na lear'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie ' on.'
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

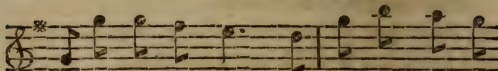
S O N G II.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

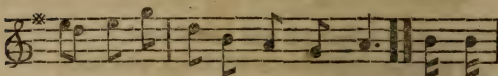
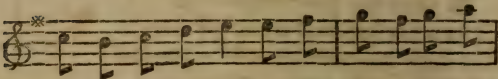
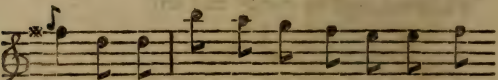
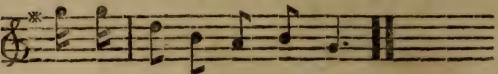
BY THE SAME PRINCE?



There was a jol-ly beg-gar, and a



begging he was 'boun,' And he took up his

quarters in - to a land'art town. *'And we'll**gang nae mair a rov-ing, Sae late in-to the**night, And we'll gang nae mair a rov-ing, boys,**Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.'*

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in a hint the ha' door, or else a fore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean
straw and hay,

And in a hint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the
door,

And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, fir, ye'll waken our good-
man.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word
he spake,

Until he got his turn done, fyne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me
true,

And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my
dow?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle
 wrang.

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the meal pocks and flang them
 o'er the wa';

The d—l gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead
 and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of
 Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses
 three,

And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nu-
 rice-fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
 and shrill,

And four-and twenty-belted knights came skipping
 o'er the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

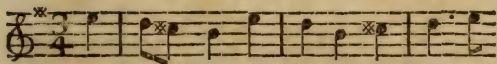
The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder
height:

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!

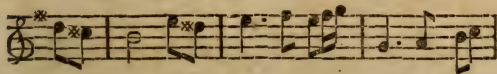
And we'll gang na mair, &c.

S O N G I I I.

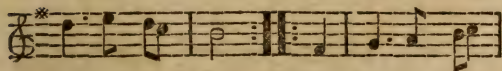
T H E C O C K L A I R D.



A cock laird, fou cadgie, With Jenny



did meet, He haws'd her, he kifs'd her, And



ca'd her his sweet. Wilt thou gae a -



lang wi' me, Jen-ny, Jen - ny? Thouse
VOL. I. S 2



be my ain lemmane, Jo Jen-ny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
 Ye maunna fail
 To feast me with caddels,
 And good hacket-kail.
 The deel's in your nicety,
 Jenny, quoth he ;
 Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
 Be as good for thee ?

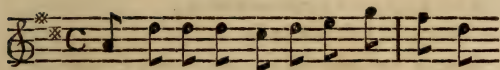
And I maun hae pinner,
 With pearling fet round,
 A skirt of puddy,
 And a wastecoa of broun.
 Awa with sic vanities,
 Jenny, quoth he ;
 For kurchis and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a year
 As had us in pottage
 And good knockit beer ;
 But having nae tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quoth he.

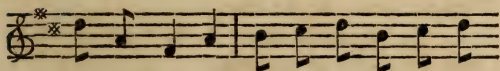
The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Abeit they foud break :
 When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
 When we make them lairds
 In the abbey, quoth she*.

S O N G IV.

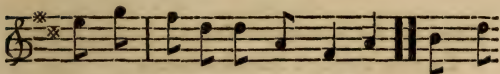
M Y J O J A N E T.



Sweet fir, for your courte-sie, When ye come

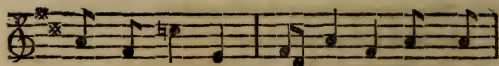


by the Bafs then, For the love ye bear to

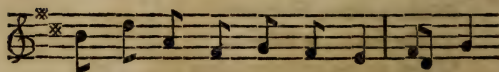


me, Buy me a keeking glafs then. Keek in-

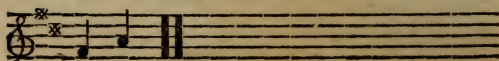
* To make them lairds in the abbey is to compel them to seek protection within the verge or precinct of Holyrood-house, where debtors are privileged from arrests.



to the draw well, Jan-et, Jan-et; And



there ye'll see ye'r bon-ny fel, My jo



Jan-et.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa in,
 Syne a' my kin will say and fwear,
 I drown'd my fell for fin.
 Had the better be the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better be the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Good fir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain ye haff a year,
 My jo Janet.

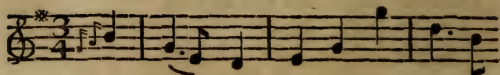
But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind fir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-weel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My jo Janet.

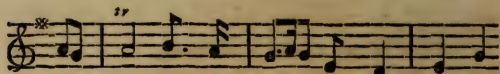
My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, fir,
 To keep the temper pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, fir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My jo Janet.

SONG V.
AULD ROB MORRIS.

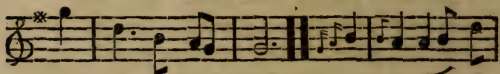
MITHER.



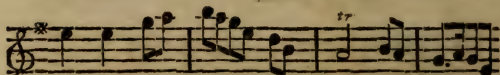
[There's] Auld Rob Morris that wins in



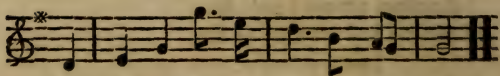
yon glen, He's the king of good fellows



and wale of auld men, Has fourscore of



black sheep, and four-score too; [And] Auld



Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that a bee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:

They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he's fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too:
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
His a— it sticks out like ony peet-creel;
He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-ey'd too:
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

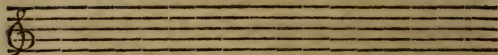
Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye shouldna be so ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

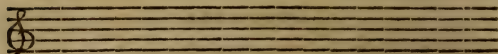
But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live w'him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

S O N G VI.

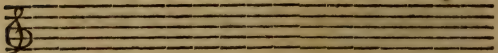
NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.



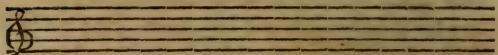
I chanc'd to meet an airy blade, A new-made



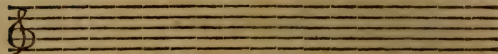
pulpiteer, laddie, With cock'd up hat and pow-



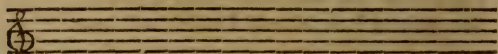
der'd wig, Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie;



A long cravat at him did wag, And buckles



at his knee, laddie; Says he, My heart, by



Cupid's dart, Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death ;
 So cease and let me be, laddie.
 For what ? says he. Good troth, said I,
 No dominies for me, laddie :
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies conjunct-fee, laddie :
 When books and gowns are all cried down,
 No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll flece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,
 And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye shou'd chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?
 Naething wad be reserv'd for them
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.

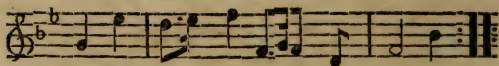
At this he angry was, I wat,
 He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie :
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, laddie.
 Fare ye well, my charming maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie,
 At the next offer hold him fast,
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,
 And coming down the town, laddie,

By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie :
 Fools on ceremonies stand,
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
 Where we exchang'd a word, laddie :
 We had nae use for black gowns there,
 We married o'er the sword, laddie.
 Martial drums is music fine,
 Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie ;
 Gold, red and blue, is more divine
 Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
 Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;
 While dominies are much employ'd
 'Bout whores and sackcloth-gowns, laddie.
 Away wi' a' these whining loons,
 They look like Let me be, laddie ;
 I've more delight in roaring guns ;
 No dominies for me, laddie.



woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My 'minny,' or my aunty?
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty;
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty;
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry:
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
 And ay until the day be died,
 He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,
 A docken till a tanfie?
 I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,

And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like fugar-candy.

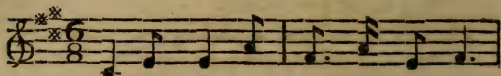
Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm fure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Pare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid fword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

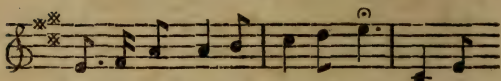
Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna mis to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,
Set some where else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nanfy.

SONG VIII.

LASS GIN YE LO'E ME TELL ME NOW.



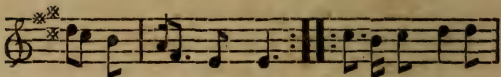
I ha'e laid a her-ring in fa't,



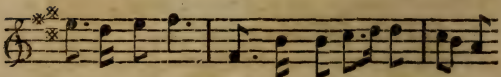
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now! I ha'e



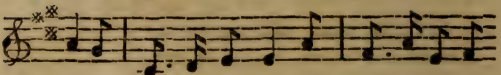
brew'd a forget o' ma't, an' I canna come



il-ka day to woo. I ha'e a calf will



foon be a cow, Lafs gin ye loe me tell me



now! I ha'e a pig will foon be a fow,



an' I canna come il - ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now !
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo,
 I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn,
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now !
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

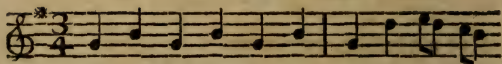
I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak' me now !
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf,
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak' me now !
 I downa eat it a' myself ;
 And I winna come ony mair to woo *.

* There seems to exist an older song with a similar burden; as Lord Hailes, in his notes on the "Wowing of Jok and Jynny," ("Ancient Scottish Poems, 1770.") gives the following lines from "a more modern Scottish ballad:"

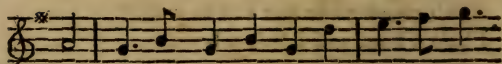
I ha a wie lairdschip down in the Merse,
 The nynetenth part of a gusse's gerse,
 And I wo'na cam every day to wow.

S O N G IX.

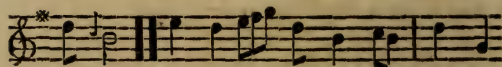
FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN.



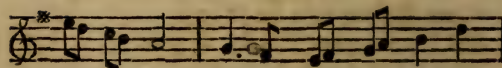
Jocky faid to Jean-y, Jeany, wilt thou



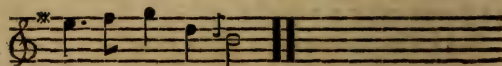
do't? Ne'er a fit, quo' Jean-y, for my toch-



ergood; For my tochergood, I win - na



marry thee. E'ens ye like, quo' Jon-ny,



ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire;
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be:
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany faid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lafs my fell:
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

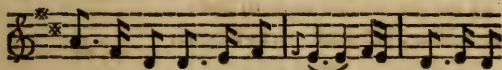
SONG X.

BY J. D.

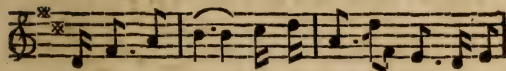
Tune, *Happy Dick Dawson.*



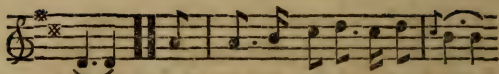
I lo'e na a lad-die but ane, He



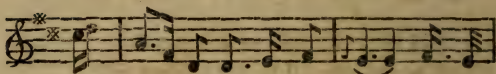
lo'es na a lass-ie but me; He's willing to



mak' me his ain, An' his ain I'm willing to



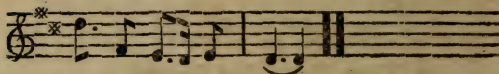
be : He coft me a roke-ly o' blue,



A pair o' mittens o' green, An' his



price was a kifs o' my mou ; An' I paid



him the debt yef - treen.

My mither's ay makin a phraze,

That I'm lucky young to be wed ;

But lang ere she countit my days,

O me she was brought to bed :

Sae mither, just settle your tongue,

An' dinna be flytin' sae bauld ;

For we can do the thing whan we're young

That we canna do weel whan we're auld.

S O N G XI.

HAD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD*.

O Will you hae ta tartan plaid,
 Or will you hae ta ring, mattam?
 Or will you hae ta kifs o' me?
 And dats ta pretty ting, mattam.
 Had awa', bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 I'll neither kifs nor hae a ring,
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald,

O see you not her ponny progues,
 Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, mattam?
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,
 And a shoulter-pelt apoon, mattam?
 Had awa', bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,
 Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough
 Tan him who wears ta crown, mattam;
 Hersell hae pistol and claymore
 Ta flie ta lallant lown, mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had away frae me, Donald;

* See before, p. 55.

For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hurfell hae a short coat pi pote,
No trail my feets at rin, mattam ;
A cutty fark of good harn sheet,
My mitter he be spin, mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, mattam,
But shug your lenno in a scull,
And tidel highland fang, mattam ;
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
Your jogging sculls and highland fang
Will found but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning when him rise
Ye's get fresh whey for tea, mattam ;
Sweet milk an ream as much you please,
Far cheaper tan pohea, mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had away' frae me, Donald ;
I winna quit my morning's tea.
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,
And tats ta ponny speak, mattam ;
Ye's get a cheefe, an butter-kirn,
Come wi' me kin ye like, mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
Your Gallic and your highland chear
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye's pe ket a filder protch
Pe pigger as the moon, mattam ;
Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
For a' your highland rarities,
You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a protty man like me, mattam ?
Sae langs claymore pe po my side,
I'll nefer marry tee, mattam.
O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald ;
I wadna quit my highland man :
Frae Lallands fet me free, Donald.

S O N G XII.

THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY*.



Robeyns Jok come to wow our Jynny, On our



feist-evin quhen we wer fow; Scho brankit



fast and maid hir bony, And said, Jok, come



ye for to wow ! Scho burneist hir baith breist

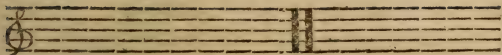


and brow, And maid her cleir as ony klok ;



Then spak hir deme, and said, I trow, Ye come

* Written before 1568.



to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok said, Forfuth I zern full fane,
 To luk my heid, and sit down by zow.
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,
 My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge zow;
 Te he, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I se zow;
 Muder, yone man maks zow a mok.
 I schro the lyar, full leis me zow,
 I come to wow zour Jynny, quoth Jok.

My berne, fcho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futbraid sawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ze weill ken,
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten :
 Come ze to wow our Jynny, Jok ?

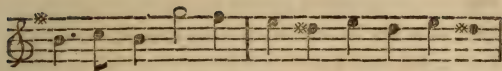
Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane schule, ane schein, and 'ane' lang 'flail',
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,
 Ane milk syth, with ane swyne taill,

Ane rowsty quhittill to fcheir the kaill,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knock,
 Ane coig, 'ane' caird wantand ane naill:
 Come ze to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-fek,
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd, Ane feist; and slew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell up alland:
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

Now, deme, I haif zour bairne mareit;
 Suppois ye mak it nevir fa twche,
 I latt zou wit schois nocht miskarrit,
 It is weill kend gud haif I annwch:
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,
 Ane spaidd, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche,
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als an cradill,
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padell,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,



dal, de ral, dal, la, la, ral, la, dal, dal,



dal.]

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee;
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 'Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doughter's love to win;
 I care no for making meikle din,
 What answer gi' ye me?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, fin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town?
 I think my doghter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
 I scorn to tell a lie:
 Besides, I had frae the great laird
 A peat pat, and a lang-kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she did na gleom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
 And for my sell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.
 He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.
 The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your fell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa ;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no meikle,
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;

Troth I dow do no mair.
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't ;
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythsome lad and lass ;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.

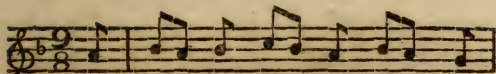
This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie;
 Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses' e'en,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

SONG XIV.

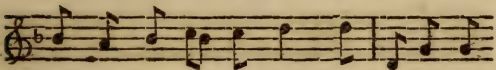
MAGIE'S TOCHER.



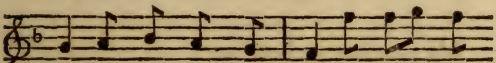
The meal was dear short fyne, We



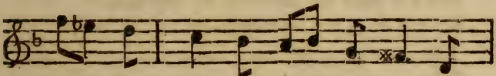
buc-kl'd us a' the gi-ther; And



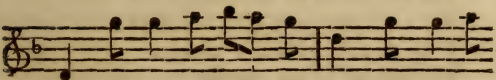
Mag-gie was in her prime, When Willie made



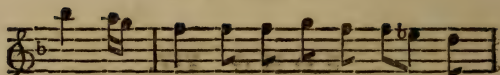
courtship till her: Twa pistals charg'd be -



gues, To gie the court-ing shot; And



fyne came ben the las, Wi' fwats drawn frae the



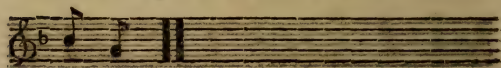
butt. He first speer'd at the guid-man, And



fyne at Giles the mi-ther, An ye wad



gi's a bit land, We'd buc-kle us e'en the



gi-ther.

My daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I'll part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The las bound in her snood,
 And Crummie who kens her stake:
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land :
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither,
 A house is butt and benn,
 And Crummie will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouthor pat nor pan,
 But four barelegs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that you need na fear,
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,
 And ye your fell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grôts,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,

'The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare :
 'The fadle's nane of my ain,
 An thae's but borrowed boots ;
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my coots :
 'The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 'That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll make na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But fin that things are fae,
 'The bride she maun come furth,
 'Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither :
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.
 'The bride she gade till her bed,
 'The bridegroom he came till her ;
 'The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,
To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

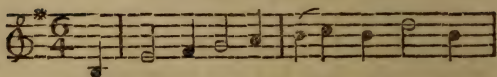
Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
Weill bukkit with a brydill renze,
Ane fark maid of the Linkome twyne,
Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenze,
And zit for mister I will nocht fenze,
Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flock;
Call ze nocht that ane joly menze,
To gang togidder Jynny and Jok?

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone,
Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
All graith that gains to hobbill schone,
Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,
Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok,
Ane scheip weill kepit fra ill wedder,
To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

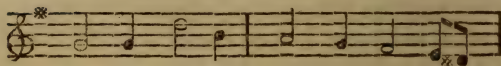
Tak thair for my parte of the feist;
It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
Ze may nocht say my parte is leist.
The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill ar foddin,
And als the laverok is fust and loddin;
Quhen ze haif done tak hame the brok.
The rost wes twche, sa wer thay bodin;
Syn gaid togidder Jynny and Jok.

S O N G XIII.

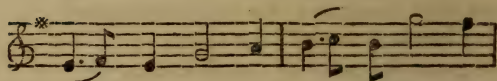
MUIRLAND WILLIE.



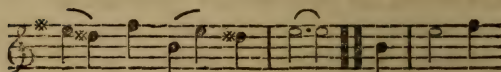
Hark - en, and I will tell you how Young



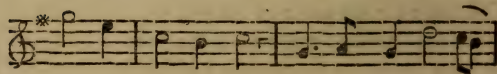
Muirland Wil-lie came to woo, Tho'



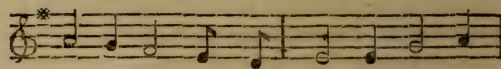
he could nei-ther fay nor do; The



truth I tell to you. But ay he



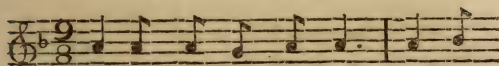
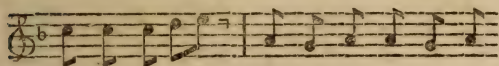
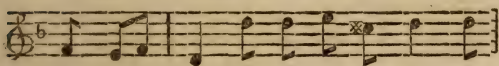
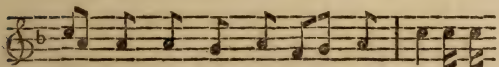
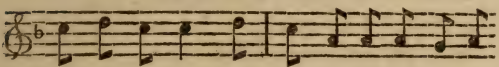
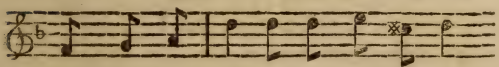
crys, what-e'er be-tide, Mag-gy I'fe ha'e to



be my bride, *With a ful, dal, [dal, dal,*

S O N G X V.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

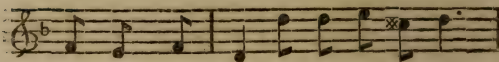
*Woo'd and mar-ried and a', Woo'd and**mar-ried and a', Was she not ve-ry weel**aff, Was woo'd and married and a'. The**bride came out of the byre, And O as she**dight-ed her cheeks, Sirs I'm to be married the**night, And has nei-ther blan-ket nor sheets;*



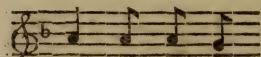
Has neither blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a



co-ver-let too; The bride that has a' to



borrow, Has e'en right meikle a-do.



Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough;
 O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our bra' bafin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade!
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither;
 What d—l needs a' this pride?

I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsy-woolsey,
 And ne'er a fark, ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons aud buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas :
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo ;
 And we'll get a las o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths enew.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie ;
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
 For you're baith proud and faucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sifter,
 As she came in frae the byre ;

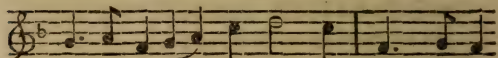
O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire :
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can ;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd but get a man.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

S O N G XVI.

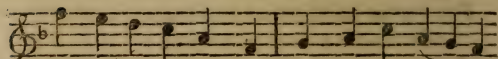
THE BLYTHSOME 'BRIDAL.'



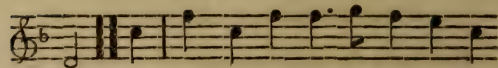
Fy let us all to the briddel, For



there will be lilt - ing there; For Jockie's to be



marry'd to Maggie, The lads with the gaud-en



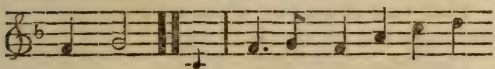
hair. And there will be lang-kail and pottage,



And bannocks of bar-ley meal, And there will



be good falt herring, To re-lish a kog of

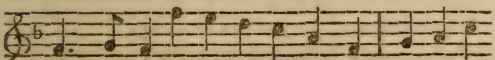


good ale.

Fy let us all to the



briddel, For there will be lilt-ing there, For



Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie, The lass with the



gaud-en hair.

And there will be Sandie the sutor,

And 'Will' with the meikle mow ;

And there will be Tom the 'bluter,'

And Andrew the tinkler I trow.

And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
 With thumbless Kettie's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Peatie,
 And plouckie-fac'd Wat in the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Gibbie, and Francie,
 That wons in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Dowgal,
 That splee-fitted Bessie did woo,
 And sneevling Lillie, and Tibbie,
 And Kirstie, that belly-god sow.
Fy let us all, &c.

And Crampie that married Stainie,
 And coft him [grey] breeks to his arse,
 'Wha after was' hanged for stealing,
 Great mercy it hapned na warfe :
 And there will be fairntickl'd Hew,
 And Bess with the lily-white leg,
 That 'gade' to the fouth for breeding,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg *.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be Geordie Mc Cowrie,
 And blinking daft Barbra ' Macleg,'

* A large old-fashioned cannon, made of iron bars, and capable of holding two-people. It was (for some reason of state, perhaps) lately removed from Edinburgh to the Tower.

And there will be blencht Gillie-whimble,
 And pewter-fac'd flitching Joug ;
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nanzie,
 And fairy-fac'd Jeanie be name,
 Gleed Kittie, and fat-lugged Lizie,
 The las with the gauden wame.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 And his glaked wife Jennie Bell,
 And mizlie chin'd flyting Geordie,
 The lad that was skipper himsell.
 There'll be all the lads and the lasses,
 Set down in the midst of the ha,
 With sybows, and ryfarts, and carlings,
 That are both foddan and ra.
Fy let us all, &c.

There will be tartan, dragen and brachen,
 And fouth of good gappoks of skate,
 Pow-sodie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And callour nout feet in a plate ;
 And there will be partons and buckies,
 Speldens and haddocks anew,
 And sing'd sheep-heads, and a haggize,
 And scadlips to sup till ye're fow.
Fy let us all, &c.

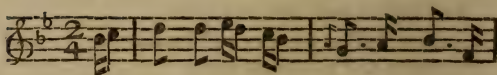
There will be good lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and fardles and baps,

With swaets, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandie in floups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 And skink to sup till you rive ;
 And rosts to rost on a brander
 Of flouks that was taken alive.
Fy let us all, &c.

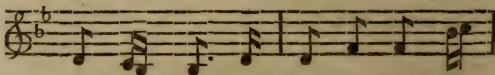
Scrap haddocks, wilks, dilse, and tangles,
 And a mill of good sneezing to prie ;
 Then weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
For there will be lilting there ;
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The las with the gauden hair.

SONG XVII.

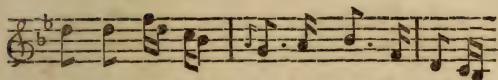
JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.



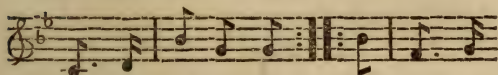
When I was in my fe'ntein year, I



was baith blythe and bon-ny, O, The



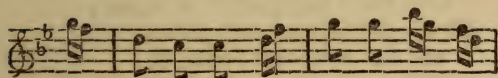
lads loo'd me baith far and near, but I loe'd



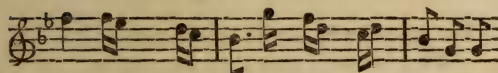
nane but Johnny, O. He gain'd my



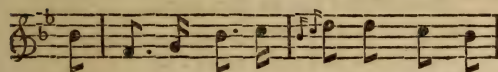
heart in twa three weeks, He spake sae blyth



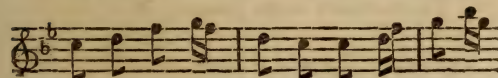
and kind-ly, O ; And I made him new



grey breeks, That fit-ted him most finely, O:



He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, he



spake sae blyth and kind-ly, O ; And I made



him new grey breeks, That fit-ted him most



fine - ly, O.

He was a handsome fellow,
 His humour was baith frank and free,
 His bonny locks fae yellow,
 Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee';
 His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy, O,
 And then a days his green breeks,
 Was neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're thread bare worn,
 They're wider than they wont to be,
 They're tashed like, and fair torn,
 And clouted fair on ilka knee.
 But gin I had a summer's day,
 As I have had right mony, O,
 I'll make a web o' new grey,
 To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's well wordy o' them,
 And better gin I had to gie,

And I'll tak pains upo' them,
 Frae fau'ts I'll strive to keep them free.
 To clead him well shall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O,
 But he maun wear the auld pair,
 A wee, tho' they be duddy, O,

For when the lad was in his prime,
 Like him there was nae mony, O,
 He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
 'Sae' wha wou'd nae lo'e Johnny, O?
 So I lo'e Johnnys grey breeks,
 For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
 And gin we live anither year,
 We'll keep him hail between us yet.

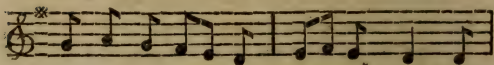
Now to conclude his grey breeks,
 I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee;
 Here's luck to all the grey steeks,
 That shows themselves upo' the knee :
 And if wi' health I'm spaired
 A wee while as I may,
 I shall hae them prepared,
 As well as ony that's o' grey.

SONG XVIII.

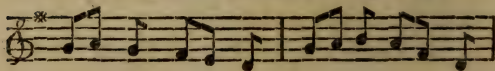
THE AULD GOODMAN.



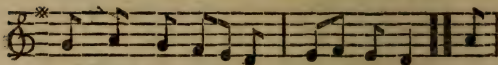
Late in an even-ing forth I went, A



lit - tle be - fore the sun gade down, And



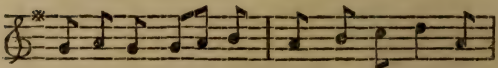
there I chanc'd by ac - ci - dent, To



light on a bat-tle new be-gun. A



man and his wife was fawn in a strife, I



can-na well tell ye how it be-gan; But



ay she wail'd her wretch-ed life, And cry'd



e - ver, a-lake my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan eye, and gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou do fend drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee maintain,
 For mealt and mawt thou disna want ;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear gins to grow scant,
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;
 Of siklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

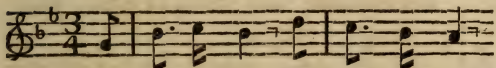
SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

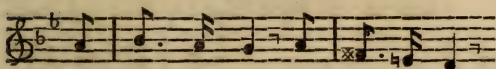
Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day ;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay,
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trowe the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, *Alake my auld goodman.*

S O N G X I X.

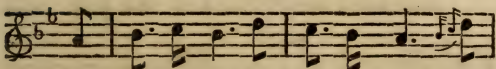
TAKE YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YOU*.



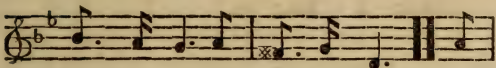
In win-ter when the rain rain'd cauld,



And frost and snaw on ilk - a hill,



And Boreas, with his blasts fae bauld, Was



threat'ning a' our ky to kill: Then

* Dr. Percy, though he supposes this to be originally a Scottish ballad, has given an ancient copy of it, from his folio MS. in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the second) never before printed. See the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, &c. vol. i. p. 190. The additional stanza is as follows:

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?

Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:

It is so bare and overworne,

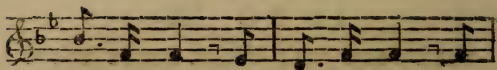
A cricke he thereon cannot renn:

Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,

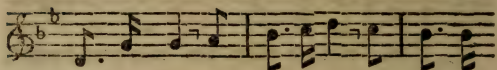
'For once Ile new appareld bee,

To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'

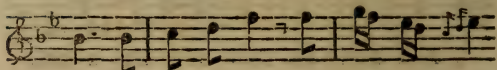
For Ile have a new cloake about me.



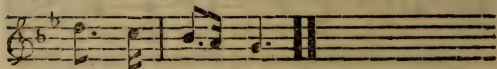
Bell my wife, wha loves na strife, She



faid to me right haft-i-ly, Get up, good-



man, fave Cromy's life, And tak your auld



cloak a - bout ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The fun shines frae the lift fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year;

Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun :
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee *.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool.
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I fit hurklen in the ase ;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

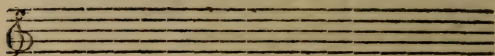
Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken ;

* This stanza, with a little variation, as "king *Stephen*" for "king *Robert*" is sung by Iago, in Shakspeares tragedy of *Othello*, act ii. scene 3.

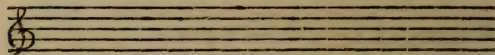
And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

S O N G XX*.

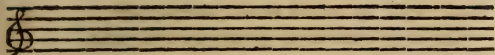


Get up, gude wyfe, don on your claife, And to

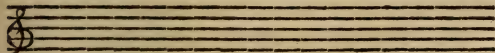


the market make you boune, 'Tis lang tyme fyne

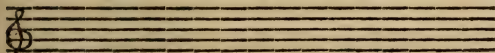
* This song is intituled in the manuscript, from which it is elsewhere mentioned to be given, "a Scotch brawle." The orthography is not every where that of the original, owing to the manifest ignorance or affectation of the English copyist.



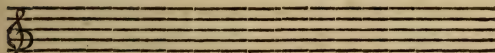
your neighbours raise, They're weel nye gotten



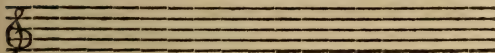
unto the towne: See you don on your better



gowne, And gar the lassie big on the fyre; Dame,



doe not looke as ye wad frowne, But doe the



thing whilk I defyre.

I speere what haift ye hae, gude man,
 Your mither staid till ye war borne;
 Wad ye be at the tother can,
 To scour your throat so sune this morne?
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
 That yee sud with my rising mel;
 For when ye have baith said and sworne,
 Ile do but what I like mysel.

Gude wyfe we maun needs have a care
 Sae lang's we wun in neighbours rawe,
 On neighbour hood to tak a share,
 And rise up when the cocke does crowe ;
 For I have harde an auld said sawe,
 They that rise the last big on the fire,
 What wind or weather so ever blawe,
 Dame, do the thing quilke I desire.

Nay, what do ye talk of neighbourhead,
 Gif I lig in my bed while noone,
 By na mans shins I bake my bread,
 And ye need not reck what I ha done ;
 Nay, luik to th' clouting o' yer shoone,
 And with my rising do not mel,
 For gin ye lig baith sheets abone,
 Ile do but what I wil mysel.

Gud wife, we maun needs tak a care,
 To save the geer that we ha wun,
 Or lye away bath plow and carre,
 And hang up Ring * when all is done :
 Then may our bairnes a begging runne,
 To seeke their mister in the myre,
 So fair a thread as we hae spun,
 Dame, do the thing that I require.

* " The dog."

Gude man, ye may weel a begging gang,
 Ye seeme fae weel to beare the poake,
 Ye may as weel gang fune as fyne,
 To seeke your meat amang gude folk;
 In ilka house yese get a loake,
 When ye come whar yer gossips dwell :—
 Nay, lo you luke fae like a goake,
 Ile do but what I list mysel.

Gude wyfe, you promi's'd, when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey,
 Sir John can witness what you said,
 And I'll go fetch him in this day;
 And gif that haly man will say
 Yese do the thing that I defyre,
 Then sal we fune end up this fray;
 Dame, do the thing that I require.

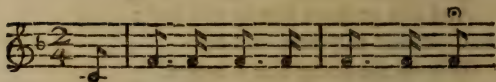
I nowther care for Jone nor Jacke,
 Ile tak my leasure at myne ease,
 I care no what you say a placke,
 You may go fetch him gin ye please;
 And gin ye want ane of a mease,
 You may eene gae fetch the deelee in hell;
 Nay, I wad you wad let your japin cease,
 For Ile do but quhat I like mysel.

Wel, fine it wil nae better bee,
 'Ile' tak my share or all be gane;
 VOL. I. Y 5

The warst card in my hand sal flee,
 And, ifaith, I wait I can shifte for ane :
 Ile fel the plew, and lay to wed the waine,
 And the greatest spender sal beare the bell ;
 And than, when all the goods are gane,
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel.

S O N G X X I .

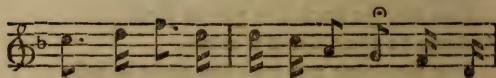
GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.



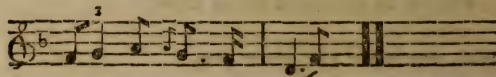
It fell a - bout the Martin-mas time,



And a gay time it was then, When



our goodwife got puddings to make, And she's



boil'd them in the pan.

The wind fae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor :
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
“ Gae out and bar the door.”

“ My hand is in my huffy’f skap,
Goodman, as ye may see,
An it shou’d na be barr’d this hundred year,
It’s no be barr’d for me.”

They made a paction ’tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure ;
That the first word whae’er shou’d speak,
Shou’d rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o’clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

“ Now, whether is this a rich man’s house ?
Or whether is it a poor ?”
But never a word wad ane o’ them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black ;
Tho’ muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet ne’er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
 “ Here, man, tak ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man’s beard,
 And I’ll kifs the goodwife.”

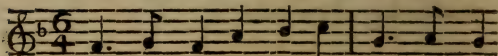
“ But there’s nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than ?”
 “ What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 That boils into the pan ?”

O up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he ;
 “ Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi’ pudding bree ?”

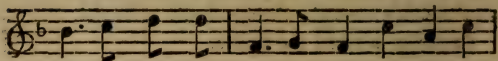
Then up and started our goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor ;
 “ Goodman, you’ve spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.”

S O N G XXII.

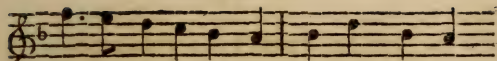
DRUKEN WIFE O’ GALLOWAY.



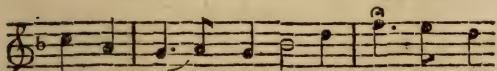
Down in yon meadow a cou - ple did



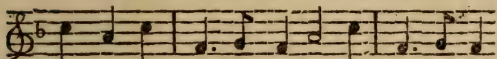
tarrie, The good-wife she drank naething but



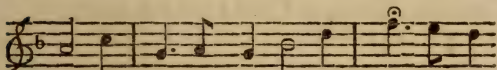
sack and ca-na-ry; The goodman complain'd



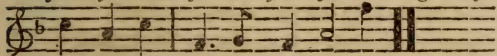
to her friends right air-ly, O' gin my



wife wad drink boo-ly and fair-ly. [*Hoo-ly and*



fair-ly, boo-ly and fair-ly, O' gin my



wife wad drink boo-ly and fair-ly.]

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.
O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely.
O! gin &c.

Wad she drink her any things, I wadna care,
 But she drinks my claiths I canna' weel spare;
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly.
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she's laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
 For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse;
 If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
 She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu',
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.
O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
wants ;

She rants up some fool sang, like, Up ye'r heart
Charlie.

O ! gin, &c.

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lassies she ca's baith b—s and j—s,

And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O ! gin, &c.

S O N G XXIII.



Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame



came he ; And then he saw a faddle horse,



Where nae horse should be. O how came this



horse here ? How can this be ? How came this



horfe here, Without the leave o' me? A horfe



quo' she: Ay, a horfe! quo' he. Ye auld



blind dotard carle, Blind mat ye be, 'Tis nae-



thing but a bonny milk cow, My minny sent



to me. A milk cow! quo' he: Ay, a milk



cow, quo' she. Far hae I ridden, And meikle



hae I seen, But a faddle on a cows back Saw



I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he ;
 He spy'd a pair of jackboots,
 Where nae boots should be.

What's this now goodwife ?
 What's this I see ?
 How came these boots there
 Without the leave o' me !

Boots ! quo' she :
 Ay, boots, quo' he.
 Shame fa' your cuckold face,
 And ill mat ye see,
 It's but a pair of water stoups
 The cooper sent to me.

Water stoups ! quo' he :
 Ay, water stoups, quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden,
 And farer hae I gane,
 But filler spurs on water stoups
 Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he ;
 And then he saw a [filler] sword,
 Where a sword should nae be :.

What's this now, goodwife ?
 What's this I see ?

O how came this sword here,
Without the leave o' me?

A sword ! quo' she :

Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat you see,
It's but a parridge spurtle
My minnie sent to me.

[A parridge spurtle ! quo' he :

Ay, a parridge spurtle, quo' she.]

Weil, far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen ;
But filler handed [parridge] spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he ;
There he spy'd a powder'd wig,
Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, goodwife ?
What's this I see ?
How came this wig here,
Without the leave o' me.

A wig ! quo' she :

Ay, a wig, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat you see,

'Tis naething but a clocken hen
My minnie sent to me.

[A] clocken hen ! quo' he :
Ay, a clocken hen, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I feen,
But powder on a clocken-hen,
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he ;
And there he saw a muckle coat,
Where nae coat shou'd be.

O how came this coat here ?
How can this be ?
How came this coat here
Without the leave o' me ?

A coat ! quo' she :
Ay, a coat, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carl,
Blind mat ye be,
It's but a pair of blankets
My minnie sent to me.

Blankets ! quo' he :
Ay, blankets, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen,
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,
 And ben went he ;
 And there he spy'd a sturdy man,
 Where nae man should be.

How came this man here ?
 How can this be ?
 How came this man here,
 Without the leave o' me ?

A man ! quo' she :
 Ay, a man, quo' he.
 Poor blind body,
 And blinder mat ye be,
 It's a new milking maid,
 My mither sent to me.

A maid ! quo' he :
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen,
 But lang-bearded maidens,
 ' Saw I' never nane.

S O N G XXIV.



In the land of Fife there liv'd a wicked



wife, And in the town of Couper then, Who



forely did lament, and made her complaint, O



when will ye die, my auld man ?

In came her coufin Kate, when it was growing late,
She said, What's good for an auld man ?
O wheat-bread and wine, and a kinnen new slain,
That's good for an auld man.

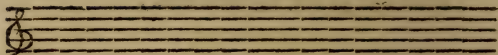
Came ye in to jeer, or came you to scorn,
Or what came you for in ?
For 'bear'-bread and water, I'm sure is much better,
It's o'er good for an auld man.

Now the auld man's dead, and without remead,
 Into his cauld grave he is gane;
 Lie still, wi' my blessing, of thee I ha'næ missing,
 I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair then three quarters of a year,
 She was marry'd to a young man then,
 Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,
 And spent more gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and how grew her e'en,
 And cauld grew her pat and her pan:
 And now she sighs, and ay she says,
 I wish I had my silly auld man.

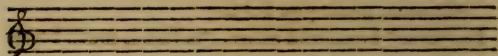
SONG XXV.



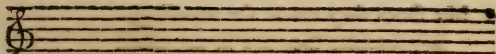
My father has forty good shillings, Ha! ha!



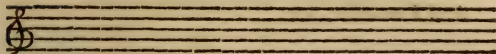
good shillings! And never had daughter but



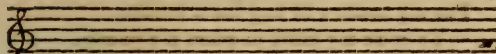
I; My mother she is right willing, Ha! ha!



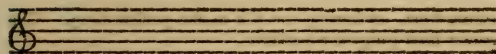
right willing ! That I shall have all when they



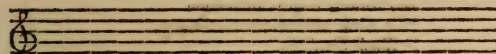
die. And I wonder when I'll be marry'd



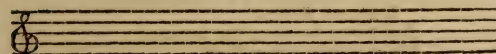
Ha ! ha ! be marry'd ! My beauty begins to



decay ; It's time to catch hold of somebody,



Ah ! somebody ! Before 'it' be all run away.



And I wonder when I'll be marry'd *.

* The correction *it*, instead of *they*, the reading of the original, is from an old English ballad, in the black letter, intitled, “ *The Maidens sad complaint for want of a Husband.* To the new *West country* tune, or, *Hogh*, when shall I be married ? By L. W. (a misprint, as it should seem, for J. W. i. e. John Wade) the first, second, and fifth stanzas whereof (for there are fourteen in all) are either

My shoes they are at the mending,
 My buckles they are in the chest;
 My stockings are ready for sending :
 Then I'll be as brave as the rest.
 And I wonder, &c.

My father will buy me a ladle,
 At my wedding we'll have a good song ;
 For my uncle will buy me a cradle,
 To rock my child in when it's young.
 And I wonder, &c.

taken from, or have given rise to the present song. The reader shall judge for himself.

O when shall I be married,
Hogb be married?
 My beauty begins to decay :
 'Tis time to find out somebody,
Hogb somebody,
 'Before it is quite gone away.

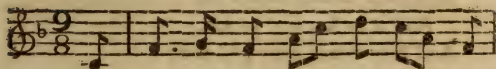
My father hath forty good shillings,
Hogb good shillings.
 And never had daughter but me :
 My mother is also willing,
Hogb so willing,
 That I shall have all if she die.

My mother she gave me a ladle,
Hogb a ladle,
 And that for the present lies by :
 My aunt she hath promist a cradle,
Hogb a cradle,
 When any man with me does lie.

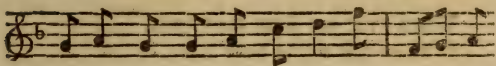
S O N G XXVI.

S L I G H T E D N A N S Y.

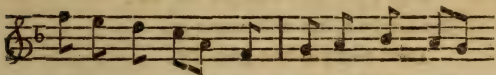
To the tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*



'Tis I have seven braw new gowns, And



i-ther seven better to mak, And yet for



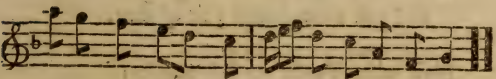
a' my new gowns, My woo-er has turn'd



his back. Be-fides I have se-ven milk-ky



And San-dy he has but three; And yet for



a' my good ky, The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dikes,
 My mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodgel las,
 And the filler comes linkin in :
 The filler comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !
 What ails the lads at me ?

When ever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in :
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane goes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin,
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but ane i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I gat a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,

And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O! and what'll come o' me?
And O! and what'll I do?
'That sic a braw lassie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow! *

S O N G XXVII.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

To the tune, *An' the Kirk wad let me be* †.

BY MR. ALEXANDER ROSS,
SCHOOL-MASTER AT LOCHLEE.

I AM a batchelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
An' few I see gang out mair handsome,
To kirk or to market than me;

* In the Orpheus Caledonius, where the first, fourth, and fifth of the above stanzas are entirely omitted, the last verse is as follows:

I had an auld wife to my minny,
And wow gin she kept me lang,
And now the carlin's dead,
And I'll do what I can.
And I'll do what I can,
Wi' my twenty pound and my cow;
But wow it's an unco thing
That na body comes to wooe.

The tune is, likewise, very different.

† See before, p. 241.

I have outfight and insight and credit,
 And from any eelift I'm free,
 I'm well enough boarded and bedded,
 And what ails the lasses at me?

My boughts of good store are no scanty,
 My byrs are well stocked wi' ky,
 Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,
 An' twa' or three easments forby.
 An' horse to ride out when they're weary,
 An' cock with the best they can see,
 An' then be ca'd dawty and deary,
 I fairly what ails them at me.

Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them,
 An' a' the gates o't that I ken,
 An' when they leugh o' me, I trow'd them,
 An' thought I had won, but what then;
 When I speak of matters they grumble,
 Nor are condescending and free,
 But at my proposals ay stumble,
 I wonder what ails them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland and lowland,
 Where I a good bargain cud see,
 But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,
 Or say they wad buckle wi' me.
 With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,
 Been with them baith modest and free,

But whatever way I carefs'd them,
There's something still ails them at me.

O, if I kend how but to gain them,
How fond of the knack wad I be !
Or what an address could obtain them,
It should be twice welcome to me.
If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
That trade I should drive till I die ;
But, however I study to ease them,
They've still an exception at me.

There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshake,
An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
No sooner they speak to the wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben ;
But when I speak to them that's stately,
I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
An' get the denial right flatly ;
What, think ye, can ail them at me ?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
If they wad but hearken to me,
And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
If they their consent wad but gee ;
Let her that's content write a billet,
An' get it transmitted to me,
I hereby engage to fulfill it,
'Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

BILLET BY JEANY GRADDEN.

DEAR batchleour, I've read your billet,
 Your strait an' your hardships I see,
 An' tell you it shall be fulfilled,
 Tho' it were by none other but me.
 These forty years I've been neglected,
 An' nane has had pity on me;
 Such offers should not be rejected,
 Whoever the offerer be.

For beauty I lay no claim to it,
 Or, may be, I had been away;
 Tho' tocher or kindred could do it,
 I have no pretensions to they:
 The most I can say, I'm a woman,
 An' that I a wife want to be;
 An' I'll tak exception at no man,
 That's willing to tak nane at me.

And now I think I may be cocky,
 Since fortune has smurtl'd on me,
 I'm Jenny, an' ye shall be Jockie,
 'Tis right we together sud be;
 For nane of us cud find a marrow,
 So sadly forfairn were we;
 Fouk sud no at any thing tarrow,
 Whose chance looked naething to be.

On Tuesday speer for Jeany Gradden,
 When I i' my pens ween to be,
 Just at the sign of the Old Maiden,
 Where ye shall be sure to meet me:
 Bring with you the priest for the wedding,
 That a' things just ended may be,
 An' we'll close the whole with the bedding;
 An' wha'll be fae merry as we?

A cripple I'm not, ye forsa me,
 Tho' lame of a hand that I be;
 Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
 Altho' I see but with ae eye:
 But I'm just the chap that you wanted,
 So tightly our state doth agree;
 For nane wad hae you, ye have granted,
 As few I confes wad hae me.

S O N G XXVIII.



Of all the things beneath the sun, To love's



the greatest curse; If one's deny'd, then he's



undone, If not, 'tis ten times worfe. Poor



Adam, by his wife, 'tis known, Was trick'd



some years ago; But Adam was not trick'd



alone, For all his fons were fo.

Lovers the strangest fools are made,
 When they their nymphs pursue;
 Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
 But then, alas! 'tis true.
 They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 Till weary'd out of life;
 And pray what's all this trouble for?
 Why, truly, for a wife.

How odd a thing's a whining sot,
 Who sighs, in greatest need,

For that which, soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed.
 Each maid's an angel while she's woo'd,
 But when the wooing's done,
 The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
 Proves nothing but a bone.

Ills, more or less, in human life,
 No mortal man can shun ;
 But when a man has got a wife,
 He has them all in one.
 The liver of Prometheus
 A gnawing vulture fed ;
 A fable,—but the thing was thus,
 The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
 Was Tantalus's curse ;
 The apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a divorce.
 Let no fool dream, that to his share
 A better wife will fall ;
 They're all the same faith, to a hair,
 For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty noes
 With wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the stocks,
 That they would let him in.

Yet for a lover, we may say,
 He wears no cheating phiz;
 Tho' others looks do oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.

More joys a glafs of wine does give,
 (Wife take him that gainfays)
 Than all the wenches sprung from Eve
 E'er gave in all their days.
 Then come, to lovers here's a glafs;
 God wot they need no curse;
 Each wifhes he may wed his lafs,
 No foul can with him worfe.

S O N G XXIX.

O F E V I L L W Y F F I S .

BY FLEMING.*



Be mirry, bretherene, ane and all, And sett

* Written before 1568. "Every reader," Lord Hailes observes, "will perceive a want of connection in this poem: The first and second stanzas contain moral reflections on the certainty of death; the third is a religious inference; the fourth mentions the dangers attending the profession of a sailor; the fifth insensibly slides into an invective on froward wives; and this subject is carried on through the rest of the poem, with some wit and much acrimony of expression."



all sturt on fyd; And every ane togidder call,



To God to be our gyd: For als lang leivis



the mirry man, As dois the wrech, for ocht he



can; Quhen Deid him streks, he wait nocht



quhan, And chairgis him to byd.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,

Thocht thay haif gold and land,

Nor zit the fair, for thair bewty,

Can nocht that chairge ganestand:

Thocht wicht or waik wald fle away,

No dowt bot all mon ransone pay;

Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,
Be sie, or zit be land.

Quhairfoir, my counsaill, brethir, is,
That we togidder sing,
And all to loif that lord of blifs,
That is of hevynis king :
Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowl,
Off all our haintis round about ;
And he quha thinkis him nevir sa stout,
Mone thoill that puniſſing.

Quhat man but stryf, in all his lyfe,
Doith test moir of deidis pane,
Nor dois the man quhilk on the sie
His leving seikis to gane :
For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
Than to the lord for his redrefs,
Quha gaif command for all exprefs
To call, and nocht refrane.

The myrryest man that leivis on lyfe,
He sailis on the sie ;
For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
Bot blyth and mirry be :
Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe,
Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe :
And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe,
How can he mirry be ?

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht
 That ony man can haif;
 For he may nevir fit in faucht,
 Onless he be hir sklaif:
 Bot of that fort I knaw nane uder,
 But owthir a kukald, or his bruder;
 'Fondlars' and kukkaldis all togider,
 May wifs thair wyfis in graif.

Becaufs thair wyfis hes maistery,
 That thay dar nawayifs cheip,
 Bot gif it be in privity,
 Quban thair wyfis ar on sleip:
 Ane mirry in thair cumpany
 Wer to thame baith gold and fy;
 Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,
 Thair mirth gif he could beit*.

Bot of that fort quhilk I report,
 I knaw nane in this ring;
 Bot we may all, baith grit and small,
 Glandly baith dance and sing:
 Quha list nocht heir to mak gud cheir,
 Perchance his gudis ane uthir zeir

* "The meaning is, to such hen-pecked husbands a cheerful companion would be a most valuable acquisition. A musician that could keep them in tune, would be worth any money." LORD HAILES.

Be spent, quhen he is brocht to beir,
 Quhen his wyfe takis the fling.

It hes bene sene, that wyfe wemen,
 Eftir thair husbandis deid,
 Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken
 Gif thay mycht beir grit laid.
 With ane grene fling *, hes gart thame bring;
 The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring;
 And syne gart all the bairnis sing
 Ramukloch in thair 'bed'.

Than wad scho say, Allace! this day,
 For him that wan this geir;
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,
 My hairt, anis mak gud cheir.
 Or I had lettin him spend a plak,
 I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,
 Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak,
 Our the heicht of the stair.

Ye neigartis, then example tak,
 And leir to spend zour awin;

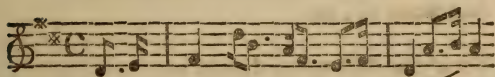
* A *fling* is "a slender hazzle stick new cut, for the purpose of giving moderate correction to a wife. This was a power which our rude legislature in former times committed to husbands." LORD HAILES.—In England, at least, it is still good law, and has been lately declared so from the Bench,—provided, however, the implement of correction exceed not the thickness of *the Judge's thumb*, of which all husbands are presumed to have the exact measure: *Ignorantia legis non excusat*.

And with gud freyndis ay mirry mak,
 That it may be weill knawin,
 That thou art he quha wan this geir;
 And for thy wyfe se thou nocht spair,
 With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,
 Thy honesty may be 'shawin'.

Finis, quod I, quha settis nocht by
 The ill wyffis of this toun,
 Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,
 Gif thay micht put me down.
 Gif ze wald know quha maid this sang,
 Quhidder ze will him heid or hang,
 Flemyng is his name, quhair evir he gang,
 In place, or in quhat toun.

S O N G X X X .

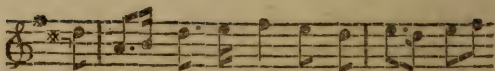
B A G R I E O ' T .



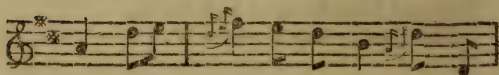
When I think on this world's pelf,



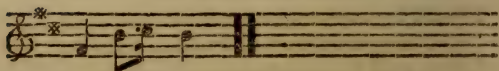
And how lit - tle I hae o't to myself,



I sigh when I look on my thread bare



coat, And shame fa' the gear and the



ba - grie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has got goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was na worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire:
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat,
And shame fa', &c.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the d—l take the gear and the bagrie o't*.

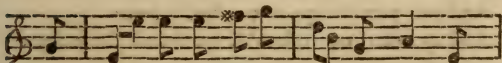
* "*Shame fall the gear and the blad'ry o't,*" says Kelly, is "the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth." *Scots Proverbs*, p. 296.

S O N G XXXI.

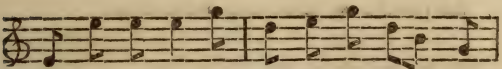
TODLEN BUTT AND TODLEN BEN.



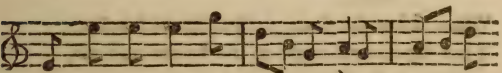
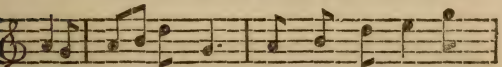
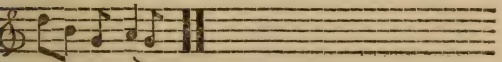
When I've a faxpence un-der my thumb,



Then I'll get cre-dit in ilk - a town : But



ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ; O !

po-ver-ty parts good compa - ny. *Tod-len**hame, tod - len hame, Coud-na my loove come**tod-len hame ?*

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good fale,
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll take a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

As round as a neep come todlen hame,

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,

Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae good humour'd when weeting your
 mou ;

When sober fae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,

When todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

S O N G XXXII.

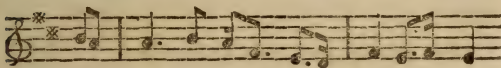
WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O'MAUT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

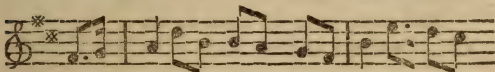
Set by A. Maflerton



O Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut,



And Rob and Al - lan cam to see;



Three blyth-er hearts, that lee lang night,

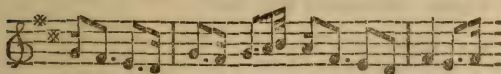


Ye wad na found in Christen-die.

Cho.



We are na fou, we're nae that



fou, But just a drap-pie in our



e'e; The cock may crawl, the day may



daw, And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be.

Cho. We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift fae hie;
 She shines fae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my footh she'll wait a wee.

Cho. We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold coward loun is he;
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.

Cho. We are na fou, &c.

S O N G XXXIII.

BALLAT OF GUDE-FALLOWIS.*



I mak it kend, he that will spend, And luv



God lait and air, God will him mend, and



grace him fend, Quhen catyvis fall haif cair :



Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend Off geir,



and nocht till spair. I knaw the end, that all



mon wend Away nakit and bair, With ane O

* Written before 1568. The name of **JOHNE BLYTH**, subjoined in the original MS. seems to have been only assumed for the occasion.



and ane I; Ane wreche fall haif no mair, Bot



ane fchort fcheit, at heid and feit, For all his



wrek and wair.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,
 And in his baggis imbrace,
 Zit Deid fall tak him be the bak,
 And gar him cry, Allace!
 Than fall he fwak away with lak,
 And wait nocht to quhat place;
 Than will thay mak at him a knak,
 That maist of his gud hais,
 With ane O and ane I:
 Quhyle we haif tyme and space,
 Mak we gud cheir, quhyle we 'are' heir,
 And thank God of his grace.

Wer thair ane king to rax and ring
 Amang gude fallowis cround,
 Wrechis wald wring, and mak murnyng,
 For dule thay fuld be dround;

Quha findis ane dring, owdir auld or zing,

Gar hoy him out and hound.

Now let us sing, with Chryftis bliffing,

Be glaid, and mak gud found,

With ane O and ane I ;

Now, or we forder found,

Drink thow to me, and I to the,

And lat the cop go round.

Quha undirstude, fuld haife his gude,

Or he wer closd in clay,

Sum in thair mude thay wald go wud,

And de lang or thair day :

Nocht worth ane hude, or ane auld snud,

Thow fall beir hyne away ;

Wreche, be the rude, for to conclude,

Full few will for the pray,

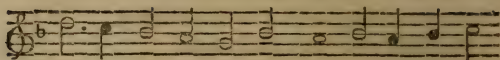
With ane O and ane I :

Gud-fallowis, quhill we may,

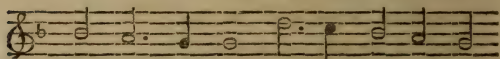
Be mirry and free, fyne blyth we be,

And sing on twa and tway.

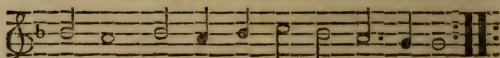
S O N G XXXIV*.



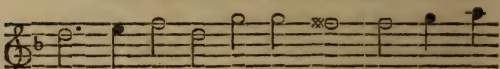
Care, a-way go thou from me, For I am not



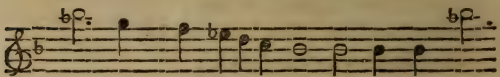
fit match for thee; Thou bereaves me of



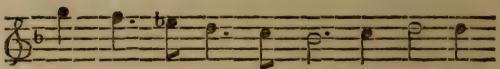
my wits, Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits:



There-fore I will care no more, Since that in

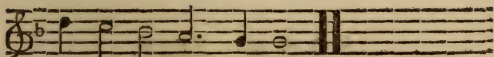


cares comes no re-store; But I will sing,



Hey down, a down, a die, And cast care

* Written before 1666.



a-way, a-way, from me.

If I want, I care to get;
 The more I have, it doth me fret;
 Have I much, I care for more;
 The more I have, I think I'm poor:
 Thus doth grief my mind oppress,
 In wealth or wo finds no redress:
 Therefore I'll care no more, no more in vain,
 For care hath cost me mickle grief and pain.

Is not this world a slippery ball?
 And thinks men strange to catch a fall.
 Doth not the sea both eb and flow?
 And hath not Fortune a painted show?
 Why should men take care or grief,
 Since that in care comes no relief?
 There's none so wise but he may be o're-thrown,
 The careless may reap what the careful hath sown.

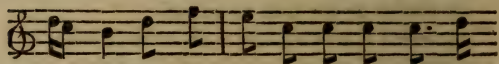
Well then, learn to know thyself,
 And care not for this worldly pelf:
 Whether thine estate be great or smal,
 Give thanks to God, what e're befall:
 So shalt thou then live at ease,
 No sudden grief shal thee displease:
 Then mayst thou sing, Hey down, a down, a die,
 When thou hast cast all care and grief from thee.

S O N G XXXV.

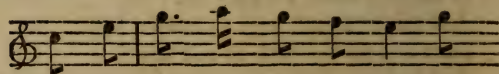
M A G G I E L A U D E R.



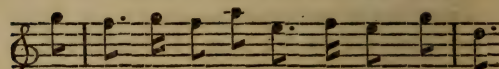
Wha wad na be in love Wi' bon-ny Mag-



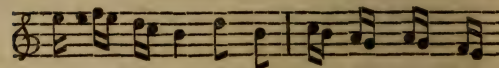
gie Lau-der? A pip-er met her gaun to



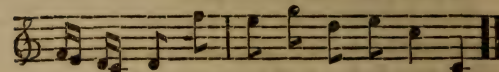
Fife, And speir'd what was't they ca'd her ;



Right scorn-ful - ly she answer'd him, Be-gone,



you hal-lan-shaker; Jog on your gate, you



bladder skate; My name is Maggie Lau-der.

Maggie, quoth he, and, by my bags,
 I'm fidgeting fain to see thee ;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lassies loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags ?
 Or is your drone in order ?
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border ?
 The lassies a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter ;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right goodwill,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

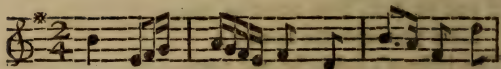
Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he : play up, quoth she :
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter ;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sick a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;

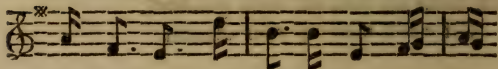
There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.*
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

S O N G X X X V I .

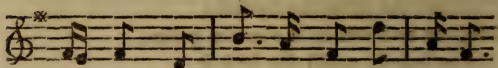
ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.



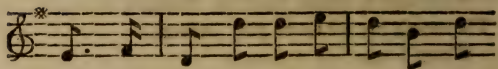
Blyth, blyth, blyth was she, Blyth was she



but and ben; And well she loo'd a Ha-

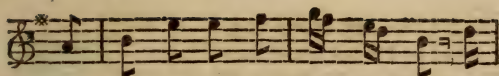


wick gill, And leugh to see a tap-pit

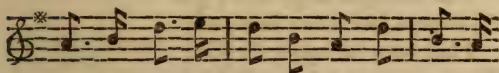


hen. She took me in, and set me down,

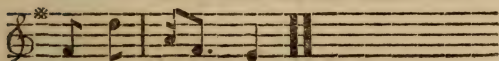
* The celebrated piper of Kilbarchan; whose memory and merits are preserved in an excellent elegy. He flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century.



And heght to keep me law - ing free; But,



cun-ning carl-ing that she was, She gart me



birle my baw - bie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;

But waes my heart my cash was done,

Before that I had quench'd my drowth,

And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,

And the nieft chappin new begun,

In started, to heeze up our hope,

Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,

With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,

Well does the canny kimmer ken,

They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;

Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,

And ay the cleanest drinker out,

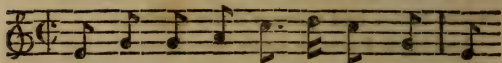
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis fang,
 And as I in his oxter fat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And monny a fappy kifs I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

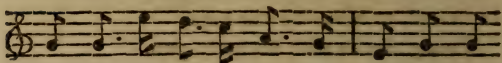
S O N G XXXVII.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

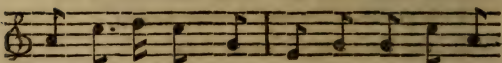
BY MR. WALKINSHAW.



Wil-ly was a wan-ton wag, The blyth-



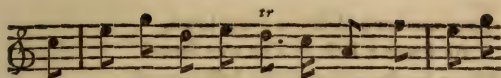
est lad that e'er I saw, At bri-dals still



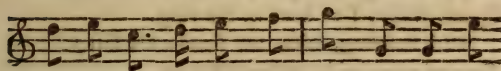
he bore the brag, And car-ried ay the gree



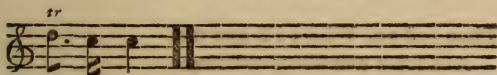
a - wa: His doublet was of Zetland shag,



And wow! but Wil-ly he was braw, And at his



shoulder hang a tag, That pleas'd the lass - es



best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag;
 When he went to the weaponshaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
 He wan the love of great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lassies hale-fale a':
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

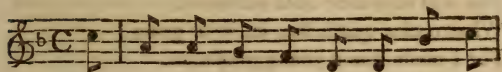
And was nae Willy a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danc'd with the lassies round,
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair ;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy; I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring :
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

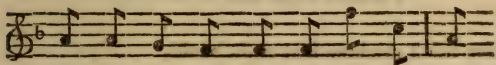
Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance ;
 O ! Willy has a wanton leg :
 For we't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formast ay bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

S O N G XXXVIII.

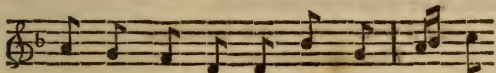
THE AULD WIFE 'AYONT' THE FIRE.



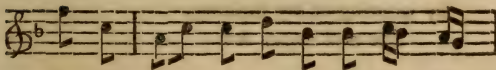
There was a wife won'd in a glen, And

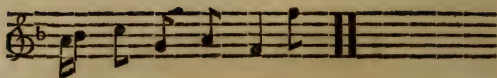


she had doch-ters nine or ten, That fought



the house baith but and ben, To find their

mam a snishing. *The auld wife 'ayont'**the fire, The auld wife a - niest the**fire, The auld wife a-boon the fire, She*



died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman,
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear ! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides haff blind, you have the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing,

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,

Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing,
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol bullet gat ;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't
An 'tween her gums fae squeez and row't,
While frae her jaws the flaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife &c.

At last she saw a desperate squeez,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And dyed for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,

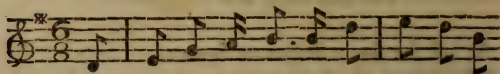
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts of finishing :
Else, like this wife 'ayont' the fire,
Y'r bairns against you will conspire ;
Nor will you get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snifhing.

SONG XXXIX.

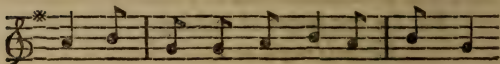
THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

BY MR. ALEXANDER ROSS,

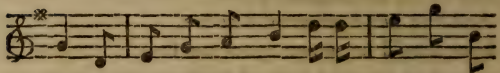
SCHOOL-MASTER AT LOCHLEE.



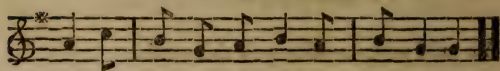
There was an auld wife an' a wee pickle



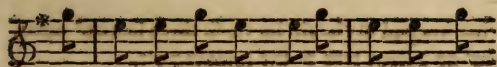
tow, An' she wad gae try the spin-ning



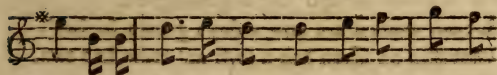
o't, She lou-ted her down, an her rock took a



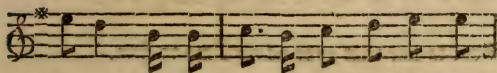
low, And that was a bad be - ginning o't:



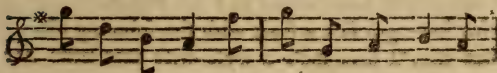
She fat an' she grat, an' she flet and she



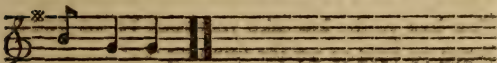
flang, An she threw an' she blew, an' she wrigl'd



an' wrang, An' she chok-ed, an' boaked, an'



cry'd like to mang, A-las ! for the dreary



spin-ning o't.

I've wanted a fark for these eight years an' ten,
 An' this was to be the beginning o't,
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't ;
 For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
 Did sick a mishap an misanter befa' me,
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me an' draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinning o't.

I hae keeped my house for these three score o' years,
 An' ay I kept free o' the spinning o't,
 But how I was farked foul fa' them that speers,
 For it minds me upo' the beginning o't.
 But our women are now a days grown fae bra',
 That ilka an maun hae a fark an' some hae twa,
 The warlds were better when ne'er an awa'
 Had a rag but ane at the beginning o't.

Foul fa her that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been so lang a beginning o't,
 I might well have ended as I did begin,
 Nor have got sick a skair with the spinning o't.
 But they'll say, she's a wyse wife that kens her
 ain weerd,

I thought on a day, it should never be speer'd,
 How loot ye the low take your rock be the beard,
 When ye yeed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upo' the beginning o't,
 I thought ere I died to have anes made a web,
 But still I had weers o' the spinning o't.
 But had I nine dathers, as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I cud gee,
 Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run
 The drearysome risk of the spinning o't,

Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
 And there venture o' the beginning o't :
 But to do as I did, alas, and awow !
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of the low,
 Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
 And as little ado with the spinning o't.

But yet after a', there is ae thing that grieves
 My heart to think o' the beginning o't,
 Had I won the length but of ae pair o' sleeves,
 Then there had been word o' the spinning o't ;
 'This I wad ha' washen an' bleech'd like the snaw,
 And o' my twa gardies like moggans wad draw,
 An' then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy was bra',
 An' a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
 I should yet hae a bout of the spinning o't,
 A mutchkin of linseed I'd i' the yerd fling,
 For a' the wan chanfie beginning o't.
 I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
 An' cut me a rock of a widdershines grow,
 Of good rantry-tree for to carry my tow,
 An' a spindle of the fame for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
 This morning just at the beginning o't,
 She was never ca'd chancy, but canny an' slim,
 An' sae it has fair'd of my spinning o't :

But an' my new rock were anes cutted an' dry,
 I'll a' Maggie's can an' her cantraps defy,
 An' but omie fuffie the spinning I'll try,
 An' ye's a hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby, her dather, tak tent fat ye say,
 The never a ragg we'll be seeking o't,
 Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's night an' day,
 Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
 Since lambas I'm now gaing thirty an' twa,
 An' never a dud fark had I yet gryt or sma',
 An' what war am I? I'm as warm an' as bra',
 As thrummy tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labor the lint-land, an' then buy the seed,
 An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
 An' syn loll amon't an' pike out ilka weed,
 Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't;
 Syn powing and ripling an' steeping, an' then
 To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cauld plain,
 An' then after a' may be labor in vain,
 When the wind and the weet gets the fusion o't.

But tho' it should anter the weather to byde,
 Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't,
 An' then frae our fingers to gnidge aff the hide,
 With the wearisome wark o' the rubbing o't.
 An' syn ilka tait maun be heckl'd out throw,
 The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,

Syn on on a rock wi't, an' it taks a low,
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't,

Quo' Jenny, I think 'oman ye're i' the right,
Set your feet ay a spar to the spinning o't,
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright,
That she gat when she try'd the beginning o't.
But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
An' sae she has kythed it, but there's nae need
To sicken an amshack that we drive our head,
As lang's we're sae skair'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a,
An' dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't,
Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the cog cast awa',
Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.
But I see that but spinning I'll never be bra',
But gae by the name of a dilp or a da,
Sae lack where ye like I shall anes shak a fa',
Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me when black Willie Bell
Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens well herself,
Was the want of the knack of the spinning o't.
An' now, poor 'oman, for ought that I ken,
She may never get sick an offer again,
But pine away bit an bit, like Jenkin's hen,
An' naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething, but just this alane,
 I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't,
 They may cast me for ca'ing me black at the bean,
 But nae cause I shun'd the beginning o't.
 But, be that as it happens, I care not a strae,
 But nane of the lads shall hae it to say,
 When they come till woo, she kens naething avae,
 Nor has onie can o' the spinning o't

In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouks had
 but won,
 To a furcoat hough side for the winning o't,
 Of coat raips well cut by the cast o' their bun,
 They never fought mair o' the spinning o't.
 A pair of grey hoggars well clinked benew,
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ew,
 With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
 Was the fee they fought at the beginning o't.

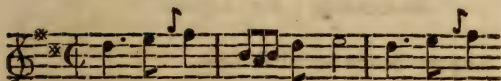
But we maun hae linen, an' that maun hae we,
 An how get we that, but the spinning o't ?
 How can we hae face for to seek a gryt fee,
 Except we can help at the winning o't ?
 An' we maun hae pearlins and mabbies an cocks,
 An' some other thing that the ladies ca' smokes,
 An' how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
 And pow what we can at the spinning o't ?

'Tis needless for us for to tak our remarks
 Frae our mithers miscooking the spinning o't,

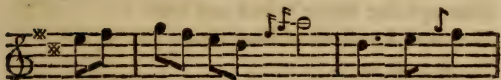
She never kend ought o' the gueed of the farks,
 Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
 Twa three ell of plaiden was a' that was fought
 By our auld warld bodies, an' that boot be
 bought,
 For in ilka town ficksan things was na wrought,
 So little they kend o' the spinning o't.

S O N G X L.

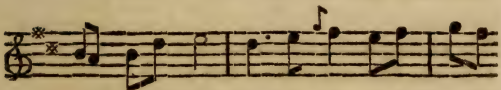
T A R R Y W O O.



Tar-ry woo, tar-ry woo, Tar-ry woo



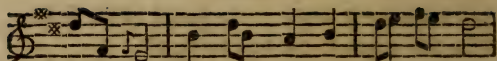
is ill to spin, Card it well,



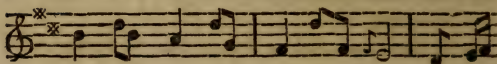
card it well, Card it well e'er ye



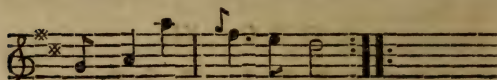
be - gin. When 'tis card - ed, row'd



and spun, Then the work is haflens done;



But when wov-en, drest and clean, It may



be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleeting sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow :
Hart and hynd, and fallow deer
No be haff so useful are ;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip ;
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too ;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

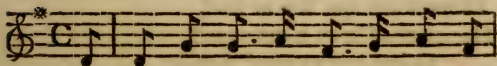
How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts, and free of strife !
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae ;
 No such musick to his ear ;
 Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content and envies none ;
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
 Has not sweeter holy days.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings fae well ?
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

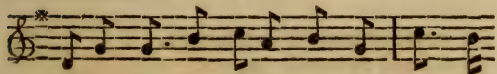
S O N G XLI.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

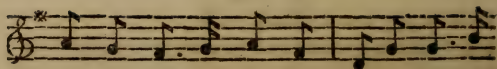
BY MR. SKINNER, A MINISTER.



O were I a - ble to re-hearse, My

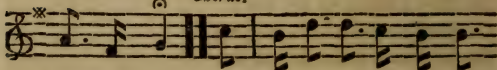


ewies praise in proper verse, I'd found it

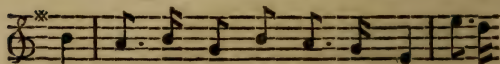


out as loud and fierce As e-ver pip-ers

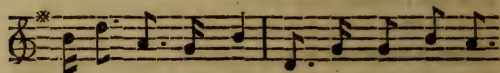
Chorus.



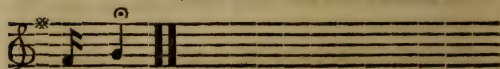
drone cou'd blaw. The ew-ie wi' the crooked



horn Well deserv'd baith garse and corn; Sic a



ew-ie ne'er was born, Here-a - bout or far'



a - wa'.

I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as well,
To ken her by amo' them a'.
The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,

Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.
The ewie, &c.

Nae cauld nor hunger e'er her dang,
Nor win' nor rain could e'er her wrang,
For anes she lay a heal week lang
Aneath a drearie wreath of snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewes they lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn yard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast
Nae honest man cou'd well ha wift,
For, bonny thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock,
And now the laddie has a flock ;
Of mair nor thirty head te ca'.
The ewie, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean ; and now
The bairn's fae bra', has fauld fae fu',

That lads fae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
 The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
 For fear the fumart might devour her,
 Or some meschanter had come o'er her,
 If the beastie bade awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
 I' canno' speak it without greeting,
 A villain came, when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn and a'.
 The ewie, &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn;
 And down beneath a busk of thorn
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But ah! my ewie was awa',
 The ewie, &c.

But an I had the lown that did it,
 I've sworn and ban'd, as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the world shou'd me forbid it,
 I shou'd gie his neck a thraw.
 The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sick a turn
 As this since ever I was born,

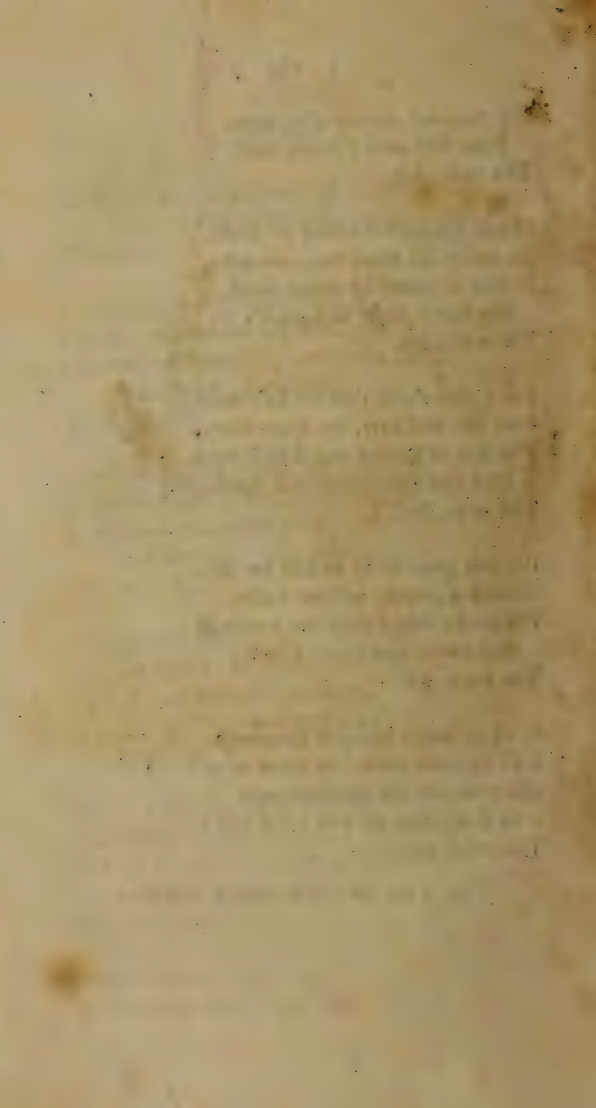
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Peur filly ewie ! stown awa'.
The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae fair a heart to nane o's a'.
The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers, sae aften shorn,
The los of her we cou'd ha'e born,
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
The ewie, &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villains knife,
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't ava.
The ewie, &c.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn ;
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
Is stown frae us, and fell'd and a'.
The ewie, &c.



SCOTISH SONGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



DICUNT IN TENERO GRAMINE PINGUIUM
CUSTODES OVIVM CARMINA, FISTULA
DELECTANTQUE DEUM, CUI PECUS ET NIGRI
COLLES ARCADIÆ PLACENT.

HORACE,

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-
YARD; AND J. EGERTON, WHITEHALL.

MDCCXCIV.



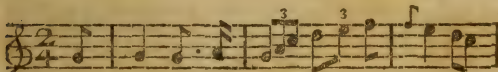


SCOTTISH SONGS.

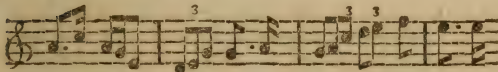
CLASS THE THIRD.

SONG I.

FLOWDEN-HILL: OR, FLOWERS OF THE FORRST*.

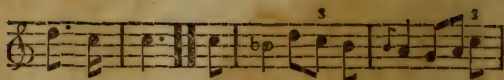


I've heard of a lilt - ing at our ewes

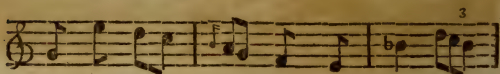


milk-ing, Lass-es a' lilt-ing be-fore the

* The battle of Flodden, or, as the English usually call it, Flodden-field, of which the mournful effects are so pa-



break of day ; But now there's a moaning on



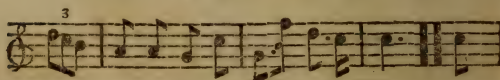
ilk - a green loan-ing, That our braw



fo-reflers are a' wede a-way : But now there's a



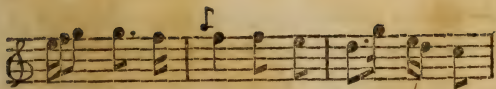
moan-ing on ilk-a green loaning, That our



braw fo-reflers are a' wede a-way. At

thetically described in these beautiful stanzas, was fought the 9th day of September, 1513, between James IV. king of Scots and Thomas Howard earl of Surrey : that gallant monarch, with most of his nobility, and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the Scottish youth, being left dead on the field.

Flodden is a hill or eminence in Northumberland, upon which the Scots encamped previous to the battle : for an account of which, see Buchanan, Lindsay, Drummond, and the common English and Scottish histories.



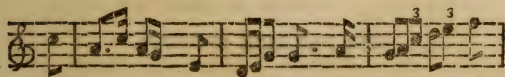
bughts in the morn-ing nae blyth lads are



scorning, The lass-es are lone-ly, dow-ie,



and wae ; Nae daff-in, nae gabbin, but fighting



and sabbing, Ilk ane lifts her leg-lin, and



hies her a-way.

At e'en at the gloming nae fwankies are roaming,
 'Mong stacks with the lassies at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.

At har'ft at the shearing nae younkers are jeering,
 The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey :

At a fair or a preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
 The English for ance by guile gat the day;
 The flower of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

S O N G II.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE*.



The king sits in Dumferling toune, Drinking



the blude-reid wine : O quhar will I get guid



faior, To fail this schip of mine ?

* No memorial of the subject of this ballad occurs in history ; but it apparently belongs to the present class, and probably to this period.

Up an spak an eldern knicht,
 Sat at the kings richt kne :
 Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor
 That fails upon the fe.

The king has written a braid letter,
 And fignd it wi' his hand ;
 And sent it to fir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that fir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch lauched he ;
 The next line that fir Patrick red,
 The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me ;
 To send me out this time o' the zeir,
 To sail upon the fe ?

Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip fails the morne.
 O say na fae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir matter,
 That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild schoone;
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
 Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
 Or eir they se fir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.

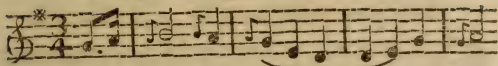
O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
 Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour*,
 It's fiftie fadom deip:
 And thair lies guid fir Patrick Spence,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

* "A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De mortuo mari*." PERCY.

S O N G III.

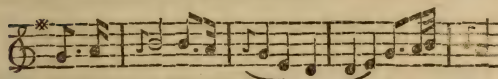
JOHNIE ARMSTRANG*.



Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,



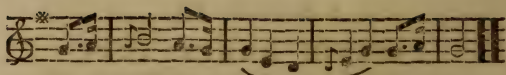
And sic-lyke men of hie de-grie;



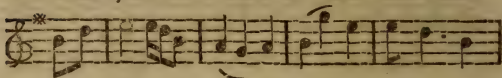
Of a gen-tle-man I sing a sang,

* "The king [*i. e.* James V.]...gart set a parliament at Edinburgh, the twenty-eighth day of March, one thousand five hundred and twenty eight years, and ...syne after, made a convention at Edinburgh, with all his whole lords and barons, to consult how he might stanch all theft and reving within his realm, and cause the commons to live in peace, which long time had been perturbed before, for fault of good guiding of an old king. To this effect, the king made proclamations to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victual, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Teviotdale, Anan'ale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country : and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country, as he pleased.

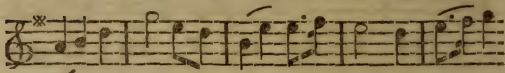
"The second day of June the king past out of Edinburgh to the hunting.... After this hunting he hanged JOHN ARMSTRONG laird of Kilknocky, and his complices, to the number of thirty six persons : for the which many Scottish-men heavily lamented ; for he was the most redoubted chiftain that had been, for a long time, on the borders, either of Scotland or



Sum-tyme calld laird of Gil - noc - kie.



The king he wrytes a luv-ing letter, With



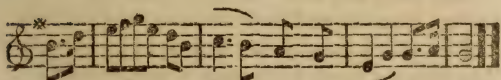
his ain hand fae ten - der - ly, And he

England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottish-man. But it is said, that, from the borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foresaid number richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of his free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, *What wants that knave that a king should have?* But John Armstrong made great offers to the king, That he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish-man. *Secondly.* That there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, ont, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length, he seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly, *It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But* (said he) *had I known this, I should have lived on the borders, in despite of king Hary and you both; for I know king Hary would down-weigh my best horse with gold, to know that I were condemned to die this day.*" *Lindsay of Pitscotties History of Scotland*, p. 145. This execution is also noticed by Buchanan.

Armstrongs death appears to have been much talked of. In a sort of morality by sir David Lindsay, intituled "Ane Satyre



hath sent it to John-y Arm-strang,



To cum and speik with him speid - i - ly.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene ;

They were a gallant company :

Weill ryde and meit our lawful king.

And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

Make kinnen and capon ready then,

And venison in great plenty,

Weill welcome hame our royal king,

I hope heill dyne at Gilnockie.

Of the thrie estaits, &c." Edin. 1602, 4to. a pardoner, enumerating the different relics in his possession, is made to say,

Heir is ane coird baith great and lang,

Quhilk hangit **JOHNE THE ARMISTRANG,**

Of gude hemp soft and sound :

Gude halie peopill I stand for'd,

Quha evir beis hangit with this cord,

Neids never to be dround.

This, which Ramsay calls, "the true old ballad, never printed before," he copyed, he tells us, "from a gentleman's mouth of the name of *Amstrang*," who was the sixth generation from the above *John*. The gentleman told him "this was ever esteemd the genuine ballad, the common one, false."

By "the common one," it is presumed, the gentleman meant the English song, which the reader may see in the "Select Collection," vol. ii. p. 112.

They ran their horse on the Langan 'Howm',
 And brake their speirs with mekle main;
 The ladys lukit frae their loft windows:
 God bring our men weil back again!
 Quhen Johny came before the king,
 With all his men sae brave to see,
 The king he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me;
 For my name it is Johny Armstrang,
 And subject of zours, my liege, said he.
 Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 Out of my sight thou mayst fune be;
 I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee,

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I will give to thee,
 Full four and twenty milk whyt steids,
 Were a foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.
 Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang throw a the zeir to me.
These four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid quheit,
As all thair happers dow to bear.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld four and twenty sisters sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcastle town
Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he says,
Althocht a king and prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
I dare well sayit, but honesty:
But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir;
But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld have found me meil and malt,
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
 To seik het water beneath cauld yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border syde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.
 Wist Englands king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man wald he be !
 For anes I flew his sisters son,
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his midle,
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Maist beautifull was to behold.
 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound :
 What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
 But the sword of honour and the crown ?

O quhair gat thou these targats, Johnie,
 That blink fae brawly abune thy brie ?

I gat them in the field fechting,
 Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
 Had I my horse and my harness gude,
 And ryding as I wont to be,
 It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
 The meiting of my king and me.

God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,
 Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun;
 Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and doun.
 And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,
 Quhair thou sits on thy nurses knee;
 But and thou live this hundred zeir,
 Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
 Quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,
 Gif I had lived but seven zeirs mair,
 I wald haif gilt thee round about.
 John mured was at Carlinrigg,
 And all his galant companie;
 But Scotlands heart was never fae wae,
 To see so many brave men die.

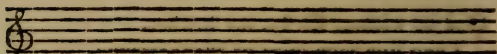
Because they savd their country deir
 Frae Englishmen; nane were fae bauld,
 Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,
 Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

S O N G I V.

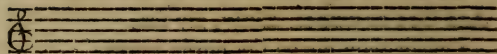
THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE, ON THE HILL OF
FAIR, FOUGHT Oct. 28, 1562 *.

BY FORBES,

SCHOOL-MASTER AT MARY CULTER, UPON DIESIDE.



Murn ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,



I trow ye hae meikle need ; For thi bonny



burn of Corichie His run this day wi' bleid ?

Thi hopeful' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant son,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine,
His gart fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry ;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
An' his father auld Huntly.

* For a further account of this battle, see Buchanan, Spotswood, Hume of Godscroft, and Gordons History of the Gordons.

Fain wad he tak our bonny guide quine,
 An' beare hir awa' wi' him ;
 But Murry's flee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
 An' reft him o' lyfe and him.

Murry gar't rayse thi tardy Merns men,
 An' Angis, an' mony ane mair ;
 Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Lindsay ;
 An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
 An' countit ane thusan men ;
 But Murry had abien twal hunder,
 Wi' fax score horsemen and ten.

They foundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
 An' marchit on in brave array ;
 Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
 An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones fae fercelie did fecht it,
 Withouten terror or dreid,
 That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,
 An' dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
 An' they purfuit at his backe,
 Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
 An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' flaid their brithers an' their fatheris,
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' speid ;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they tuke his twa fones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene ;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's sons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist tenscore o' his bra' men
Sum o' heigh, an' sum o' leigh degree ;
Skeen's youngest son, thi pride o' a' the clan,
Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
Octobris aught an' twinty day,
Cryftis fyfteen hundred thrifcore yeir
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

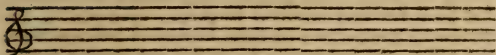
But now the day maist waefu' came,
 That day the quine did grite her fill,
 For Huntlys gallant stalwart son,
 Wis heidit on the heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
 Upon thi samen fatal playne;
 Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
 And see hir lover an' liges flayne.

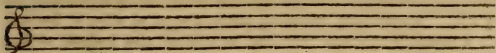
I wis our quine had better frinds,
 I wis our countrie better peice;
 I wis our lords wid na' discord,
 I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

SONG V.

'ADAM' OF GORDON*.



It fell about the Martinmas, Quhen the wind



blew schrile and cauld, Said 'Adam' o' Gor.

* The story of this song is as follows: In the year 1571, sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the earl of Huntley, whose deputy he was in the north parts, where,



don to his men, We maun draw to a hauld.

And what an a hauld fall we draw to,
 My merry men and me ?
 We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
 To see that fair ladie.

She had nae sooner busket her sell,
 Nor putten on her gown,
 Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the town.

as archbishop Spotswood relates, "under colour of the queens authority, [he] committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's," "had sent one Captain Ker, with a party of foot, to summon the castle of Towie [or Tavoy, as Spotswood calls it] in the queens name. The owner, Alexander Forbes, was not then at home, and his lady, confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman, with her whole family, amounting to 37 persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt." *Crawfurds Memoirs*, Edin. 1753, p. 213. So that it evidently appears that the writer of this ballad, either through ignorance or design, has made use of Gordons name instead of Kers; and there is some reason to think the transposition intentional. A ballad upon this subject, in the English idiom, and written about the time, which nearly resembles that here printed, so nearly indeed as to make it evident that one of them must be an alteration from the other, is still extant; in which ballad, instead of Adam or Edom o' Gordon, we have "Captaine Care," who is called "the

They had nae sooner fitten down,
 Nor sooner said the grace,
 Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men
 Were closed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower head,
 As fast as she could drie,
 To see if by her fair speeches
 She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair,
 And hir yates all locked fast,
 He fell into a rage of wrath,
 And his heart was aghast.

Cum down to me, ze lady fair,
 Cum down to me, let's see,
 This night ze's ly by my ain side,
 The morn my bride fall be.

lord of Easter towne," the castle of Rodes is "the castle of Crecrynbroghe," and the ladys husband is a "lord Hamleton." In other respects they are so much alike that bishop Percy finding, as he says, an (apparently incorrect) fragment of the English ballad in his folio MS. "improved and enlarged" (*i. e.* interpolated and corrupted) the Scottish copy "with several fine stanzas." See the English ballad at length, in a collection of "Ancient English Songs," published by J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

It has been usual to intitle this ballad "Edom o' Gordon;" an error which Sir David Dalrymple, to whom, as bishop Percy says, we are indebted for its publication, might be led into by the local pronunciation of the lady from whose memory he gave it.

I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,
 I winnae cum down to thee,
 I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,
 That is fae far frae me.

Gi up your house, ze fair lady,
 Gi up your house to me,
 Or I will burn zoursel therein,
 Bot you and zour babies three.

I winna gie up, zou fals Gordon,
 To nae sik traitor as thee,
 Tho zou should burn mysel therein,
 Bot and my babies three.

Set fire to the house, quoth fals Gordon,
 Sin better may nae bee,
 And I will burn herfel therein,
 Bot and her babies three.

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee;
 Why pow ze out my ground wa flane,
 Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 For I paid zou weil zour hire;
 Why pow ze out my ground wa flane,
 To me lets in the fire?

Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weil my fee ;
But now I'm 'Adam' of Gordon's man,
Maun either do or die.

O then bespake her zoungeft son,
Sat on the nurfes knee,
Dear mother, gie owre your hause, he fays,
For the reek it worries me.

I winnae gie up my hause, my dear,
To nae fik traitor as he ;
Cum well, cum wae, my jewels fair,
Ye maun tak share wi me.

O then bespake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma,
O row me in a pair o' fhiets,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd her in a pair of fhiets,
And towd her owre the wa,
But, on the point of 'Adam's' speir,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonny, bonny, was hir mouth,
And chirry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi his speir he turn'd hir owr,
 O gin hir face was wan !
 He said, zou are the first that eer
 I wist alive again.

He turnd her owr and owr again ;
 O gin hir skin was whyte !
 He said, I might ha spard thy life,
 To been some mans delyte.

Busk and boon, my merry men all,
 For ill dooms I do gues, I
 I cannae luik in that bonny face,
 As it lyes on the grafs.

Them luiks to freits, my master deir,
 Then freits will follow them ;
 Let it neir be said brave 'Adam' o' Gordon
 Was daunted with a dame.

O then he spied hir ain deir lord,
 As he came owr the lee ;
 He saw his castle in a fire,
 As far as he could see.

Put on, put on, my mighty men,
 As fast as ze can drie,
 For he thats hindmost of my men,
 Sall neir get guid o' me.

And some they raid, and some they ran
Fu fast out ovr the plain,
But lang, lang, eer he coud get up,
They were a' deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grien;
For o' fifty men that 'Adam' brought out
There were but five ged heme.

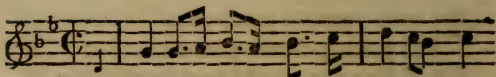
And mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grien,
And mony were the fair ladys
Lay lemanless at heme.

And round, and round the waes he went,
Their ashes for to view;
At last into the flames he flew,
And bad the world adieu.

S O N G VI.

G I L D E R O Y *.

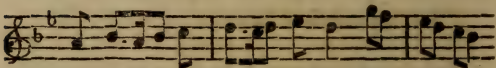
BY SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.



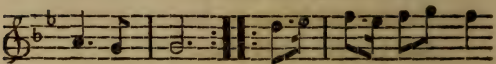
Gil - de - roy was a bon-ny boy,



Had rof-es tull his shoone, His stock -



ings were of filk - en foy, Wi' gar-ters

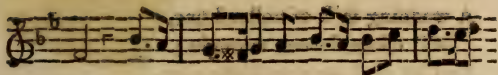


hang-ing doune: It was, I weene,



a come-lie fight, 'To see fae trim a

* A hero of whom this elegant lamentation is the only authentic memorial. He hence appears to have been a celebrated Highland freebooter, and to have been executed at Edinburgh in the time of queen Mary. The authors name is prefixed on the authority of Johnstons *Scots Musical Museum*.



boy; He was my jo and heart's



de-light, My hand-some Gil-de - roy.

Oh ! fik twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet as rose,
 He never ware a Highland plaid,
 But costlly filken clothës :
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
 Nane eir tul him was coy :
 Ah ! wae is me ! I mourn the day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in one toun together,
 We scant were seven years befor
 We gan to luvè each other ;
 Our dadies and our mammies thay
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy
 To think upon the bridal day
 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine
 Gude faith I freely bought

A wedding fark of holland fine,
 Wi' filken flowers wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy :
 Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time
 Amang the leaves sae green ;
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kifs and toy,
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life !
 But ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feates of strife ;
 And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee,
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benison gang wi' thee !

God speid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near
 Was fear'd in every town,
 And bauldly bare away the gear
 Of many a lawland loun :
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was fae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
 That my love let me want ;
 For cow and ew he 'to me brought,'
 And een whan they were skant :
 All these did honestly possess
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their cefs
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear !
 To reave of life for ox or afs,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare !
 Had not their laws been made fae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

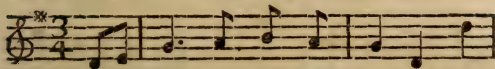
Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been,
Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang fike handsome men !
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy !
Nae lady had fae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy fae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him chair,
And on a gallows hung ;
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was fae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

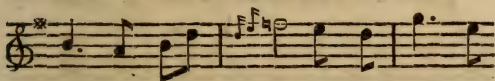
Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I washt his comelye clay ;
And fiker in a grave fae deep
I laid the dear-loed boy ;
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

SONG VII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY*.



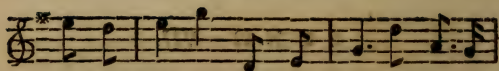
Ye highlands, and ye lawlands, Oh!



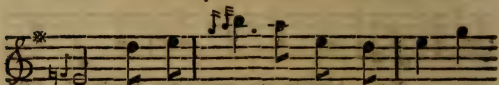
quhair hae ye been? They hae flaine the

* “ In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed had retired towards the North. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwells. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murrays house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people.

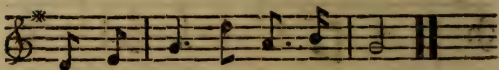
“ The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring, said, “ You hae spilt a better face than your awin.” Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley’s breast, swore, “ You shall be as deep as I,” and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.



earl of Murray, And hae lain him on the



green: They hae slaine the earl of Mur-ray,



And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !

And quhairfore did you fae ?

I bade you bring him wi' you,

But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,

And he rid at the ring ;

And the bonny earl of Murray,

Oh ! he might hae been a king.

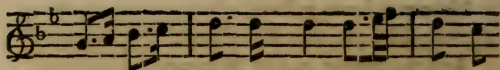
He was a braw gallant,

And he playd at the ba' ;

And the bonny earl of Murray

Was the flower among them a'.

“ K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth.” **PERCY.**



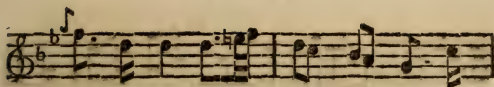
fook the sap-les boughs, And bees the



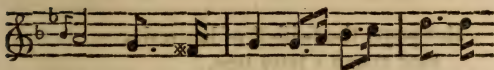
fad - ed green, Then la-dy Frennet,

divers others were wounded on both sides. The marquis of Huntly, and some other well disposed friends made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay to the lady dowager of Rothemay 50,000 merks Scots in compensation of the slaughter, which, as is said, was truly paid...

“ Upon the 27th of September this year, Frendraught having in his company Robert Chrichton of Condlaw, and James Lesly son to the laird of Pitcaple, Chrichton shot Lesly through the arm, who was carried to his fathers house, and Frendraught put Chrichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to visit the earl of Murray; and, in his return, came to the Bog of Gight, now Castle-Gordon, to visit the marquis of Huntly; of which Pitcaple getting notice. . . conveens about 30 horsemen fully arm'd, and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be reveng'd of him for the hurt his son had got. He came to the marquis's house, October 7. Upon which the marquis wisely desired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would discourse Pitcaple, who complained to him grievously of the harm he had done to his son, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The marquis did all he could to excuse Frendraught, and satisfy Pitcaple, but to no purpose; and so he went away in a chaff, still vowing revenge. The marquis communicated all that had passed to Frendraught, and kept him at his house a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but sent his son John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, with some others, as a safe-guard to him, until he should be at home.



venge-ful dame, Did wan - der frae the

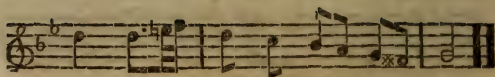


ha', To the wild fo - rest's dew-ie

(among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, son to him lately slain) left Pitcaple should ly in ambush for him.

“ They convoyed him safely home, and after dinner Aboyne pressed earnestly to return; and as earnestly did Frendraught press him to stay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at last condescended to stay, though unwillingly. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfull. The viscount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, standing upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and English Will, two of his servants, were laid beside him. The laird of Rothemay, and some servants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the viscount's servants; all of them lodged in that old tower, and all of them in rooms one above the other. All of them being at rest, about midnight the tower takes fire, in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble lord, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief offer'd to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without so much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of those merciless flames, as was reported.

“ Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne's chamber, escaped, as ('tis said) Aboyne might have done, if he had not rushed up stairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden passage, and the lofting of the room took fire, so that none of them could get down stairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help for God's sake, the laird and lady



gloom, A - mong the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
 Had clumb a lofty tree,
 Whase branches to the angry blast
 Were foughing mournfullie :

He turn'd his e'en towards the path
 That near the castle lay,
 Where good lord John and Rothemay
 Were rideing down the brae.

looking on ; but all to no purpose. And finally, seeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themselves to God, clasped in one another's embraces : And thus perished in those merciless flames, the noble lord John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This viscount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but especially by his father, mother and lady, who lived a melancholly and retired life all her time thereafter. And this was all the reward the marquis of Huntley got for his good-will to Frendraught, says my author Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye-witnesses."

This fir James Chrichton, laird of Frendraught, was, in 1642, created viscount Frendraught. His lady was Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of John earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis of Huntly. In revenge for this treacherous and horrid act, the law not affording any redress, Frendraughts estates were repeatedly ravaged by the Gordons, and his cattle and sheep slaughtered or sold. Gordon adds : " The family of Frendraught was then a very opulent family ; they had a great land-estate and much

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
 When prey beneath is seen ;
 As quickly he forgot his hold,
 And perch'd upon the green.

O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
 Frae this dark wood awa ;

money ; and after that it soon went to ruin, and was some-time ago extinct."

The present ballad appears to have been suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which are fortunately remembered by the reverend Mr. Boyd, translator of *Dante*, and were obligingly communicated to the editor, by his very ingenious and valuable friend J. C. Walker esq.

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
 And oh ! the fire augmented high,
 Until it came to lord Johns chamber-window,
 And to the bed where lord John lay.

O help me, help me, lady Frennot,
 I never ettled harm to thee,
 And if my father slew thy lord,
 Forget the deed and rescue me.

He looked east, he looked west,
 To see if any help was nigh ;
 At length his little page he saw,
 Who to his lord aloud did cry.

Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
 What though the window's dreigh and hie,
 I'll catch you in my arms twa,
 And never a foot from you I'll flee.

How can I loup, you little page ?
 How can I leave this window hie ?
 Do you not see the blazing low,
 And my twa legs burnt to my knee ?

Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hasting to the ha'.

Then round she row'd her filken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Untill she left the forest skirts
A lang bow-shot mair.

O where, O where, my good lord John,
O tell me where you ride?
Within my castle-wall this night
I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
In yonder bower to stay,
Saft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way.

Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you ken your husband dear
Was by our father slain.

“ There are some intermediate particulars,” Mr. Boyd says, “ respecting the lady’s lodging her victims in a turret or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This,” adds he, “ I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing.” The author of the original, we may perceive, either through ignorance or design, had deviated from the fact in supposing lady Frennets husband to have been slain by lord John’s father; and perhaps also in representing the two youths as brothers. The actual provocation appears to have been the payment of the 50,000 merks, the price of Rothemays blood; which sort of compensation, Gordon has remarked, seems not to prosper, that family being then extinct.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
 Your angry bosom swell ;
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
 Should this black passion quell.

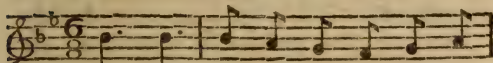
O fear not, fear not, good lord John,
 That I will you betray,
 Or sue requittal for a debt
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
 Ye lights that 'gin to shine,
 This night shall prove the sacred cord
 That knits your faith and mine.

The lady flee, with honeyed words,
 Entic'd thir youths to stay :
 But morning sun nere shone upon
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

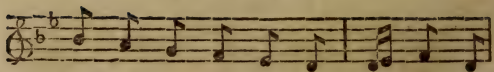
S O N G IX.

GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR*.

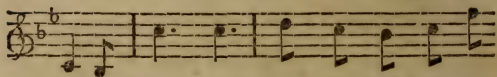


March, march, why the deil do ye na march?

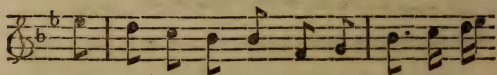
* Alexander Lesly (created, in 1641, earl of Leven) invaded England at the head of the Scottish rebel army in 1640,



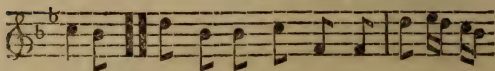
Stand to your arms my lads, Fight in good



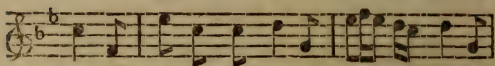
or-der; March, march, why the deil do ye na



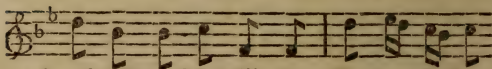
march? Stand to your arms my lads, Fight in good



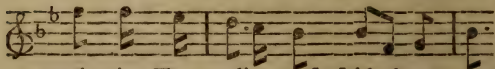
or-der; Front about, front about, ye mus-ke-



teers all, Till ye come to the English border.



Stand till't, and fight like men, True go-spel to

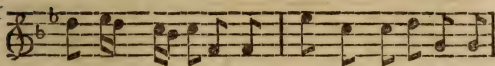


maintain; The parliament[']s blyth to see

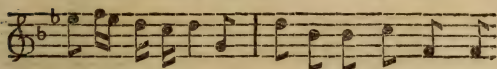
defeated a party of the kings troops, and took possession of Newcastle. He afterward commanded the army sent by the covenanters to the assistance of the parliament, and contributed greatly to the defeat of the royalists at Marston (here meant by Longmaſton)-moor in Yorkshire, 3^d July 1644.



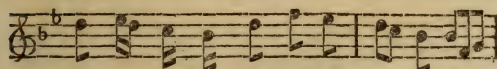
us a coming. When to the kirk we come,



We'll purge it ilka room, Frae popish relicts, and



a' sic 'innovation,' That all the world may see,



There's nane i' the right but we, Of the auld



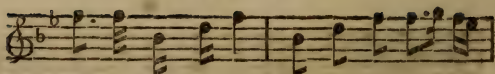
Scott-ish nation. Jenny shall wear the hood,



Jocky the fark of God; And the kist fou of



whistles, That make sic a cleiro, Our pipers



braw Shall hae them a', Whate'er come on it.



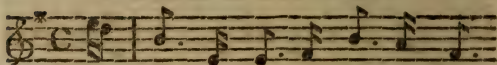
Bulk up your plaids, my lads, Cock up your



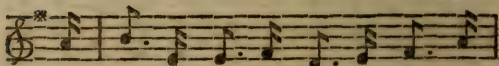
bonnets. *March, march, &c.*

SONG X.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE*.

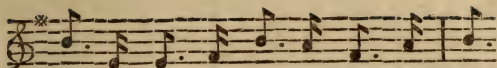


As I came in by A-chen-down,

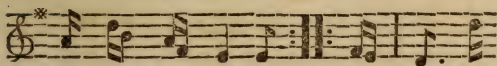


A lit-tle wee bit frae the town, When

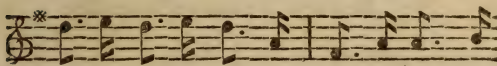
* No notice is taken of this battle in the history of Montrose's wars, nor does any mention of it elsewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale (a village in Invernesshire) was long after Montrose's time.



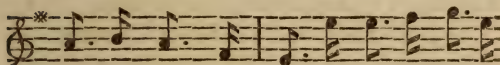
to the highlands I was boun, To view



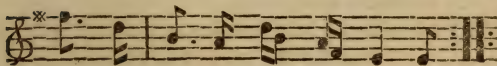
the haws of Crom-dale, I met a



man in tar-tan trews, I spier'd at him what



was the news; Quoth he, The highland army



rues That e'er we came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, fir, every man,
When the English host upon us came ;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And fore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
A second battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'kys,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most vehemently,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors faught like lyons bold,
M'Phersons, none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins faught like loyal souls,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

[M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.]

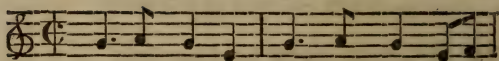
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Fraziers [fought] with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with highland blows,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

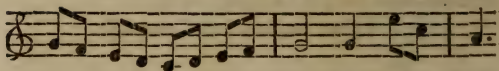
Of twenty thousand Cromwells men,
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

S O N G XI.

GILLICRANKIE*.



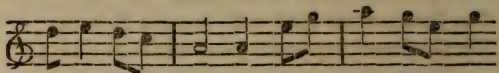
Cla-vers, and his high-land-men, came



down up - o' the raw, man, Who, be-



ing stout, gave mo - ny a clout, The lads



be-gan to claw then. With sword and terge

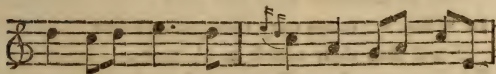


in - to their hand, Wi' which they were

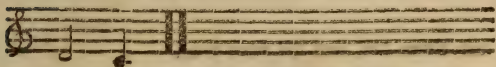
* The battle of Killikrankie was fought, at the pass so called, on the 27th of July 1689, between the highland clans, under the command of James (Graham of Claverhouse) viscount Dundee, and a Dutch-English army commanded by general Mackay. The latter were almost instantaneously defeated, with a very inconsiderable loss on the other side, if we except that of their gallant leader, who received a mortal wound under his arm, elevated in the act of encouraging his men to the pursuit. King James felt his loss irretrievable.



nae flaw, man, Wi' mony a fear - ful



hea - vy figh, The lads be - gan to



claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,
 She flang amang them a' man ;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sick a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then :
 In Willie's * name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;
 But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, Furich-whiggs, awa', man.

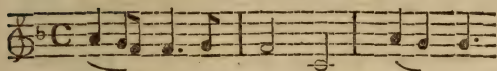
Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Ob' on a ri, ob' on a ri,
 Why should she lose king Shames, man ?
Ob' rig in di, ob' rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

* Prince of Orange.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-fell's won the day, man;
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then:
 Had bent their brows, like highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd fav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd 'run' awa' then.

SONG XII*.



Carl, an the king come, Carl, an



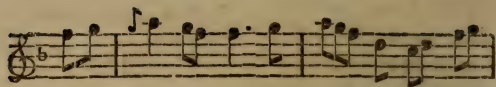
the king come; Thou shalt dance and



I will sing, Carl, an the king come.

* The exact age of this song has not been ascertained; and perhaps it is here inserted under too early a period. There are probably other words to this air, as the following stanza has been recovered by accident:

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's made to hang the whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle, an the king come.



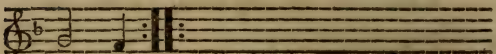
An some - bo - die were come again, Then



some-bo-die maun cross the main, And ev'ry



man shall hae his ain, Carl, an the



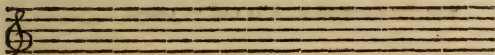
king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We gae the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carl, an the king come.

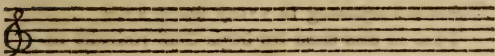
Coggie, an the king come,
Coggie, an the king come,
I'fe be fou, and thou'fe be toom,
Coggie, an the king come.

S O N G XIII.

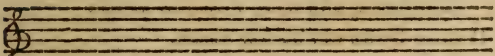
ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703)*.



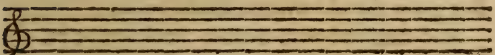
I'll sing you a song, my brave boys, The



like you ne'er heard of before, Old Scotland



at last is grown wise, And England shall bully



no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,

A true Presbyterian plot,

Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,

Is now kickt out by a vote.

* "The earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that he might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a plurality of fifty seven voices." Lockhart's *Memoirs*, p. 60.

The Lutheran dame * may be gone,
 Our foes shall addresse us no more,
 If the treaty † should never go on,
 She for ever is kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
 The English shall no more oppresse us,
 There's something in every mans view
 That in due time we hope shall redresse us.

This hundred years past we have been
 Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend;
 It came by an old barren queen,
 And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
 And England with treaties should wooe us,
 We'l clog her before she comes home,
 That she ne'er shall have power to undoe us.

Then let us goe on and be great,
 From parties and quarrells abstain;
 Let us English counccills defeat,
 And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redress'd,
 Consider, the power is our own;

* Sophia electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

† For the union of the two kingdoms.

Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare ;
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montros and Dundee be brought in
As latter examples before you ;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke * then,
Who has the great labour begun,
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
To Fletcher †, and all honest men ;
Ne'er trust the damnd rogues that belie ' 'em',
Since all our rights they maintain.

* James duke of Hamilton ; able, spirited, and unsteady. He was killed 15.th Nov. 1712, in a duel with lord Mohun, and, as was thought, by general Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun esquire ; a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

Once more to great Hamiltons health,
 The hero that still keeps his ground ;
 To him we must own all our wealth :—
 Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
 That so often have foil'd us before,
 Be now made the countries sport,
 And England shall fool us no more.

S O N G X I V .

T H E T H I S T L E A N D R O S E .

BY MR. WATT.



It was in old times, when trees compos'd



rhymes, And flowers did with elegy flow, It



was in a field, which various did yield, A Rose



and a Thistle did grow.

In a sun-shining day, the Rose chanced to say,
 Friend Thistle, I'll be with you plain,
 And if you would be united to me,
 You would ne'er be a Thistle again.

Says the Thistle, my spears defends mortals and fears,
 Whilst thou 'rt unguarded on the plain;
 And I do suppose, tho' I were a Rose,
 I would long to be a Thistle again.

O friend, says the Rose, you falsely suppose,
 Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain!
 You would take so much pleasure, in beautys vast
 treasure,
 You would ne'er be a Thistle again.

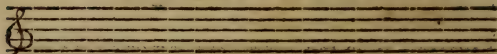
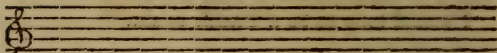
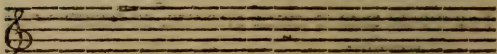
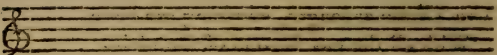
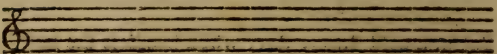
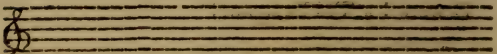
The Thistle at length, admiring the Rose,
 With all the gay flowers of the plain,
 She throws off her points, herself she anoints,
 And now in close Union she's gone.

But in a cold stormy day, while heedless she lay,
 No longer could sorrow refrain,
 She fetched a groan, with many ohon,
 O were I a Thistle again!

But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
 Nor dare I presume to complain;
 But remember that I disasterly cry,
 O were I a Thistle again!

SONG XV*.

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.

*Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's**coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Jock and**Tam and a's coming. Duncan's coming,**Donald's coming, Colin's coming, Ronald's**coming, Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's com-**ing, Alaster and a's coming: Little wat ye*

* The Chevaliers Muster Roll, 1715.



wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
The Camrons and M'leans' coming
The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,
A' the Dunywastles * coming :

*Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gilvrey of Drumglafs is coming.*

Wigton's coming, Nithisdale's coming,
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming † :

*Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blyth Cowbill and a's coming.*

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,

* i. e. Highland lairds or gentlemen ; *Dhuine uasal*.

† These are the earls of Wigton, Nithisdale and Carnwarth, the viscount Kenmure, the earl of Derwentwater, Thomas Foster esquire, member of parliament for Northumberland, and commander in chief of the Chevaliers English army, the earl of Widdrington, and the lord Nairn : the other names are either those of particular clans, or such as are applicable to all.

The M'Kenzies and M'Pherfons' coming,
A' the wild M'Craws' coming :

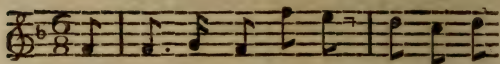
*Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.*

They gloom, they glowr, they look fae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a whig ;
They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming :

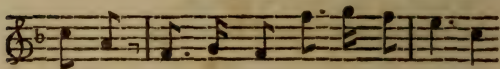
*Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.*

S O N G XVI.

S H E R I F F - M U I R.*

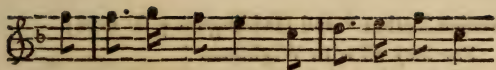


There's some fay that we wan, Some fay that



they wan, Some fay that nane wan at a' man ;

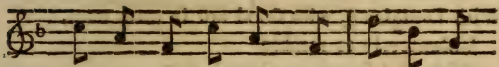
* The battle of Dumblain or Sheriff-muir was fought the 13th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preston, it is very remarkable, happened on the same day.



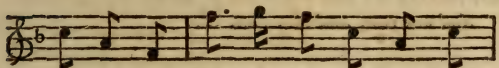
But onething I'm sure, That at She-riff Muir



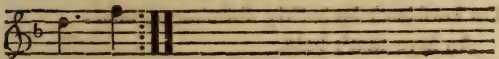
A bat-tle there was, which I saw man: *And*



we ran and they ran, and they ran, and



we ran, and we ran, and they ran, a -



wa' man.

Brave Argyle * and Belhaven†,
Not like frightened Leven‡,

* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces ; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties : dyed 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven ; served as a volunteer ; and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington : perished at sea, 1721.

‡ David (Lesly) earl of Leven ; for the government.

Which Rothes * and Haddington † sa' man ;
 For they all with Wightman ‡
 Advanced on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being ra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh § was there,
 In order to share
 With Douglas ||, who stood not in awe, man,
 Volunteerly to ramble
 With lord Loudoun Campbell ¶,
 Brave Ilay ** did suffer for a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw ††, that great knight,
 With broad-sword most bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him with-hold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Lesly) earl of Rothes; for the government.

† Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.

‡ Major general Joseph Wightman.

§ John (Ker) first duke of Roxburgh; for the government.

|| Archibald (Douglas) duke of Douglas.

¶ Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudoun.

** Archibald earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle. He was dangerously wounded.

†† An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

For the cowardly Whittam*,
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang†,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar ‡ and Panmure ||
 Were firm I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa' man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry § retook
 His brother, and laught at them a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Major-general Thomas Whitham.

† i. e. *aid du camp*.

‡ John (Erskine) earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevaliers army; a nobleman of great spirit, honour and abilities. He dyed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

|| James (Maule) earl of Panmure; dyed at Paris, 1723.

§ Honorable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumstance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mars printed account of the engagement: "The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some were allow'd to return to Sterling upon their parole, &c. . . . The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our Left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescu'd by his brother and his servants."

Grave Marshall * and Lithgow †,
 And Glengarys ‡ pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man ||,
 And Gordons the bright
 So boldly did fight,
 The redcoats took flight and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore § and Clanronald ¶
 Cry'd still, Advance, Donald !
 Till both these heroes did fa', man **;

* George (Keith) earl Marischall, then a youth at college. He dyed at his government of Neufchatel in 177.. His brother, the celebrated marshall Keith, was with him in this battle.

† James (Livingston) earl of Calendar and Linlithgow : attainted.

‡ Alexander M'Donald of Glengary, laird of a clan ; a brave and spirited chief : attainted.

|| Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond ; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

§ John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore ; " a man of good parts, of a most amiable disposition and character."

¶ Ranald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or absence.

** " We have lost to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan-Ranald." Earl of Mars Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account : " We can't find above 60 of our men in all kill'd, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, " for his good parts and gentle accomplishments, was look'd upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans. . . He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

For there was such hashing,
 And broad swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar * himself got a cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth † stood the storm,
 eaforth ‡ but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth || and Strathallan § not fla,' man ;
 And Hamilton ¶ pled
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

His servant who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, He was a man yesterday. Boswells *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

* Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the dukes army. He is said to have been shot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broad swords. He dyed a few days after of his wounds.

† James marquis of Drummond, son of James (Drummond) duke of Perth, was lieutenant general of horse, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but escaped to France, where he soon after dyed.

‡ William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and dyed in 1740.

|| William (Livingston) viscount Kilsyth : attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viscount Strathallan ; whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

¶ Lieutenant general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

Brave generous Southesk *,
 Tilebairn † was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo ‡ not fear'd,
 Kintore || and his beard,
 Pittsligo § and Ogilvie ¶ a', man,
 And brothers Balfours **,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh †† did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* James (Carnegie) earl of Southesk ; was attainted, and, escaping to France, dyed there in 1729.

† William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldest son to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at sea in 1746, and dyed soon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

‡ Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo ; “ a man of singular merit and great integrity : ” dyed in 1758.

|| William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

§ Alexander (Forbes) lord Pittsligo ; “ a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed.” He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and dyed at an advanced age in 1762.

¶ James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterward pardoned. His father, *not dra'ing into the same yoke*, saved the estate.

** Some relations it is supposed of the lord Burleigh.

†† Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and dyed in 1757.

But Cleppan * acted pretty,
 And Strowan the witty †,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly ‡ and Sinclair ||,
 They both plaid the tinclair,
 With consciences black like a cra', man.
 Some Angus and Fifemen
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traytor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king and his countrie and a', man,

* Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

† Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, dyed in peace 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

‡ Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntley, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who according to the usual policy of his country, (of which we here meet with several other instances) remained neutral. See Humes History, vol. p.

|| John Sinclair esq. commonly called master of Sinclair eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and dyed in 1750. The estate was preserved of course.

Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man †.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummonds best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa' man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* " There was at this time a report prevail'd that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deserter from the duke *Argyle*, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid de camp, to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality, attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, sent this *Drummond* with orders to general *Hammilton*, who commanded on the rebels, left to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But *Drummond*, as they pretend gave contrary orders, and intelligence to general *Hammilton*, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general *Hammilton* gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the dukes right approaching the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely gall'd by the duke; and they pretend that *Drummond*, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke." *Campbells Life of John Duke of Argyle.* p. 204.

To London he pres'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And there without strife
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a year to his fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with diigrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,
 And then in a tether
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 [And] go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy * stood watch
 On a hill for to catch
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,

* “ Among other causes of the rebels misfortune in that day they reckon the part *Rob Roy*, *M. Gregor*, acted to be one ; this *Rob Roy*, or [*Red*] *Robert*, was brother to the laird of *M. Gregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's absence, but in the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance without allowing them to engage, tho' they show'd all the willingness imaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was it seems the chief of his design of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lye upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of

For he ne'er advanc'd
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more to do there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
 And Moubray the wright;
 But Letham the smith was a bra' man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa' man,

thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had as he alledged cheated him of a small feudal estate." Campbells *Life of J. D. of Argyle*. p. 205.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the historian would not tell us, had assumed the surname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he is reported to have said, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable however that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for some years after, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton, and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him." Boyse's *History of the Rebellion*. He is in the number of those attainted by parliament.

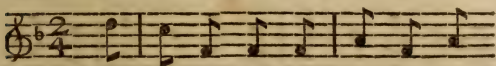
By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man*.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chafe was at a', man;
 From other they 'run'
 Without touk of drum;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we
 ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

S O N G XVII.

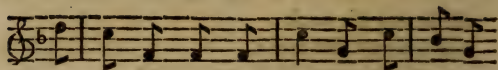
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND
 TOM. CLEAN-COGUE, TWAS SHEPHERDS WHA WERE
 FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-HILLS ON
 THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MOOK WAS
 FOUGHT.

The Chorus to be sung after every verse, to the tune of
 the Camerons March.

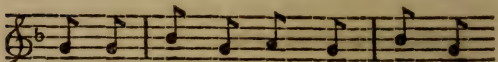


W. Pray came you here the fight to shun;

* The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is supposed to be the same *John M'Lean, trumpet*, who was sent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October. Vide *Original letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."



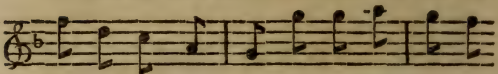
Or keep the sheep with me, man? Or was you



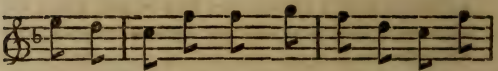
at the She-riff-moor, And did the



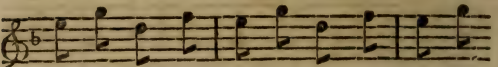
bat-tle see, man? Pray tell whilk of the



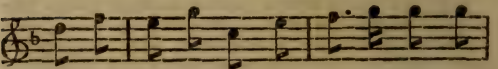
parties won? For well I wat I saw them



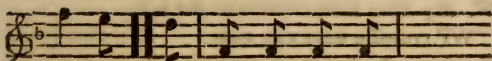
run, Both south and north, when they be-gun, To



pell and mell, and kill and fell, with muskets



knell, and pistols knell, And some to hell, Did



flee man. La la la la, &c.

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,

Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;

For well I wat they had good skill

To set upo' their foes, man :

The red-coats they are train'd, you see,

The clans always disdain to flee,

Wha then should gain the victory ?

But the highland race, all in a brace,

With a swift pace, to the whigs disgrace,

Did put to chace

Their foes, man.

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true ?

I saw the chace gae North, man.

T. But well I wat they did pursue

Them even unto Forth, man :

Frae Dumblain they ran in my own sight,

And got o'er the budge with all their might,

And those at Stirling took their flight ;

Gif only ye had been wi' me,

You had seen them flee, of each degree,

For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

W. My sifter Kate came o'er the hill,

Wi' crowdie unto me, man,

She swore she saw them running still

Frae Perth unto Dundee man.

The left wing gen'ral had na skill,

The Angus lads had no good will

That day their neighbours blood to spill ;

For fear by foes that they should lose

Their cogues of brose, all crying woes,

Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man ?

T. I see but few like gentlemen

Amang you frightened crew, man ;

I fear my lord Panmure be slain,

Or that he's ta'en just now, man :

For tho' his officers obey,

His cowardly commons run away,

For fear the red-coats them should slay ;

The sodgers hail make their hearts fail,

See how they scale, and turn their tail,

And rin to flail

And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again,

Into the second fight, man ;

They swear they'll either dye or gain,

No foes shall them affright, man :

Argyles best forces they'll withstand,

And boldly fight them sword in hand,

Give them a general to command,

A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no skill

To lead a Scottish force, man ;
 Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.

You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack like Highland trews,
 To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,
 Till the field tho' braid be all o'erspread,
 But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead
 In their cold bed,

That's moss man.

7. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man ;
 They cry'd and run grim death to shun,
 Those heroes of the North, man * :

They're fitter far for book or pen,
 Than under Mars to lead on men,
 Ere they came there they might well ken

* " They [*i. e.* the Insurgents] reckon'd likewise that some Noblemen, and Chiefs from the North did not act so honest a part, or at least did not shew so much courage as the zeal they express'd for the cause required." *Campbell's Life of J. D. of Argyle*, p. 205.

That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
'Tis Highland brands that countermands
Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

W. The Camerons scow'r'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours cows, man.

M'kenzie and the Stewart fled,

Without phil'beg or trews, man :

Had they behav'd like Donalds core,

And kill'd all those came them before,

Their king had gone to France no more :

Then each whig faint wad soon repent,

And strait recant his covenant,

And rent

It at the news, man.

T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,

Badenach and Athol too, man ;

I hear they wanted the command,

For I believe them true, man.

Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,

Stood motionless, and some did worse,

For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,

They did conspire for to admire

Clans run and fire, left wings retire,

While rights intire

Pursue, man.

W. But Scotland has not much to say,

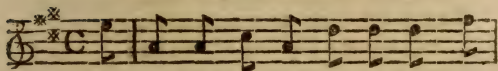
For such a fight as this is,

Where baith did fight, baith run away,
 The devil take the mifs is
 That ev'ry officer was not slain
 That run that day, and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dumblain;
 When Whig and Tory, in their 'fury,'
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow
 The sad story

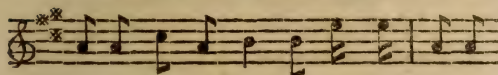
Hush is.

SONG XVIII.

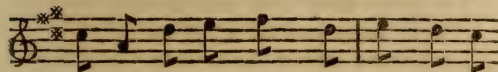
UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.



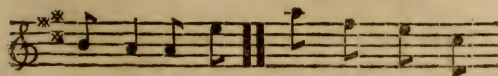
When we went to the field of war, And



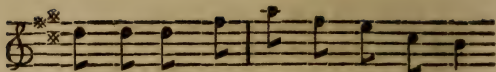
to the wea-pon shaw, Wil-lie, With true de-



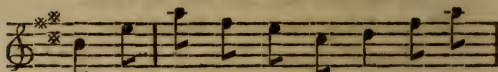
sign to stand our ground, And chace our faes



a - wa', Wil - lie, Lairds and lords came



there bedeen, And vow gin they were pra',



Wil - lie: *Up and war 'em a', Wil-lie,*



War 'em, war 'em, a', Wil - llie.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', Willie:
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
 The golden knop down from the top,
 Unto the ground did fa', Willie:
 Then second-fighted Sandy said,
 We'll do nae good at a', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
 Our bald commander on the green,
 Our faes their left did ca', Willie,

And there the greatest slaughter made
 That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willie.
Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
 They swore they'd slay us a', Willie;
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
 And so did rin awa', Willie:
 We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight did march into the town,
 And back his left did draw, Willie:
 Thus we taught them the better gate,
 To get a better fa', Willie.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
 And bravely up did draw, Willie:
 But gin ye spear wha wan the day,
 I'll tell you what I saw, Willie:
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa', Willie.
 So there's my canty Highland sang,
 About the thing I saw, Willie*.

* The copies of this and the preceding song, inserted in Johnsons *Scots Musical Museum*, contain great variations.

S O N G X I X .

T R A N E N T - M U I R * .

B Y M R . S K I R V I N .

Tune, *Gillicrankie*.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birsle brae, man,
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man :
 While general Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the sock,
 We heard another crow, man.

The brave Lochiel†, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;

* A field of battle, better known by the name of Preston-pans, where prince Charles Stewart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the English forces, under the command of sir John Cope, who was afterward tryed by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is said to have left the field in such haste that he never once stopped his horse, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is seven or eight miles off. This action happened Sep. 22d 1745.

† Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and dyed in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, j 1748.

The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man :
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;
 On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man ;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'ft,
 They were not worth a louse man ;
 Maist feck gade hame ; O fy for shame !
 They'd better stay'd awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith * the great, when herfell shiit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er man ;

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer ; who, happening, to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Copes camp.

Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And Simpson * keen, to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of fight man ;
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie † staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

* Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols ; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

† Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica ; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-sword.

But Gard'ner * brave did still behave,
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man :
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

* James Gardiner, colonel of regiment of horse. This gentlemans conduct, however celebrated, does not seem to have proceeded so much from the generous ardour of a noble and heroic mind, as from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, and a bigoted reliance on the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination, which rendered it a matter of perfect indifference whether he left the field or remained in it. Being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a highlander, with a Lochaber ax.

Colonel Gardiner, having, when a gay young man, at Paris, made an assignation with a lady, was, as he pretended, not only deterred from keeping his appointment, but thoroughly reclaimed from all such thoughts in future, by an apparition. See his Life by Doddridge.

He made sick haste, fae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and safely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man :
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man ;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man ;
 But the night before he left the cor,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man :
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,

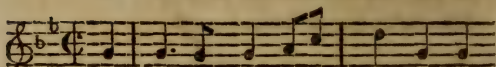
About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fow bald can tell how her nainfell
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man ;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke man.

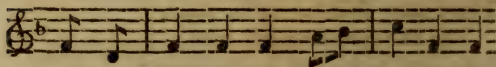
That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man ;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away man :
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

SONG XX.

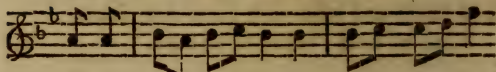
COPE, ARE YOU WAKING YET?

Tune of, Fy to the hills in the morning.

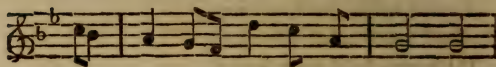
Cope sent a chal-lenge from Dun-bar,



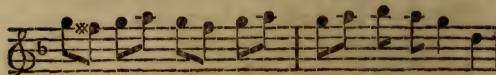
Say-ing, sir, come fight me, if you dare,



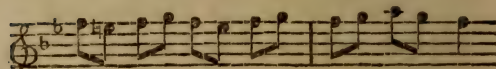
If it be not by the chance of war,



I'll catch you all in the morn-ing.



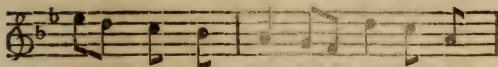
Char-lie look'd the let-ter upon, He



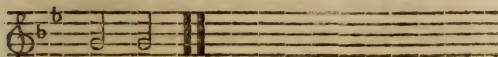
drew his sword his scab-bard from,



Say-ing, Come fol-low me, my mer-ry



men, And we'll vi - sit Cope in the]



morn-ing.

My merry men, come follow me,
For now's the time I'll let you see,
What a happy nation this will be,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit;
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland-men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
'Twas when they saw the Highland-lads,

'They ran to the hills as if they were calves,
And scour'd off early in the morning.]

For all your bombs, and your bomb-shells,
'Tis when they saw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills like frightened wolves,
All pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzzas,
Cries, Cope, are you quite awa?
Bide a little, and shake a pa,
And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,
They ask'd him where was all his men;
The pox on me if I do ken,
For I left them all this morning *.

* V A R I A T I O N .

J O H N Y C O U P .

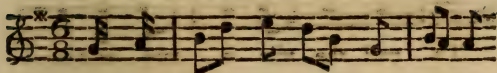
Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
Hey Johny Coup, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were waking I wou'd wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,

SONG XXI.

THE CLANS.

Tune, *The Campbels are coming.*



Here's a health to all brave English



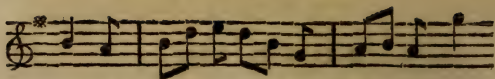
lads, Both lords and squires of high re-

Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Jonnie Coup i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup are ye waking yet, &c.

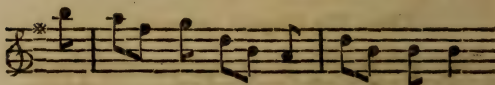
Now, Jonnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

When Jonnie Coup he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

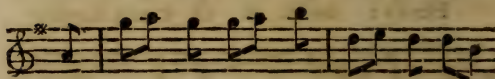
Fy now Jonnie get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.



noun, That will put to their help-ing hand,



To pull the vile u - surp - er down ;



For our brave Scots are all on foot,

When Jonnie Coup to Dunbar came,
They spear'd at him, where's a' your men ?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Now, Jonnie, trouth ye was na blate,
'To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Ah ! faith, co' Jonnie, I got a fleg,
With their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again deil, break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

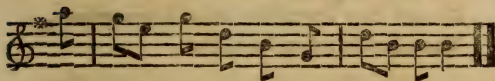
In Johnsons "Scots Musical Museum," Edin. 1787, &c. is a copy differing very much from both. One would wish to know the original, which, perhaps, is now impossible.



Pro - claim - ing loud where e'er they go,



With sound of trum-pet, pipe and drum,



The Clans are com-ing, o - ho, o-ho.

To set our king upon the throne,
 Not church nor state to overthrow,
 As wicked preachers falsely tell,
 The clans are coming, oho, oho.
 Therefore forbear ye canting crew,
 Your bugbear tales are about for shew;
 The want of stipends is your fear,
 And not the clans, oho, oho.

We will protect both church and state,
 Tho' they be held our mortal foe;
 And when Hanover's to the gait,
 You'll bless the clans, oho, oho.
 Corruption, brib'ry, breach of law,
 This was your cant some time ago,

Which did expose both court and king,
And rais'd our clans, oho, oho.

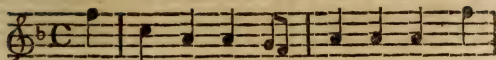
Rouz'd like a lyon from his den,
When he thought on his country's woe,
Our brave protector Charles did come,
With all his clans, oho, oho.

These lions for their country's cause,
And nat'ral prince were never slow ;
So now they come with their brave prince,
The clans advance, oho, oho.

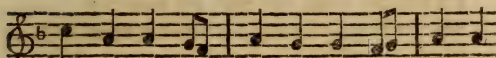
And now the clans have drawn their swords,
They vow revenge against them a',
That do lift up th' usurper's arms,
To fight against our king and law.
Then God preservè our royal king,
And his dear sons, the lovely twa,
And set him on his father's throne,
And bless his subjects great and sma'.

SONG XXII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.



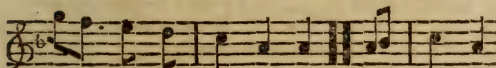
My love was born in A-berdeen, The



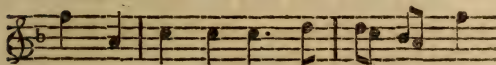
bo-niest land that e'er was seen, But now he



makes our heart fu' fad, He takes the



field wi' his white cockade. O he's a



rant-ing, rov-ing lad, He is a brisk



an' a bon-ny lad, Be-tide what may, I



will be wed, And fol-low the boy wi' the



white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray mare, and hawkit cow,
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

Cho. O he's a ranting roving lad, &c.

S O N G XXIII.

IN HONOUR OF THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE*.

Tune, Katherine Ogie.

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,
Who boast such loud bravadoes,
And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,
The Highland desperadoes,
Attend my verse, whilst I rehearse
Your modern deeds of glory,

* Thomas Pattison esq. This city surrendered to the chevalier the 15th of November, 1745; and was retaken by the duke of Cumberland, on the 31st of December following.—See the tune, vol. i. p. 15.

And tell how Cope, the nations hope,
Did beat the rebel tory.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,
The mountain-squires descended ;
They cut and hack,—alack ! alack !—
The battle soon was ended :
And happy he who first could flee ;
Both soldiers and commanders
Swore in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,
Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;
Sir John, aghast, like light'ning past,
Discharging in his breeches.
The blew-cap lads, with belted plaids,
Syne scamper'd o'er the border,
And bold Carlisle, in humble stile,
Obey'd their leaders order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !
Thou figure of a mayor !
Thou bless'd thy lot, thou wert no Scot,
And bluster'd like a player :
What hast thou done, with sword or gun,
To baffle the pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon-grease
Thou much more fit defender.

Of front of brass, and brain of ass,
 With heart of hare compounded ;
 How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
 And all thy pride confounded !
 Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave
 Thy kindred or thy favour,
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,
 No glory thy behaviour.

S O N G XXIV.

Tune, *The clans are coming, obo ! obo !**

LET mournful Britons now deplore
 The horrors of Drummossie-day ;
 Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
 The clans are all away, away.
 The clemency so late enjoy'd,
 Converted to tyrannic sway,
 Our laws and friends at once destroy'd,
 And forc'd the clans away, away.

His fate thus doom'd, the Scottish race
 To tyrants lasting pow'r a prey,
 Shall all those troubles never cease ?
 Why went the clans away, away ?
 Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn,
 Your prince abroad will make no stay ;

* See before, p. 85.

You'll blefs the hour of his return,
And soon revenge Drummossie-day.

SONG XXV.

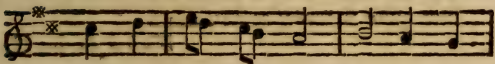
BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN ESQ.



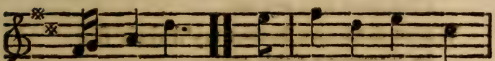
A hoar-yfwain, in - ur'd to care,



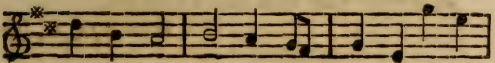
Has toil'd these fix-ty years, Yet ne'er was



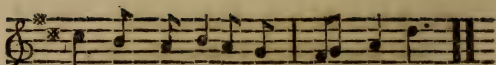
haunt-ed with de-spair, Nor sub-ject



much to tears ; What - e - ver Fortune



pleas'd to fend, He al-ways hop'd a joy-ful



end, *With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.*

He sees a champion of renown,
 Loud in the blast of fame,
 For safety scouring up and down,
 Uncertain of his aim;
 For all his speed, a ball from gun
 Could faster fly than he could run.

With a fa, la, &c.

Another, labouring to be great,
 By some is counted brave,
 His will admits of no debate,
 Pronounc'd with look so grave;
 Yet 'tis believ'd he is found out
 Not quite so trusty as he's stout.

With a fa, la, &c.

An action well contriv'd, of late,
 Illustrates this my tale,
 Where these two heroes try'd their fate
 In Fortune's fickle scale;
 Where 'tis surmis'd they wisely fought,
 In concert with each others thought.

With a fa, la, &c.

But first they knew that mountaineers,
 (As apt to fight as eat)

Who once could climb the hills like deers,
 Now fainted without meat ;
 While English hearts, their hunger stanch,
 Grew valiant as they cramm'd their paunch.

With a fa, la, &c.

Thus fortify'd with beef and sleep,
 They waddling fought their foes,
 Who scarce their eyes awake could keep,
 Far less distribute blows ;
 To whom we owe the fruits of this,
 Inspect who will, 'tis not amiss.

With a fa, la, &c.

Tho' we be forely now oppress'd,
 By numbers driv'n from home,
 Yet Fortune's wheel may turn at last,
 And Justice back may come ;
 In providence we'll put our trust,
 Which ne'er abandons quite the just.

With a fa, la, &c.

Ev'n let them plunder, kill and burn,
 And on our vitals prey,
 We'll hope for Charles's safe return,
 As justly so we may ;
 The laws of God and man declare
 The son should be the father's heir.

With a fa, la, &c.

Let wretches, fluster'd with revenge,

Dream they can conquer hearts,

The steady mind will never change,

'Spite of their cruel arts :

We still have woods, and rocks, and men,

What they pull down to raise again.

With a fa, la, &c.

And now let's fill the healing cup,

Enjoin'd in sacred song,

To keep the sinking spirits up,

And make the feeble strong ;

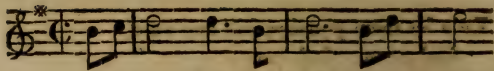
How can the sprightly flame decline,

That always is upheld by wine ?

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

S O N G XXVI.

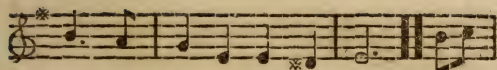
A W A, W H I G S, A W A !



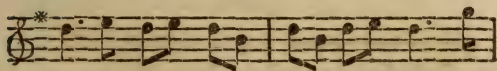
A - wa, whigs, a - wa ! A - wa,



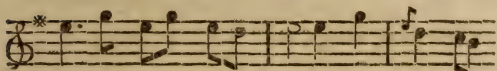
whigs, a - wa ! Ye're but a pack o' trai-tor



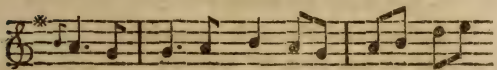
louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our



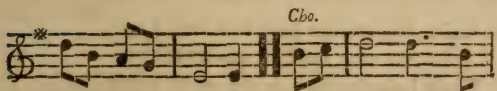
thrifles flou-rish'd fresh and fair, And



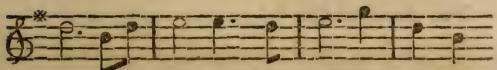
bo-nie bloom'd our rofes, But whigs cam



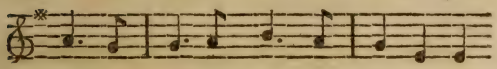
like a froft in June, And wi - ther'd



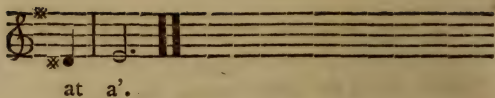
a' our pofies. A - wa, whigs, a -



wa! A - wa, whigs, a - wa! Ye're but a



pack o' trai-tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude



at a'.

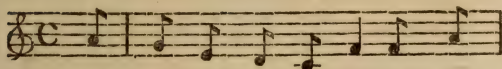
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
 And write his name in his black beuk
 Wha gae the whigs the power o't.
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpasses my describing;
 The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

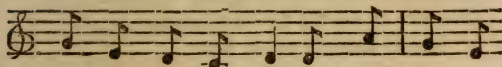
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
 But we may see him wauken:
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin!
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

SONG XXVII

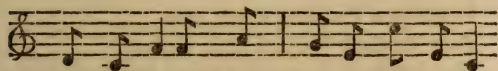
WELCOME, CHARLEY STUART



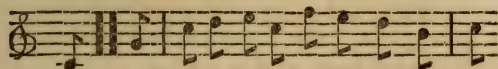
You're welcome, Charley Stuart, You're



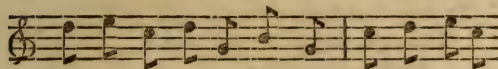
welcome, Charley Stu-art, You're welcome,



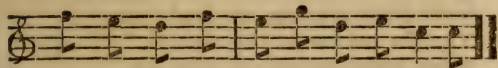
Charley Stuart, There's none so right as thou



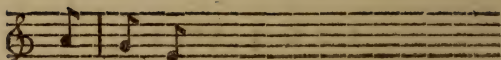
art. Had I the power to my will, I'd make



thee famous by my quill, Thy foes I'd scatter,



take, and kill, From Billingsgate to Du-art.



You're wel-come, &c.

Thy sympathizing complaisance
 Made thee believe intriguing France;
 But woe is me for thy mischance,
 Which saddens every heart.

You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,
 Poor Scotland had not been undone,
 Nor butcher'd been, with sword and gun,
 By Lockhart and such cowards.

You're welcome, &c.

Kind providence, to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou charming Charley Stuart.

You're welcome, &c.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray
 That she and we may see the day,
 When Britons all with joy shall say,
 You're welcome Charley Stuart.

You're welcome, &c.

Tho' Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger after blood,
Just heaven will preserve the good,
To fight for Charley Stuart.

You're welcome, &c.

'Whene'er', I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the Swine,*
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charley Stuart.

You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stuart.

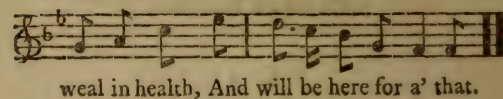
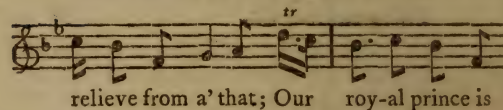
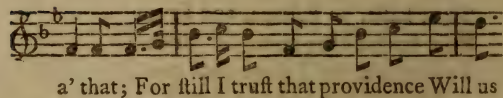
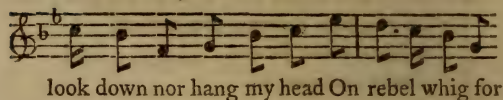
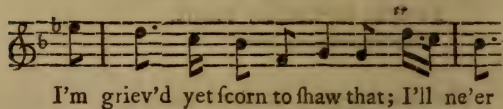
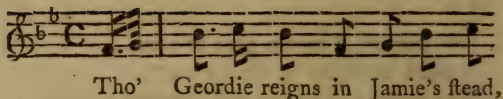
You're welcome, &c.

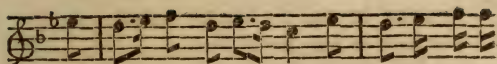
Then haste, ye Britons, and set on
Your lawful king upon the throne;
To Hanover we'll drive each one
Who will not fight for Stuart.

You're welcome, &c.

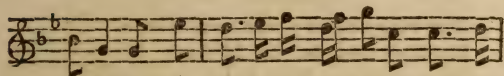
* The duke of Cumberland.

S O N G XXVIII.

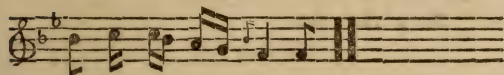
Tune, *For a' that.*



For a' that, and a' that, And thrice as muckle



as a' that; He's far beyond the seas the night, Yet



he'll be here for a' that.

He's far beyond Dumblain the night,
Whom I love weel for a' that;
He wears a pistol by his side,
'That makes me blyth for a' that;
The highland coat, the philabeg,
The tartan hose, and a' that;
And tho' he's o'er the seas the night,
He'll soon be here for a' that.

'For' a' that, &c.

He wears a broadsword by his side,
And weell he kens to draw that,
The target and the highland plaid,
The shoulder-belt, and a' that;
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a' that;

And tho' beyond the seas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

'For' a' that, &c.

The whigs think a that weal is won,
But faith they ma' na' fa' that;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.*

For a' that, &c.

But O what will the whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that,
When Geordie mun fling by the crown,
His hat and wig, and a' that?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they 've done a' that;†
Our highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.

'For' a' that, &c.

* Half of this stanza seems to be wanting.

† Alluding, perhaps, to a whimsical practice of king George II. which was to kick his hat and wig about the room, whenever he was in a passion.

Concinet majore poeta pleetro

——, *quandoque calens furore*

Gestiet circa thalamum ferire

Calce galerum.

LOVELING.

O! then your bra' militia lads
 Will be rewarded duly,
 When they fling by their black cockades,
 A hellish colour truly :
 As night is banish'd by the day,
 The white shall drive awa that ;
 The sun shall then his beams display,
 And we'll be blyth for a' that.
'For' a' that, &c.

S O N G XXIX.

Tune, *Alloway-house*.*

O H ! how shall I venture, or dare to reveal,
 Too great for expression, too good to conceal,
 The graces and virtues that illustriously shine
 In the prince that's descended from the Stuart's
 great line !

O ! could I extoll, as I love the dear name,
 And suit my low strains to my prince's high fame,
 In verses immortal his glory should live,
 And ages unborn his merit survive.

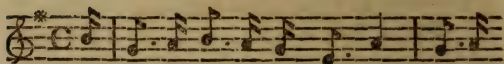
But O ! thou great hero, just heir to the crown,
 The world, in amazement, admires thy renown ;
 Thy princely behaviour sets forth thy just praise,
 In trophies more lasting than poets can raise.

* See Vol. I. p. 79.

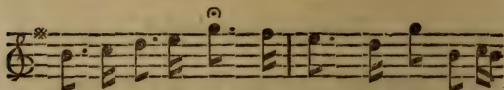
Thy valour in war, thy deportment in peace,
 Shall be sung and admir'd, when division shall cease;
 Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,
 And those who now rule be compell'd to obey.

S O N G X X X.

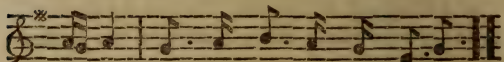
CHARMING HIGHLANDMAN.*



Oh! send my Lewis Gordon hame, And the



lad I dare na name; Al-though his back be at

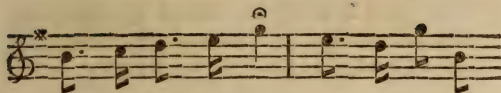


the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'.

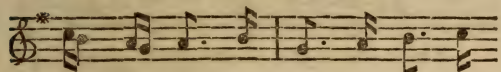


Hech hey! my high-land-man! My hand-some,

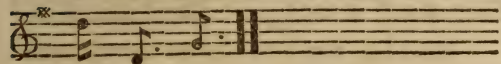
* This song is sometimes intitled "LEWIS GORDON," and directed to be sung "To the tune of *Tarry woo*;" of which the present is possibly but an alteration. (See Vol. I. p. 283.)—Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgement. He dyed in 1754.



charm - ing high-land-man! Weel could I my



true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand



high-land - men.

O! to see his tartan trouze,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!

That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

Hech hey! &c,

This lovely lad, of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
And on his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

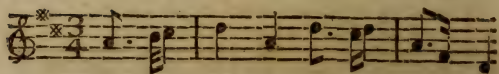
Hech hey! &c.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Our griefs would then a' disapear,
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee year.

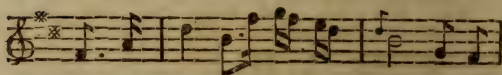
Hech hey! &c.

S O N G XXXI.

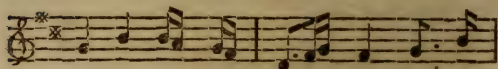
STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*



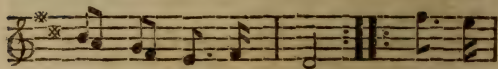
Thick - est night, furround my dwell - ing !



Howl - ing tem - pests, o'er me rave ! Turbid



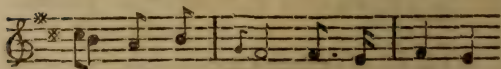
tor - rents, win - try swell - ing, Roar - ing



by my lone - ly cave. Chry - stal



streamlets gen - tly flow - ing, Bu - fy haunts



of base man - kind, West - ern breez - es

* Supposed to mean James, viscount Strathallan, whose father, viscount William, was killed, as before mentioned, at the battle of Culloden. He escaped to France, and is still living.



soft - ly blowing, Suit not my dif -



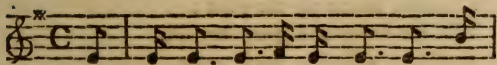
tract-ed mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honor's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success:
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

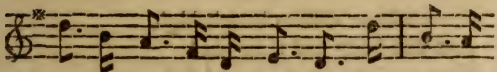
SONG XXXII.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune, *Higblander's Lament.*



My Har-ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu'

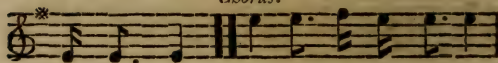


state-ly strade he on the plain, But now he's

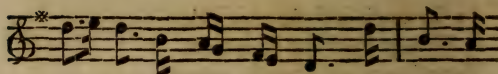


banish'd far 'away,' I'll ne-ver see him

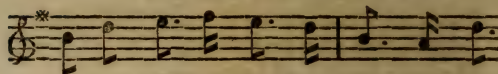
Chorus.



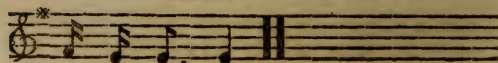
back a - gain. O for him back a - gain!



O for him back a - gain! I wad gie



a'Knockhaf-pie's land For High-land Har-



ry back a - gain.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen ;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain !
Then I might see the joyful fight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

S O N G XXXIII.

Tune, *The Flowers of the Forest**.

I'VE seen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing,
 Kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.

I've seen the forest,
 Adorn'd the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming ;
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

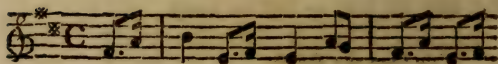
O fickle Fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?

* See before, p. 1. This song is suspected to allude to the consequences of 1715 or 1745.

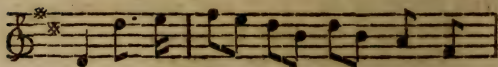
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can chear me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

SONG XXXIV.

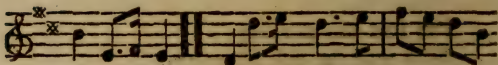
[TO DAUNTON ME.]



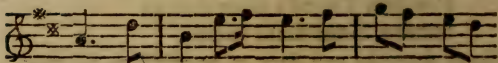
To daun-ton me, to daun-ton



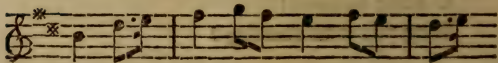
me, Do you ken the thing that would



daun-ton me? Eighty-eight, and eight - y



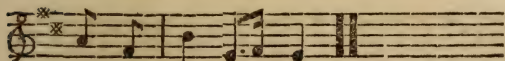
nine, And a' the drear-y years since



fyne, With sels and pres, and pres -



by - try, Good faith, this had li - ken



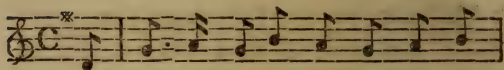
till a daun - ton me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
Do you ken the thing that would wanton me?
To see gued corn upon the rigs,
And banishment to all the whigs,
And right restor'd where right should be;
O! these are the things that wa'd wanton me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
And ken ye what maist would wanton me?
To see king James at Edinb'rough cross,
With fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forc'd to flee;
O! this is what maist would wanton me.

SONG XXXV.

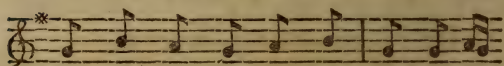
MACPHERSON'S 'LAMENT'. *



I've spent my time in ri - ot - ing, De -



bauch'd my health and strength; I've pil-lag'd,



plunder'd, mur - der - ed, But now, a - las!



at length, I'm brought to pu - nish-ment

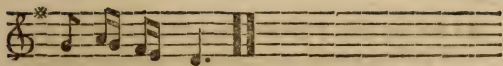


di-rect, Pale Death draws near to me; This



end I ne-ver did project, To hang

* No information has occurred respecting this personage.



up - on a tree.

To hang upon a tree ! a tree !
 That curs'd unhappy death !
 Like to a wolf to worried be,
 And choaked in the breath.
 My very heart would surely break,
 When this I think upon,
 Did not my courage singular
 Bid penfive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath
 More courage had than I ;
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,
 And would not from them fly :
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,
 Like Hector manfullie ;
 Then wonder one like me, so stout,
 Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
 With courage more by far
 Than ever did a general
 His soldiers in a war :
 Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
 I liv'd most joyfullie ;
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree !

As for my life, I do not care,
 If justice would take place,
 And bring my fellow plunderers
 Unto this same disgrace;
 For Peter Brown, that notour loon,
 Escap'd, and was made free :
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree !

Both law and justice buried are,
 And fraud and guile succeed,
 The guilty pass unpunished,
 If money interceed :
 The laird of Grant, that highland saint,
 His mighty majestie,
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
 And lets Macpherson die.

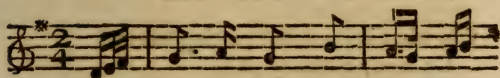
The dest'ny of my life contriv'd
 By those whom I oblig'd,
 Rewarded me much ill for good,
 And left me no refuge :
 For Braco Duff, in rage enough,
 He first laid hands on me ;
 And if that death would not prevent,
 Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
 When I shall be no more ;

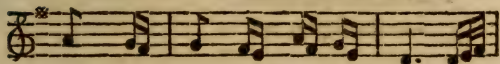
To part with life I am content,
 As any heretofore.
 Therefore, good people all, take heed,
 This warning take by me,
 According to the lives you lead,
 Rewarded you will be.

S O N G XXXVI.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.



Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and

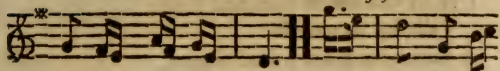


strong, The wretch's def - ti - nie! Mac

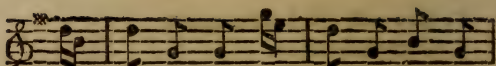


Pherson's time will not be long, On

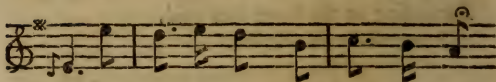
A little faster



yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae ranting - ly

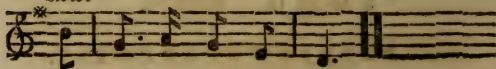


fae wan-ton - ly, Sae daunt-ing-ly gae'd



he, He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,

Slow.



Be - low the gal-lows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!

On mony a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring me to my sword ;

And there's no man in all Scotland

But I'll brave at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;

I die by treacherie :

It burns my heart I must depart,

And not avenged be,

Sae rantingly, &c.

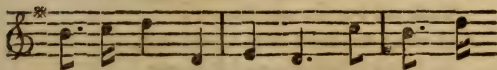
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame disdain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

S O N G XXXVII.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.



When Phoebus bright the a-zure skies With



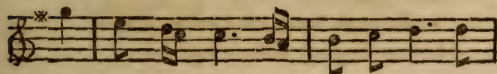
golden rays en-lightn-eth, He makes all



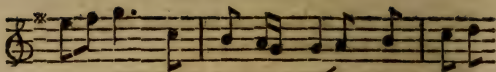
Na - ture's beau-ties rise, Herbs, trees, and



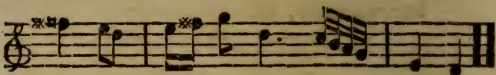
flow'rs he quickneth : A-mongst all those



he makes his choice, And with delight goes



thorow, With radiant beams and fil-ver



streams, Are Leader Haughs and Yar-row.

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth:
 Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres fell,
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending;
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,
 Surmounting my describing,

With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Dedalus' contriving ;
 Men passing by do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath no marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis singing ;
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :
 The lintwhite loud and Prögne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth ;
 But vows she's flee far from the tree
 'Where' Philomel resorteth :
 By break of day the lark can say
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
 I'll stretch my wing and mounting sing,
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The East and Western Mainfes,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainshes ;

Where aits are fine, and fald by kind,
 That if ye searck all thorough,
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill-bog, and Whitflade shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth :
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins, and fighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter musick wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying :
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae biolding can she borrow,
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
 And fighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her :
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh and fyke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding;
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
 The bird that flees through Reedpath trees,
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn cannot assuage
 His grief while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth:
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

S O N G XXXVIII.

Tune, *Gillicrankie* *.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:

* See before, p. 76. The events and allusions which form the subject of this song, are too recent and familiar to need a comment.

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae lefs, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na flaw, man ;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
 Was kept in Boston-ha', man ;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hashed sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Frafer brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But Clinton's glaive fra rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thraw, man :
 For paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a' man ;
 An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;
 Till Death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man :
 Saint Stephen's boys wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man ;
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 " Up, Willie, waur them a', man ! "

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;

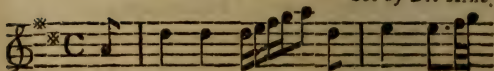
While flee Dundas 'arous'd the clafs
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired bardies faw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, rise !
 "Would I hae fear'd them a', man !"

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co,
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron raife, an' cooft their claife
 Behind him in a raw, man :
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,
 To mak it guid in law, man.

S O N G XXXIX.

BY JAMES THOMSON, ESQUIRE*.

Set by Dr. Arne.

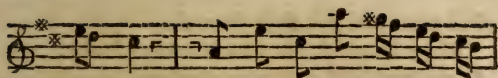


When Bri-tain first, at heaven's com -

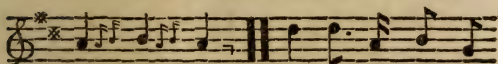


mand, A - rose - - - from out the a -

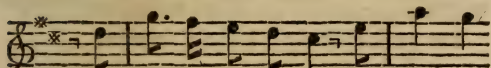
* In the Masque of Alfred.



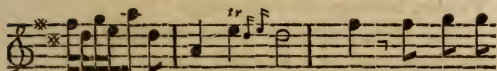
zure main ; A-rose, a-rose from out the



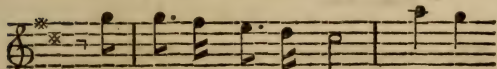
a - zure main ; This was the char - ter,



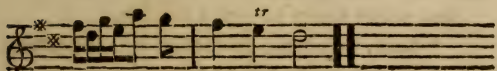
the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian



an - gels sung this strain, "Rule, Britannia,



Bri - tan-nia, rule the waves ; " Bri-tons



ne - ver will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall :

While thou shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

" Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke :
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
“ Rule, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame :
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arrouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
“ Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
“ Rule, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown’d,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
“ Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves;
“ Britons never will be slaves.”



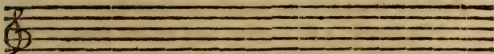
SCOTTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE FIFTH,

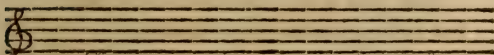
SONG I.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.



Lithe and listen, gentlemen, To sing a song



I will beginne : It is of a lord of faire Scot-



land, Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree;
 But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king him selfe,
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;
 And he mun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee:
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My lande now take it unto thee :
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennie ;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne :
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :
My sonne, whenne I am gonne, sayd he,
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was brasse, and the tone was lead,
And [the] tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care ?
He borrow of them all by turnes,
So need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
 Another had payd his gold away;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Now well-away, and woe is me !
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door,
 I wis, it were a brenning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a sinne :
 To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to [the] lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend :
 When all the world should frown on me,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to [the] lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 VOL. II. M

But bare and lothly were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;
 No shimmering funn here ever shone ;
 No halefome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see :
 " Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

" All this my boding mind misgave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent with this rebuke,
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast,
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :

“ This is a trusty friend indeed,
“ And is right welcome unto mee.”

Then round his neck the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie :
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there :
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chefts in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money ;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see.

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee cleare,
“ Amend thy life and follies past ;
“ For but thou amend thee of thy life,
“ That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;
And let it bee, but if I amend :

For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne,
 Away he went with a merry cheare ;
 I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
 Till John o' the Scales house he came neare.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Up at the speere then looked hee ;
 There sate three lords at the bordes end,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales then louted hee,
 I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
 Away, away, this may not bee :
 For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee :
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
 I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
 I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;

For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :
Sayd Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companee :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe.
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he gave him a gods-pennee :

Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth the bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine the land is mine,
"And now Ime againe the lord of Linne."

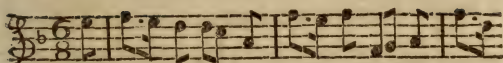
Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales :
Now well aday ! and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

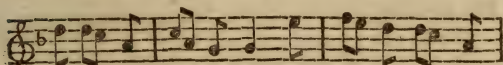
Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne,
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee :
When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

S O N G II.

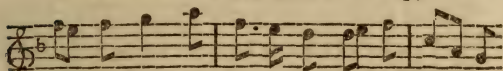
THE WEE WEE MAN.



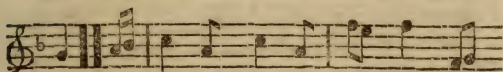
As I was walking all a-lone, Between



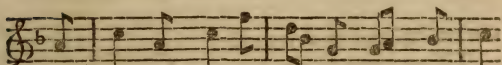
a wa-ter and a wa', And there I spy'd a



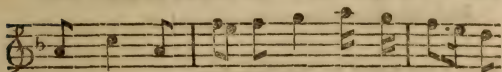
wee wee man, And he was the least that ere I



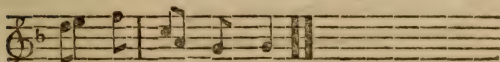
saw. His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,



And thick and thimber was his thighs, Between



his brows there was a span, And be-tween his



shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle flane,
And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been 'as' Wallace wight,
I coudna listen't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be.
My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We 'lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

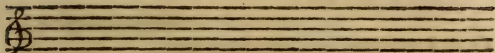
Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green,
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

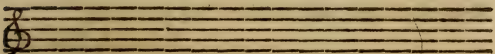
When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
But, in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

S O N G I I I .

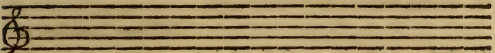
EDWARD, EDWARD.



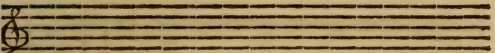
Quhy dois zour brand fae drop wi' bluid,



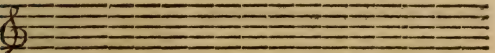
Edward, Edward? Quhy dois zour brand fae



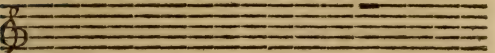
drop wi' bluid? And quhy fae fad gang zee



O? O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,



Mither, mither: O, I hae killed my hauke



fae guid: And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,

Edward, Edward :

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid ;

My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,

Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,

That erit was fae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,

Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,

Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,

Edward, Edward ?

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?

My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,

Mither, mither :

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,

And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',

Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',

That were fae fair to see, O ?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither :
Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and 'zour'
wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O ?
The warldis room, late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither :

The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward ?

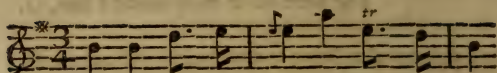
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir ?
My deir son, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither :

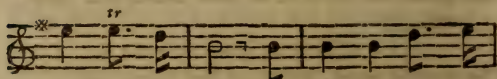
The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

SONG IV.

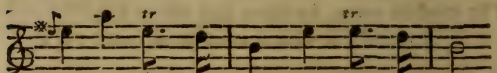
HARDYKNUTE*.



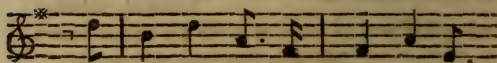
State-ly slept he east the wa, And state-



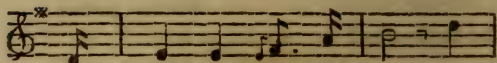
ly slept he west, Full seven-ty zeirs he



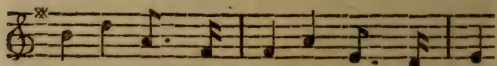
now had sene, With skerfs sevin zeirs of rest.



He livit quhen Bri-tons breach of faith

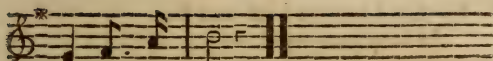


Wroucht Scot-land mei-kle wae: And



ay his sword tauld to their cost, He was

* "A [pretended] fragment," written in or about 1718. See the "Historical essay."



their deid-ly fae .

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to se,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
 His dame fae peirless anes and fair,
 For chaste and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bluidy ficht with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister fast and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae hir beautie bred !
 Waefou to zung and auld,

Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht :
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he fat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“ To horfe, to horfe, my ryal liege,
Zour faes ftand on the ftand,
Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears,
The king of Norfe commands.”
Bring me my fteed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude king raife and cryd,
A trufter beaft in all the land
A Scots king never feyd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill fo hie,
To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,
And hafte and follow me.
The little page flew fwift as dart
Flung by his mafters arm,
“ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid zour king frae harm.”

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks;
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
 In dangers great to do;
 He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,
 And gein five sounds sae shrill,
 That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
 Had past that summers morn,
 Quhen, lo, down in a grafsy dale,
 They heard their fateris horn.
 That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
 We haif other sport to byde;
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,
 And sune were at his fyde,

“ Late late zestrene I weind in peace
 To end my lengthned lyfe,
 My age nicht weil excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of stryfe;
 But now that Norse dois proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to intrall,
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 He feard to ficht or fall.

“ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute sae leil,

Mony a comely countenance

They haif turnd to deidly pale :

Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,

Ze neid nae weapons mair,

Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes

Gainst Westmorlands ferfs heir.

“ Malcom, licht of fute as stag

That runs in forest wyld,

Get me my thousands thrie of men

Well bred to sword and schield :

Bring me my horfe and harnifine,

My blade of mettall cleir.”

If faes kend but the hand it bare,

They fune had fled for feir.

“ Fareweil my dame fae peirless gude,”

And tuke hir by the hand,

“ Fairer to me in age zou seim,

Than maids for bewtie famd :

My zoungeft fon fall here remain

To guard thefe ftately towirs,

And shut the filver bolt that keips,

Sae faft zours painted bowirs.”

And first scho wet hir comely cheiks,

And then hir boddice grene,

Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,

Weil plett with filver schene ;

And apron fet with mony a dice

Of neidle-wark fae rare,

Wove by nae hand, as ze may guefs,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and mofs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:
“Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false gyles;
Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans smyles.”

“Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on filken feat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir self wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in zour ficht.

“Aryse, zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,
Full lowns the schynand day;
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To lead ze on the way.”
With smylefs luke and visage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
For heir I maun abyde

To me nae after day nor night,
 Can eir be sweit or fair,
 But sune, beneath sum draping trie,
 Could deith fall end my care.
 With him nae pleiding micht prevail,
 Braif Hardyknute to gain,
 With fairest words and reason strang,
 Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
 Lord Chattans land fae wyde,
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
 Quhen faes his courage seyde:
 Of Pictish race, by mothers syde,
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,
 He reicht a ryfing heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norfs army lay in sicht.
 "Zonder, my valziant sons and feris,
 Our raging revers wait,
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird
 To try with us thair fate.

Mak orisons to him that saift
 Our fauls upon the roide.

Syne braisly schaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude."

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all arround,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills found.

To join his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.

"Thryse welcom, valziant stoup of weir,
Thy nations scheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reason has to feir
Quhen thou art be his syde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.

Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
With little skaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd
The war that luikt lyke play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows seimt but delay :

Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore.

Haft up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he focht to find,
With him to mense the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonfie shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound an arrow kene,
O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
In midst betwene his ene.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart;
Then sent it throuch his syde :
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perfit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my leige, fair, fair he bleids.”
Again with micht he drew
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew :
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now, quene Elgreid,

Hie, dames, to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

“Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,”
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilke
His steilly harness shynd)
“Take Norfe that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He fure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Norfe, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd,
And feird at Britains throne?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I fune fall make him wail
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae fast his coat of mail.

That brag his stout heart could na byde,
It lent him zouthfou might:
I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht
To lay thee law as horses hufe;
My word I mean to keip.
Syne, with the first strake eir he strake,
He garrd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks staird wyld,

He sicht with shame and spyte :

“ Disgracd is now my far famd arm,

That left thee power to stryke.”

Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,

It made him down to stoup

As law as he to ladies usit

In courtly gyse to lout.

Full fune he rais'd his bent body,

His bow he marvelld fair,

Sen blaws till then on him but darrd

As touch of Fairly fair :

Norse ferliet too as fair as he

To se his stately luke,

Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,

Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy fae, with luke enragd,

Up towards him did prance ;

He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks,

The hardy zouth to quell,

Quha stude unmufit at his approach,

His furie to repell.

“ That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trimd,

Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,

But dreidfull feims the rusty poynt !”

And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne

This poynt cut short their vaunt :”

Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,

Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,

His stirrip was nae stay,

Sae feible hang his unbent knee,

Sure taken he was fey :

Swith on the hardened clay he fell,

Richt far was hard the thud,

But Thomas luikt not as he lay

All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture mynd unmuvit

On raid he north the plain ;

His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,

Quhen winner ay the same :

Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik

Coud meise fast luv to bruik,

Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,

Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,

All panting on the plain,

The fainting corps of warriours lay,

Neir to aryse again ;

Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair, with blythsom sounds,
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples feis
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a crofs
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sall latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew [the] westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his stately tower ;
His towir, that us'd with torches bleise,
To shyne fae far at nicht,

Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel fair he sichd.

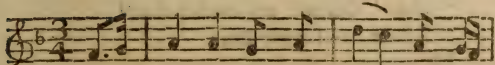
“Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!”
Nae answer fits their dreid.

“Stand back, my sons, I’ll be zour gyde.”—
But by they past with speid.

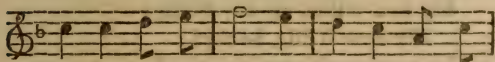
“As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes”—
There ceist his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with dreid;
Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

S O N G V.

G I L M O R R I C E.*

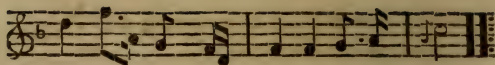


Gil Morrice was an erles son, His



name it wax-ed wide; It was nae for his

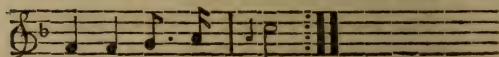
* See the “Historical Essay.”



great rich-es, Nor zet his mickle pride ;



Bot it was for a la-dy gay, That



livd on Carron side.

“ Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen ;
That will gae to lord Barnards ha,
And bid his lady cum ?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie ;
And ze may rin wi pride ;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horse-back ze fall ride.’

“ O no ! Oh no ! my master dear !
I dare nae for my life ;
I’ll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.”
My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;
My dear Willie, he sayd :
How can ze strive against the stream ?
For I fall be obeyd.

But, O my master dear ! he cryd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain ;
 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
 For fear ze should be tain.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid :
 If ze refuse my heigh command,
 Ill gar zour body bleid.

“ Gar bid hir take this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem,
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain :
 And there it is, a filken farke,
 Hir ain hand sewd the fleive ;
 And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.”

“ Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Though it be to zour cost ;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze fall find frost.
 The baron he is a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its nicht,
 How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae fair against my will,

I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,

It fall be don for ill."

And quhen he came to broken brigade,

He bent his bow and swam ;

And quhen he came to grafs growing,

Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',

Would neither chap nor ca' :

Bot fet his bent bow to his breist,

And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,

Though he stude at the gait ;

Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,

Quhair they were fet at meit.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !

My message winna waite ;

Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod

Before that it be late.

Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,

'Tis a' gowd bot the hem :

Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,

Ev'n by your fel alane:

And there it is, a filken farke,

Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;

Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice,

Speir nae bauld barons leave."

The lady stamped wi' her foot,

And winked wi' her ee ;

Bot a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

" Its surely to my bow'r-woman ;
It neir could be to me."

" I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow that ze be she."

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It's deir welcum to me.

" Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;

I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow ze be nae shee."

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee ;

He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee ;

Till filler cup and 'mazer' dish
In flinders he gard flee.

" Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
That kings upon the pin ;

And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemman."

" O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame ;

Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane."

Gil Morice fate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
" O what mean a' the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang."
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minervas loome :
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snac
Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheeks like living roses glow ;
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring :
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gill Morice
Kameing his zellow hair :
That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare :
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel,
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the lefs now, Gill Morice,
For a’ thy great beautie,
Ze’s rew the day ze eir was born,
That head fall gae wi’ me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And flaited on the strae ;
And thro’ Gill Morice’ fair body
He’s ‘gart’ cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice’ head
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a’ his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him acrofs his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa’,
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Gill Morice’ head
Cum trailing to the toun.

“ Far better I loe that bluidy head,
‘Bot’ and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, an a’ his lands,
As they lig here and thair.”

And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin :
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

“ I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle fin and shame,
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain ;
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The faut tears for to weip.”

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin !
“ Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an il deith mait ze dee :
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.”

“ Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
Obraid me not for shame !
Wi' that faine speir O pierce my heart !
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that faim hand now take hir life
That neir to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nights
Will eir be faft and kind ;
I'll fill the air wich heavy fighs,
And greet till I am blind.”

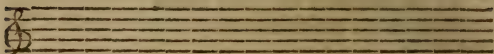
“ Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my fel
Than eather him or thee.

“ With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;
Sair, fair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour teirs, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal his wound,
Ze fee his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

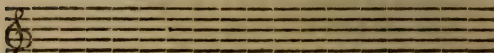
“ I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill ;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain ;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was flain.”

S O N G VI.

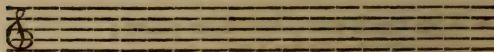
THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.*



O listen, gude peopell, to my tale, Listen



to quhat I tel to thee ; The king has taiken



a poor prifoner, The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

Quhen news cam to our guidly queen,
 Sche ficht, and said richt mournfullie,
 O quhat will cum of lady Margret,
 Quha beirs sick luv to Ochiltrie ?

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,
 Quhen as the queen tald hir the faim:
 " I wis that I had neir bin born,
 Nor neir had knawn Ochiltries naim."

* It is not easy to discover to whom or what period this ballad alludes. A lord Ochiltrie, in 1631 was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in Blacknefs castle, (where he continued twenty years,) for calumniating the marquis of Hamilton. Burnets "Memoirs of James and William dukes of Hamilton," p. 13.

Fie na, quoth the queen, that maunna be,
Fie na, that maunna be;
I'll fynd ze out a better way
To faif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.

The queen fche trippit up the ftair,
And lawly knielt upon hir knie;
“The firft boon quhich I cum to craive
Is the lyfe of gentel Ochiltrie.”

“O iff you had afkd me castels or towirs,
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie,
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.”

The queen fche trippit down the ftair,
And down fche gade richt mournfullie:
“Its a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.”

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,
Quhen as the queen tald hir the faim:
“I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,
And be in the grave afoon as him.”

Ah na, fie na, quoth the queen,
Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be;
I'll fet ze on a better way
To loofe and fet Ochiltrie frie.

The queen sche slippit up the stair,
And sche gaid up richt privatlie,
And sche has stoun the prifon keys,
And gane and fet Ochiltrie frie.

And sches gien him a purse of gowd,
And another of whyt monie,
Sches gien him twa pistoles by's fide,
Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the queens window,
Quhaten a joyfou shute gae he !
“ Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in hir companie !”

O quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the king,
Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth he,
Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the king ;
I think its the voyce of Ochiltrie.

Call to me a' my gaolours,
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie ;
Quhair for the morn at twelve a clock
Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

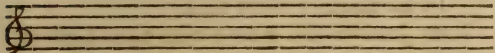
“ O didna ze fend zour keyis to us ?
Ze sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie ;
And wi thaim sent a strait command,
To set at lairge zOUNg Ochiltrie.”

Ah, na, fie, na, quoth the queen,
 Fie, my dear luvie, this maunna be :
 And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
 Indeed ze maun begin wi' me.

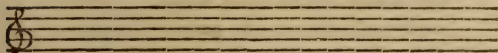
The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,
 The ither at the Queensferrie ;
 And now the lady has gotten hir luvie,
 The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

S O N G VII.

THE DUKE OF GORDONS DAUGHTER*.

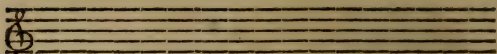


The duke of Gordon has three daughters,



Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean; They would

* George (Gordon) fourth earl of Huntley, who succeeded his grandfather, earl Alexander, in 1523, and was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1563, had actually three daughters: lady ELIZABETH, the eldest, married to John earl of Athole, lady MARGARET, the second, to John lord Forbes; and lady JEAN, the youngest, to the famous James earl of Bethwell, from whom being divorced, anno 1568, she married Alexander earl of Sutherland, who dyed, in 1594, and, surviving him, ALEXANDER OGILVIE OF BOYNE. The duke-



not stay in bonny Castle-Gordon, But they



would go to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Jean fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

“ Go saddle me the black horse,
And you’ll ride on the grey ;
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.”

dom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684 ; so that, if the ballad be older, instead of “ the duke of Gordon,” the original reading must have been “ the earl of Huntley.” As for Alexander Ogilvie, he appears to have succeeded his father, sir Walter Ogilvie, in the barony of Boyne, about 1560, and to have dyed in 1606 : this lady Jean being his first wife, by whom he seems to have had no issue. See Gordons History of the Gordons, and Douglas’s Peerage, and Baronage.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was lady Jean.

“ Where is your sifter, maidens ?
Where is your sifter, now ?
Where is your sifter, maidens,
That she is not walking with you ? ”

“ O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us, they did say ;
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae. ”

When he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see captain Ogilvie,
‘ Training up his men.

“ O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die ;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou shalt be. ”

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

“ I will not hang captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I fee;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the fingle livery.”

Word came to captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
And put on the fingle livery.

“ If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi' ;
If this be bonny Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree.”

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

“ O but I'm weary of wandering !
O but my fortune is bad !
It fets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a foldier lad.

“ O but I'm weary of wandering !
O but I think lang !
It fets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a fingle man.”

When they came to the Highland hills,
Cold was the frost and snow ;
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No farther could she go.

“ O ! wo to the hills and the mountains !
Wo to the wind and the rain !
My feet is fore with going barefoot,
No further am I able to gang.

“ Wo to the hills and the mountains !
Wo to the frost and the snow !
My feet is fore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able for to go.”

“ O ! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonny Castle-Gordon,
Without either stockings or shoon.”

When she came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud shout,
O yonder comes lady Jean.

“ O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me ;
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
But away with your captain Ogilvie.”

Now over seas went the captain,
As a foldier under command ;
A message soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

“ Come home, you pretty captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land ;
Come home, ye pretty captain Ogilvie,
Be earl of Northumberland.”

O ! what does this mean ? says the captain,
Where's my brother's children three ?

“ They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee.”

“ Then hoist up your fails, brave captain,
Let's be jovial and free ;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
Then my dear Jeany I'll see.”

He soon came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green ;
The porter gave out with a loud shout,
Here comes captain Ogilvie.

“ You're welcome, pretty captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear ;
No stranger can come unto my gates,
That I do love so dear.”

“ Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in ;
I’m come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim.”

“ Come in, pretty captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine ;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine.”

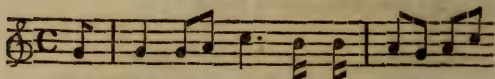
“ I’ll have none of your gold and silver,
Nor none of your white money ;
But I’ll have bonny Jeany Gordon,
And she shall go now with me.”

Then she came tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her eye ;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

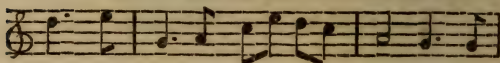
“ You’re welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
With my young family ;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a countess thou shall be.”

S O N G VIII.

JOHNNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDY*.



The gyp-fies came to our good lord's

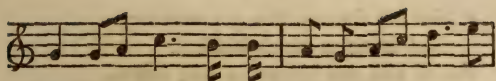


gate, And wow but they fang sweetly; They

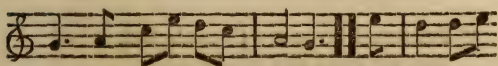
* A person of this name (John Faw) is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of James VI. who, about the year 1595, issued a proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist him in seizing and securing fugitive gypsies, and to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. for that purpose : charging his lieges not to molest the said Faw and his company in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty : and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners to receive him and his company upon their expences for furthering them to parts beyond sea. See M'Laurin's *Remarkable Cases*, p. 774.

The Faws, Faas, or Falls, were noted thieves in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, where some persons of that name are said to be still remaining.

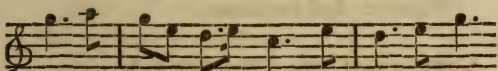
In 1677 there happened a sharp conflict at Romanno in Tweeddale, between the Faws and the Shaws, two clans of gypsies, who, on their march from Haddington fair, to fight two other gangs, the Baillies and the Browns, had quarrelled about the division of the spoil. Several were killed and wounded on each side, and old Shaw and his three sons soon afterwards taken and hanged. See Pennecuik's *Description of the shire of Tweeddale*, 4to. 1715. p. 14.



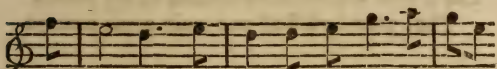
fang fae sweet, and fae ve-ry compleat, that



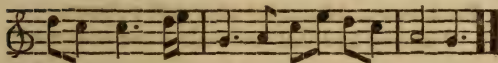
down came the fair la-dy. And she came



tripping down the stair, And a' her maids



be-fore her; As soon as they saw her well



far'd face, They coost the gla-mer o'er her.

No particular information has been obtained as to the hero of this ballad, but a different and more inaccurate copy may possibly furnish us with the rank and title of his mistress.

There was seven gypsies in a gang,
And they was brisk and bonny O,
And they're to be hanged all on a row,
For the **EARL of CASTLE's* LADY O.**

Neighbouring tradition, it is said, strongly vouches for the truth of the story.

* Caffilis'.

“ Gar tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a’ had sworn,
I’ll follow the gypsie laddie.

“ Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me ;
This night I’ll ly in a tenant’s barn,
Whatever shall betide me.”

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

“ I’ll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
And I’ll go to bed to my deary ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

“ I’ll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I’ll mak a hap to my deary ;
And he’s get a’ the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

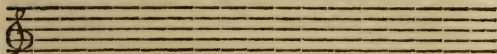
And when our lord came home at e’en,
And speir’d for his fair lady,
The tane she cry’d, and the other reply’d,
She’s away wi’ the gypsie laddie.

“ Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
 Gae saddle and mak him ready ;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I’ll gae seek my fair lady.”

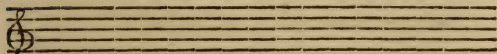
And we were fifteen well-made men,
 Altho’ we were nae bonny ;
 And we were a’ put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton lady.

S O N G IX.

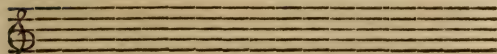
W H A W I L L B A K E , E T C .



“ Wha will bake my bridal bread, And brew



my bridal ale ? And wha will welcome my brisk



bride, That I bring o’er the dale ?”

“ I will bake your bridal bread,
 And brew your bridal ale ;
 And I will welcome your brisk bride,
 That you bring o’er the dale.”

“ But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair,
She maun lace on her robe fae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.”

“ But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane ?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child agen ?”

She's taen her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand,
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

“ You're welcome to your house, master,
You're welcome to your land,
You're welcome with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.”

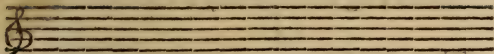
* * * * *

And ay she ferv'd the lang tables,
With white bread and with wine ;
And ay she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

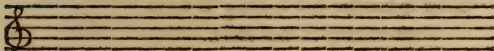
Now he's ta'en down a filk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin,
And ay he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

SONG X.

YOUNG WATERS. *



About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,



And the round tables began, A' ! there is cum

* Dr. Percy tells us it had been suggested to him, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the earl of Murray, and which was supposed to have influenced the fate of that nobleman. In support of this conjecture he quotes the following passage (through the medium of the Critical Review) from sir James Balfours MS. annals in the advocates library. "The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the earle of Huntley, at his house in Dunibrisfel in Fyffeshyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the king's jealousy of Murray, quhen the queene, more rashely than wisely, some few days before, had commendit in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatiōe of the kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the zounge earle of Murray to persue the earle of Huntley, for his fathers slaughter, in respect he being wardeit in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the king's majesties commissiōe; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."



to our king's court Mony a well-favord man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behinde,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And filler shod behind,
The horse Zoung Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
O tell me qhua's the fairest face
Rides in the company.

" I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than Zoung Waters
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spack the jealous king,
 (And an angry man was he)
O, if he had bin twice as fair,
 Zou nicht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
 Bot the king that wears the crown ;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland
 Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a that she coud do or say,
 Appeas'd he wad nae bee ;
Bot for the words which she had said
 Zoung Waters he maun die.

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
 Put fetters to his feet ;
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
 Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
 In the wind bot and the weit ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
 Wi fetters at my feet.

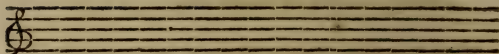
Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
 In the wind bot and the rain ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town.
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His zoung fon in his craddle ;
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His horfe bot and his faddle.

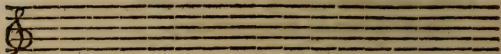
They hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His lady fair to see.
 And for the words the queen had spoke,
 Zoung Waters he did die.

SONG XI.

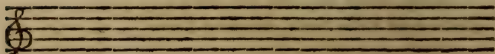
THE CRUEL KNIGHT.



The knight stands in the stable-door, As he



was for to ryde, When out then came his fair



lady, Defiring him to byde.

“ How can I byde, how dare I byde,
 How can I byde with thee ?
 Have I not kill'd thy ae brother ?
 Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

“ If you have kill’d my ae brother,
Alas ! and woe is me !
But if I save your fair body,
The better you’ll like me.”

She’s tane him to her secret bower,
Pinn’d with a filler pin ;
And she’s up to her highest tower,
To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
When four-and-twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

“ Now, God you save, my fair lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight,
Come riding by this way ?”

“ Yes ; bloody, bloody was his sword,
And bloody were his hands ;
But if the steed he rides be good,
He’s past fair Scotland’s strands.

Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine ;
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine.”

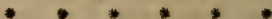
“ We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine ;
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair body was mine.”

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
Her husband dear to meet ;
But out he drew his bloody sword,
And wounded her 'sae' deep.

“ What aileth thee now, good my lord,
What aileth thee at me ?
Have you not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee ?”

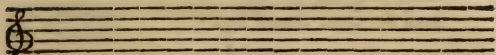
“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour ;
There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,
But shall be at thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,
How can I live for thee ?
See you not where my red heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee ?”

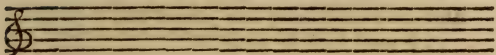


S O N G X I L

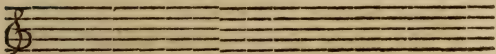
LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.*



Lord Thomas and fair Annet Sate a'day on



a hill ; Whan night was cum, and fun was sett,



They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas faid a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill :

“ A' ! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.”

“ Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.”

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee :

* This ballad, it is observed by the editor of the “*Reliques of ancient English poetry*,” seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones printed in that collection, viz. “*Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor*,” and “*Fair Margaret and Sweet William*.”

O rede, O rede, mithers, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee :
O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee ?

“ The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane !”

And he has till his brother gane :
Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
A’ fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee ?

“ The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye ;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.”

“ Her oxen may dye i’ the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre ;
And I fall hae nothing to my fell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.”

And he has till his sifter gane :
Now, sifter, rede ye me ;
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free ?

“ Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane ;
Lest ye fould figh and fay, Alace !
What is this we brought hame ?”

“ No, I will tak my mithers counfel,
And marrie me owt o’ hand ;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;
Fair Annet may leive the land.”

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your filken sheene ;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

“ My maides, gae to my dressing roome,
And drefs to me my hair,
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.”

My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And drefs to me my smock ;
The one half is o’ the holland fine,
The other o’ needle-work.”

The horfe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And, ' at ae' tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She fat on Maries stean ;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun ;
The belt that was about her waift,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She fat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer fae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite ;
And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee fae white ?

“ O I did get ‘ that’ rose-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water,
Into my mithers wame.”

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee :
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was fae sharp,
That was fae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

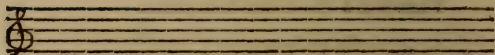
Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

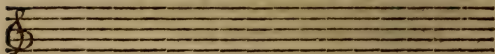
And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They were twa luvvers deare.

S O N G XIII.

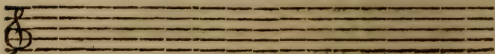
WILLY AND ANNET.



Liv'd ance twa luvvers in yon dale, And they



lov'd ither weel, Frae ev'ning late to morning



aire Of luvving luv'd their fill.

And we will fail the sea fae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll fail to some bonnie isle
Stands lanely midft the sea."

But lang or ere the schip was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'd na lout.

" Now, Willie, gif ye luv me weel,
As fae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r-maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kifs'd her cheik and chin ;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,
Now leave me to my lane ;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When she was travelling.

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane,
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
But and his lady's mane !

Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie.

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kifs'd him cheik and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold barone,
And he spake up wi' pride,
“ Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.”

“ My maidens, eafy with my back,
And eafy with my fide ;
O fet my faddle fast, Willie,
I am a tender bryde.”

When she came to the burrow town,
They gied her a broach and ring ;
And when she came to * * * *
They had a fair wedding.

O up then spake the Norland lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee,
“ I trow this lady's born a bairn ;”
Then laucht loud laughters three.

And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
And he spake up wi' pryde,
“ Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi' the bryde.”

Now had your tongue, my lord, she said,
Wi' dancing let me be ;
I am fae thin in flesh and blude,
Sma' dancing will serve me.

But she's taen Willie be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee,
“ But I wad dance wi' my true luv—
But bursts my heart in three.”

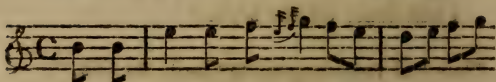
She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
“ Gie that, gie that to my young son,
He'll ne'er his mother see.”

* * * * *

“ Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne ;
This day hath seen my true luv's death,
This nicht shall witness myne.”

SONG XIV.

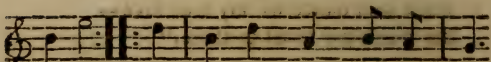
BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.



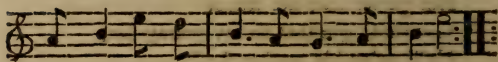
It was in and a-bout the Martinmas



time, When the green leaves were a



fall-ing, That fir John Græme in the west



country Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
" O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying ;
And when she drew the curtain by,
" Young man, I think you're dying."

“ O its I’m sick, and very very sick,
And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan.”

“ O the better for me ye’s never be,
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a spilling.”

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And flighted Barbara Allan?

He turn’d his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing :
“ Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said, she cou’d not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bed geid,
It cry’d, Woe to Barbara Allan.

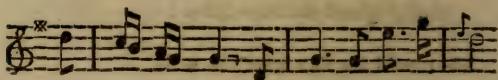
“ O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it fast and narrow ;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

SONG XV.

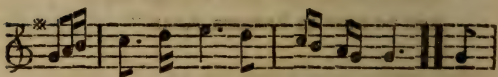
HERO AND LEANDER.



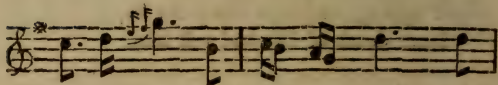
Le - ander on the bay Of Hel-le-spont



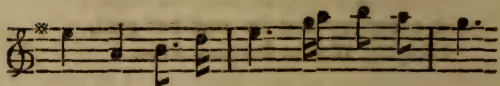
all na-ked flood, Im - patient of de - lay,



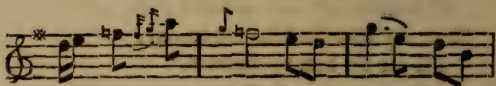
He leapt in - to the fa - tal flood: The



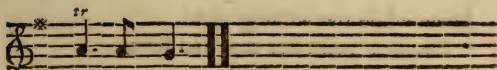
rag-ing seas, Whom none can please, 'Gainst



him their ma-lice show; The heavens lowr'd,



The rain down pour'd, And loud the



winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain :
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas ! ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lyes,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute ;
 The billows answer, No :
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid,
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :
O fate ! said she,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide ;
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By my Leander's side.

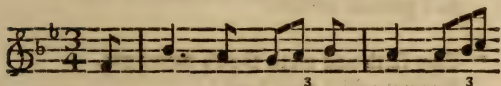
At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone ;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one :
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met
To teach her weary'd arms to swim :
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept

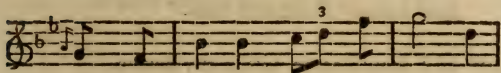
Her from her lover's side ;
 When join'd at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

S O N G XVI.

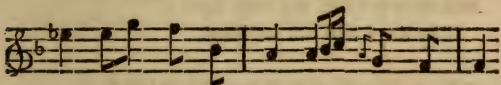
SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.



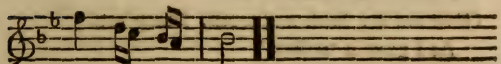
There came a ghost to Mar - g'ret's



door, With many a grievous groan; And



ay he tirl-ed at the pin, But an-



swer made she none.

“ Is that my father Philip ?
 Or is't my brother John ?
 Or is't my true love Willy,
 From Scotland new come home ? ”

“ ’Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;
But ’tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg’ret ! O dear Marg’ret !
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg’ret,
As I gave it to thee.”

“ Thy faith and troth thou’s never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin.”

“ If I shou’d come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And shou’d I kifs thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Marg’ret ! O dear Marg’ret !
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg’ret,
As I gave it to thee.”

“ Thy faith and troth thou’s never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.”

“ My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my spirit, Marg’ret,
That’s now speaking to thee.”

She stretch’d out her lilly-white hand,
And for to do her best,
“ Hae, there’s your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest.”

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a’ the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

“ Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?”

“ There’s no room at my head, Marg’ret,
There’s no room at my feet;
There’s no room at my side, Marg’ret,
My coffin’s made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
“ ’Tis time, ’tis time, my dear Marg’ret,
That you were going away.”

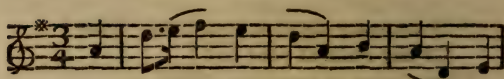
No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
 But with a grievous groan,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd. *

S O N G XVII.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET. †

BY DAVID MALLEY, ESQUIRE.



'Twas at the si-lent, so-lemn

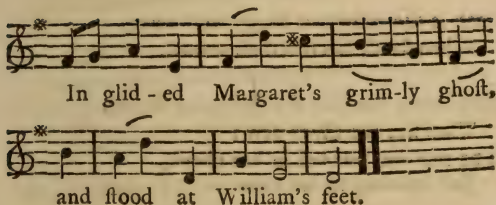


hour, When night and morn-ing meet,

* The two last stanzas were probably added by Ramsay : they are evidently spurious.

† The following account of this beautiful ballad is given by the author in his Works :

“ N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning pestle*, old MERRY-THOUGHT enters repeating the following verses :



Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :

"This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote ; and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the fore going poem ; which was written many years ago."

The entire ballad of which the above stanza had so fortunate an effect may be found in Dr. Percys *Reliques*, vol. iii. and the *Select collection of English songs*, vol. ii. The "unhappy adventure," here alluded to, was the real history of a young lady, whose hand having been scornfully rejected by her insolent seducer, "the news was brought her when in a weak condition, and cast her into a fever. And in a few days after, I," says Mr. Mallet, "saw her and her child laid in one grave together." See the *Plain Dealer* (a periodical paper, published by Mr. Aaron Hill and Mr. Bond, in 1724, and afterward reprinted in two vols. 8vo.) Nos. 36 and 46.

Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yauning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you say my lip 'was' sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
Why did I, young witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red :

Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay :
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore :
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.



I N D E X.

	Vol. Page
A COCK laird, fou cadgie	I. 171
A friend of mine came here yestreen	I. 90
A hoary swain, inur'd to care	II. 93
A lass that was 'laden' with care	I. 121
A youth adorn'd with every art	I. 141
About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule	II. 181
Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide	I. 144
Ah! gaze not on those eyes! Forbear	I. 66
Ah! the [poor] shepherd's mournful fate	I. 70
Alas! my son, you little know	I. 105
Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone	I. 52
And ye fall walk in silk attire	I. 126
Ann thou wert my ain thing	I. 11
As I came in by Achendown	II. 40
As I came in by Tiviot side	I. 82
As I was a walking ae May morning	I. 96
As I was walking all alone	II. 139
As Sylvia in a forest lay	I. 139
As walking forth to view the plain	I. 15
Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen	I. 176
Awa, Whigs, awa'	II. 96
Awake, my love; with genial ray	I. 32
Ay waking oh	I. 47
 Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep	 I. 158
Be mirry, bretherene, ane and all	I. 250

I N D E X.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain	I. 68
Blyth, blyth, blyth was she	I. 268
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride	I. 148
But are ye sure the news is true?	I. 87
By Pinky house oft let me walk	I. 29
Care, away go thou from me	I. 264
Carl, an the king come	II. 47
Clavers and his highlandmen	II. 44
Coming through the broom at e'en	I. 84
Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar	II. 82
Did ever swain a nymph adore	I. 73
Down in yon meadow a couple did tarrie	I. 228
Duncan's coming, Donald's coming	II. 54
Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean	I. 109
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	II. 117
For ever, Fortune ! wilt thou prove	I. 37
For the lack of gold she's left me, O	I. 103
From anxious zeal and factious strife	I. 39
Fy let us all to the briddel	I. 208
Get up, guide wyfe, don on your claife	I. 222
Gil Morrice was an erles son	II. 157
Gilderoy was a bonny boy	II. 24
Go, plaintive sounds, and to the fair	I. 41
Good morrow, fair mistress, the beginner of	I. 107
Harken, and I will tell you how	I. 196
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	I. 101
Here awa', there awa', here awa' Willie	I. 86
Here's a health to all brave English lads	II. 85

I N D E X.

How blyth ilk morn was I to see	I. 118
How happy is the rural clown	I. 92
I am a batchelor winsome	I. 243
I chanc'd to meet an airy blade	I. 178
I ha'e laid a herring in fa't	I. 184
Ile sing you a song, my brave boys	II. 49
I lo'e na a laddie but ane	I. 187
I mak it kend, he that will spend	I. 261
I've heard of a liling at our ewes milking	II. 1
I've seen the smiling	II. 111
I've spent my time in rioting	II. 114
I wish I were where Helen lies !	I. 145
In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain	I. 13
In simmer I mawed my meadow	I. 43
In the land of Fife there liv'd a wicked wife	I. 237
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld	I. 219
Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't ?	I. 186
It fell about the Martinmas	II. 17
It fell about the Martinmas time	I. 226
It was in and about the Martinmas time	II. 196
It was in old times, when trees compos'd	II. 52
Late in an evening forth I went	I. 216
Leander on the bay	II. 198
Let mournful Britons now deplore	II. 92
Lithe and listen, gentlemen	II. 129
Little wat ye wha's coming	II. 54
Liv'd ance twa luvvers in yon dale	II. 192
Look where my dear Hamilla smiles	I. 9
Lord Thomas and fair Annet	II. 187
Love never more shall give me pain	I. 131

INDEX.

March, march, why the deil do ye na march ?	II. 38
Murn ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands	II. 14
My daddy is a canker'd carle	I. 45
My dear and only love, I pray	I. 59
My father has forty good shillings	I. 238
My Harry was a gallant gay	II. 109
My love has built a bonny ship	I. 133
My love was born in Aberdeen	II. 89
My mither's ay glowran o'er me	I. 28
My Peggy is a young thing	I. 4
My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook	I. 111
Nanfy's to the green wood gane	I. 181
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	I. 26
O come away, come away,	I. 55
O ! I hae lost my filken snood	I. 95
O listen, gude peopell, to my tale	II. 166
O waly, waly up the bank	I. 156
O were I able to rehearse	I. 285
O will you hae ta tartan plaid	I. 189
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut	I. 259
O would'st thou know her sacred charms	I. 1
Of all the things beneath the sun	I. 247
Of race divine thou needs needs must be	I. 11
Oh ! how shall I venture, or dare to reveal	II. 105
Oh ! fend my Lewis Gordon hame	II. 106
On Etrick banks in a summers night	I. 23
Our goodman came hame at e'en	I. 231
Pray came you here the fight to shun	II. 67
Quhy dois zour brand fae drop wi' bluid	II. 141

I N D E X.

Robeyns Jok come to wow our Jynny	I. 192
Stately stept he caft the wa	II. 144
Sum speiks of lords, fum speiks of lairds	II. 7
Sweet Annie frae the fea beach came	I. 123
Sweet fir, for your courtesie	I. 173
Tarry woo, tarry woo	I. 283
The bride came out of the byre	I. 205
The chevalier, being void of fear	II. 76
The duke of Gordon has three daughters	II. 169
The gypsies came to our good lord's gate	II. 176
The king fits in Dumferling toun	II. 4
The knight ftands in the ftale-door	II. 184
The lafs of Peatie's mill	I. 18
The laft time I came o'er the moor	I. 114
The meal was dear fhort fyne	I. 201
The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee	I. 163
The fmiling morn, the breathing fpring	I. 34
The fmiling plains profufely gay	I. 36
The fpring-time returns and clothes the green	I. 79
There came a ghofit to Marg'rets door	II. 201
There's auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen	I. 176
There's fome fay that we wan	II. 56
There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he	I. 168
There was a wife won'd in a glen	I. 273
There was an auld wife an' a wee pickle tow	I. 276
There was anes a may, and fhe loo'd na men	I. 128
Thickeft night, furround my dwelling!	II. 108
Tho' Geordie reigns in Jamie's ftad	II. 102
"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow ftream!"	I. 154
Thy fatal shafts unerring move	I. 77
'Tis I have feen braw new gowns	I. 241

I N D E X.

'Tis nae very lang finfyne	I. 98
To daunt on me, to daunt on me	II. 112
'Twas at the silent, solemn hour	II. 204
Wha wad na be in love	I. 266
" Wha will bake my bridal bread	II. 179
What beauties does Flora disclose !	I. 6
When Britain first, at heaven's command	II. 126
When first my dear laddie gade to the green	I. 22
When Frennet castle's ived walls	II. 31
When Guilford good our pilot stood	II. 123
When I think on this warld's pelf	I. 255
When I've a saxpence under my thumb	I. 257
When I was in my se'nteen year	I. 212
When Phœbus bright the azure skies	II. 119
When Sapho struck the quiv'ring wire	I. 21
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky	I. 135
When we went to the field of war	II. 73
Where art thou, Hope, that promis'd me relief ?	I. 61
Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow	I. 53
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O ?	I. 48
Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion	I. 49
Willy was a wanton wag	I. 270
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair	I. 142
Woo'd and married and a'	I. 205
Would'st thou know her sacred charms	I. 1
Ye highlands, and ye lawlands	II. 29
Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay	I. 76
Ye warlike men, with tongue and pen	II. 90
Ye woods and ye mountains unknown	I. 116
You're welcome, Charley Stuart	II. 99

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

	Vol. Page
A USTIN, M. D.	I. 103
BAILLIE, LADY GRISSEL	I. 128
BINNING, CHARLES LORD	I. 73
BLACKLOCK, THOMAS, D. D.	I. 68
BURNS, ROBERT	I. 259. II. 123
COCKBURN, MRS.	I. 66
CRAWFORD, MR.	I. 6, 101, 131
 D. J.	 I. 187
FALCONER, MR. WILLIAM	I. 36
FLEMYNG	I. 250
FORBES	II. 14
 HALKET, SIR ALEXANDER	 II. 24
HAMILTON, WILLIAM, OF BANGOUR, ESQ.	I. 1, 41, 53, 70, 76, 148
HOME, MISS	I. 144
 JAMES V. KING	 I. 163, 168
 LINDSAY, LADY ANN	 I. 135
LOGAN, MR. JOHN	I. 154

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

MALLET, DAVID, ESQ.	I. 34, 116, 141.	II. 204
MONTROSE, JAMES, THE GREAT MARQUIS OF	I. 59	
RAMSAY, ALLAN	I. 4, 13, 18, 22, 26, 109, 114	
ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER, OF STRUAN, ESQ.	II. 93	
ROSS, ALEXANDER	I. 243, 276	
SKINNER, MR.	I. 285	
SKIRVIN, MR.	II. 76	
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS, M. D.	I. 20, 77	
THOMSON, JAMES, ESQ.	I. 37.	II. 126
WALKINSHAW, MR.		I. 270
WATT, MR.		II. 52

